

Charlotte Angell Every
L Y D I A,

O R

FILIAL PIETY.

A

N O V E L.

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Reg. Acad. Scient. Paris. Confoc.

Virtutis est domare quæ cuncti pavent.

SENECA.

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6

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP. LXVI.

THE effects of a dream on Mrs. Fairchild. Her distress. The affection of Frank, late servant to lord Flimsy, for Lydia. Farther illustrations on humanity, in the behaviour of Mrs. Clench. Page 1

CHAP. LXVII.

Lydia's chastity once more attacked. She is discovered by the earl of Liberal in the Park. Strange and different agitations in two bosoms from the same cause. The mother's joy at Lydia's return; and earl Liberal's passion rapturously acknowledged. Honest Frank, transported at Lydia's being alive, causes some momentary disquietude in three hearts. 7

CHAP. LXVIII.

Lydia's reflections on the approaching change of her condition. Mrs. Clench repents of her behaviour, from the same motive which created the offence. Mistaken in her judgment. Lydia becomes countess of Liberal. 22

CHAP. LXIX.

In which lady Betty Wriggle, and some of her acquaintance, are introduced to the reader's acquaintance. An exhibition of the true spirit of that dame, and many other right honourables. Her speech and disappointments.

C O N T E N T S.

*ment. The last much alleviated by a fib of lord Flimsy's
sister.* 27

C H A P. LXX.

*Lady Flimsy's letter to the countess of Liberal well re-
ceived by the earl and countess.* 37

C H A P. LXXI.

*Frank figures with great eclat in this chapter. 'Squire
Risse brings himself into great tribulation; and Jack
Bonnetoy gets him out again, by persuading him to
ask pardon by letter; in which the orthography is pre-
served for the study of all men of that character.* 40

C H A P. LXXII.

Frank's character gains universal applause. 51

C H A P. LXXIII.

*A small incident at Ranelagh, which turns out to the no
great honour of the right honourable captain Charles
Bounce.* 52

C H A P. LXXIV

*True instances of filial piety in the countess; paternal
fondness in the mother; and humane politeness in the
earl. The true taste of sincere love.* 59

C H A P. LXXV.

*The countess's opinion of dress. Lady Flimsy's arri-
val; and a resolution to go to the masquerade.* 64

C H A P. LXXVI.

*Lady Betty Wriggle mistakes her object, and meets a
defeat in her raillery. Reflections on the characters
at*

C O N T E N T S.

at masquerades, and that entertainment. A resolution. 66

C H A P. LXXVII.

A return to the history of lady Flimsy. A description of her lovers. Mr. Sweetwood's anxiety. His letter to her ladyship; and her answer. Some tender escapes in the last affairs. 72

C H A P. LXXVIII.

Miss Molly Broadrib's account of lady Flimsy. Sir Timothy Laughloud's intended declaration cut short by a rising damp, which makes him deviate from love to the history of his bitch Comely. Earl Juvenile resolves to unbosom his passion; a small sparring between these two suitors; they declare alternately; receive no answer: The baronet proposes to play at all-fours, hunt, or drink with the earl for lady Flimsy; refused; which is attended with a great rupture. 94

C H A P. LXXIX.

The terrible effects of a dream on Sir Timothy Laughloud. 109

C H A P. LXXX.

Lord Beef makes his appearance; his laconic and indelicate love, followed by the smooth and insinuating speech of parson Lurcher. Venus, in pity to Mr. Sweetwood, assists him: He is metamorphosed to a pedlar, and turns conjurer. Samples of his skill, and lord Beef's behaviour. 111

C H A P. LXXXI.

Much business in a short chapter; being no less than the dismissal of three lovers. 127

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. LXXXII.

Sir Timothy, recovering from this fatal affair, makes the first speech, and exhorts the company not to double misfortunes by leaving their liquor, and losing their mistresses.

128

C H A P. LXXXIII.

Lady Flimsy pleased with Mr. Sweetwood's contrivance. Lord Beef is seen in the double character of bully and coward; Mr. Sweetwood of modesty and courage.

130

C H A P. LXXXIV.

Lady Flimsy resolves seeing London, and Mr. Sweetwood to follow her.

C H A P. LXXXV.

Mr. Sweetwood's journey begun. A most political dispute between Dick Mathematic the schoolmaster, and Mr. Goodfellow the London-rider; in which Mr. Mathematic has the better of the argument, and Mr. Goodfellow of the dispute.

141

C H A P. LXXXVI.

In which Mr. Goodfellow reaps two advantages from his last night's debate; an internal triumph, and external orders.

156

C H A P. LXXXVII.

Strokes of joy saddened by affliction between Mr. Sweetwood and lady Flimsy. Mr. Muckworm in great tribulation and distress; all which ends well at last.

162

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. LXXXVIII.

In which lady Betty Wriggle once more appears to our readers; she endeavours to disturb the happiness she cannot enjoy. Mr. Vainlove, and his character, make their first entrance. A small conversation. 176

C H A P. LXXXIX.

Mr. Vainlove commences an intrigue, which leads him to a French refugee; and brings the reader acquainted with a doctor in physic, a fellow of the royal societies of London and Berlin, and a writer of Reviews; and J---rnal Brit---niques, all most illustriously combined in one thing, happily distinguished in soul and body; in which his physic and philosophy, his science and literature, are truly displayed for the good of all students in these various branches, without desiring a patent for the discovery. 179

C H A P. XC.

Vainlove enjoys the idea of coming happiness; writes a most lovely love epistle. Lady Liberal's behaviour not amis to be imitated by young wives, perhaps. Master Doctor writes a second purge, though the patient has not taken the first; reasons for such proceedings. Mr. Vainlove's dress and impatience cured by a look. A parallel of the same man, between himself and himself at two different times.

C H A P. XCI.

Mr. Doctor, contrary to the general complaint, receives a satisfactory and just reward of his merit and his labours. 198

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XCII.

Which includes lady Liberal's behaviour in an article of more importance than it may at first seem to be. 200

C H A P. XCIII.

The different sensations in the human breast, which accompany what we love, and what we hate. Lady Flimsy's letter to lady Liberal on that subject. 204

C H A P. XCIV.

Cannassatego returns to our readers: His distress relieved by the earl and countess of Liberal; wherein is shewn also his sentiments of the people of England. 207

C H A P. XCV.

The Indian prince describes his reception in England: The different idea of our manner from what he had conceived in his mind, with many other interesting particulars. 212

C H A P. XCVI.

Cannassatego's distress relieved by lord and lady Liberal; he describes his reception at the great man's; recovers spirits; is presented with gifts for Yarico. Lady Susan Overitay's inclination, conversation, and disappointment; all in a short time laid before the reader. 218

C H A P. XCVII.

Introduces an old acquaintance to our readers, who has more zeal than breeding. Earl and lady Liberal's friendship for Mac Valor; he obtains a man of war: A letter of that captain's: And an adventure by way of surprise upon Jack Sprisel. 228

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XCVIII.

Letters from Yarico to Cannassatego; from Cannassatego to Yarico. The Indian prince takes leave with more tokens of true gratitude than are to be found in many a European. 235

C H A P. XCIX.

In which surgeon Macpherfon, disappointed of his treatise on the nature of gun-shot wounds, begins reading lectures in midwifry.

C H A P. C.

Lady Liberal resolves to leave London, for reasons which ladies generally keep private at first: Her grateful heart thinks on little Tommy Clench; he receives the effects of her tenderness. Frank preserves lady Liberal's life at the risque of his own. Lady Liberal arrives at Exeter, where our readers are made acquainted with Miss Oldcastle, and her virtues. 242

C H A P. CI.

Probit-castle described. Lady Liberal's danger, and Frank's dispatch for a physician; the first happily over, introduces universal joy. 253

C H A P. CII.

General joy at the birth of an heir. Frank's delirium; recovers and enjoys his desire. 257

C H A P. CIII.

Lady Flimsy and Mr. Sweetwood, on the road to Probit-castle, meet an odd adventure of cuckoldom and horns,

C O N T E N T S.

horns, contrived by a landlord and two damned chambermaids at an inn. The soldiers' wrath appeased as easily as excited. 260

C H A P. CIV.

Lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood converse on the alterations to be made at Probit-castle. A lucky thought of Mr. Sweetwood's. 265

C H A P. CV.

Miss Oldcastle falls from the pinnacle of happiness to the vale of disappointment. The discovery of the blue stocking; an epistle from a baronet; and a wedding with an old approved servant, are to be found in this chapter. 270

C H A P. CVI.

Parson Pugh resolves to see lady Liberal: His christian virtue of patience, and his worldly one of valour, are both shewn in an exemplary manner. The adventure of the players, and the Tudors, with the parson's black eye, together with Miss Trudgeit's mistake, and revival of old acquaintance, make the variety of this chapter. 275

C H A P. CVII.

The parson shews a good heart rather than much knowledge of the world; assisted by a countryman, after Miss Trudgeit, professing vast friendship, refuses him the loan of a crown. He proceeds to Probit-castle. 289

C H A P. CVIII.

Parson Pugh arrives at Probit-castle; his reception. Lady Liberal's opinion of that divine, which concludes in

C O N T E N T S.

in the parson's getting a living, and a prayer for that noble family, in which that divine does not resemble every bishop. 293

C H A P. CIX.

Frank receives the reward of his honesty in being made steward. 298

C H A P. CX.

A visit to Fairland-court, together with a small stay at Bristol, where lady Liberal remembers what most ladies are apt to forget. 300

C H A P. CXI.

The arrival of lord and lady Liberal at Fairland-court. The birth of a daughter. Mr. Sweetwood made member of parliament. A small disquisition on a lady more talked of than known. 303

C H A P. CXII.

The manner in which lady Liberal and lady Flimsy pass some of their time in London. Some observations of lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood, on the behaviour of numbers and individuals, left to the reader's decision. 307

C H A P. CXIII.

Foolish behaviour of two fond mothers, with respect to their children. Lady Liberal's presents to the girls, and her lord's to the young men, of the parish; perhaps as well worth imitating as lady Di's cap, or lady Betty's new negligee. Contrary to all appearance, lord Liberal supports three kept-mistresses; the jealousy of his lady, and the consequences of it fully explained;

C O N T E N T S.

ed; ends better than expected; festivity and gratitude.

314

C H A P. CXIV.

*A voyage back to America, made on purpose for Can-
nassatego, in which the reader sails safely without
danger of drowning. A joyful meeting of returning
lovers, in which a small touch of a faithful dog is
introduced for variety's sake.*

319

C H A P. CXV.

*Honest Mac Valor shews that his heart is better than his
speeches; a short chapter well worth remembering.*

324

C H A P. CXVI.

*Lord Liberal's illness; his lady's affection and duty; the
fear of his friends, tenants, and servants for his
life; to which is added his lordship's return of thanks
for his deliverance, and theirs also; including the
parson and clerk. The education of children, in
which the heart is not neglected for the sake of the
head; an observation not altogether useless, we hope,
for the good of many others.*

326

C H A P. CXVII.

*Mrs. Fairchild behaves with that resolution which
christianity imparts to the human heart, not the name,
but the reality, at the hour of dissolution; her last
words as good as Baxter's, though she never speaks
any more.*

332

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. CXVIII.

Lord Liberal's tenderness to his lady. Some beginning symptoms of love throb in the bosom of lord Probit, and the eldest Miss Sweetwood. A marriage between this pair. Lord and lady Liberal's advice to their son on this occasion not amiss to be read by young people who enter upon that state. 335

C H A P. CXIX.

The steward's gratitude received as it ought to be. 340

C H A P. CXX.

A visit from lord Nicknackerton to lord Liberal, in which the advantages of travelling are examined by these two noblemen for the sake of all who incline to see foreign parts. A portrait of the travelled lord. 341

C H A P. CXXI.

*The earl resolves to leave London for ever; his lady, which is more wonderful, agrees in that resolution. A small history of lady Harriotte * * * * *, and Lucy Sprightly; with lady Liberal's behaviour on a certain occasion, in which the effects of astrology, and Mr. Strange are brought to a happy issue.* 347

C H A P. CXXII.

The effects of a good character, and a bad, exhibited in an instance not unworthy m-----l attention, in Lord Liberal, and Sir William Whipstitch. 359

C H A P. CXXIII.

A company as rarely met together as two black swans. An observation of lady Liberal's, with more truth than many

C O N T E N T S.

many people chuse to agree in, at least in their expressions. 365

C H A P. CXXIV.

Exhibits a scene of that likeness which the manners of a father beget in a son; in which a brutal disposition, the arts of a step-mother, the easiness of a father, the misery of a daughter, and the ruin of a lover, are shewn by way of contrast to the former set at Probit-castle; in which people may see whether love or money makes the married state happiest. 379

C H A P. CXXV.

A strange phaenomenon in woman; Lady Liberal refuses a present of jewels, and accepts the money to bestow it in charity. Mrs. Plaistow, her diamonds, and herself, are now first brought forward; her husband in the back ground only. A visit from and to Probit-castle; together with a small touch of genteel satire, exhibited in a new light by the countess. 383

C H A P. CXXVI.

A stranger returns to Probit-castle; he discovers himself to be Mr. Clench, whom the earl and countess had educated. Time has not erased the friendship of the family, nor the gratitude of the guest. 386

C H A P. CXXVII.

In which Mr. Clench recounts the vicissitudes of his life since he left the castle. Africa, Europe, and Asia, make the scenes of his history. The end propitious, together with his reflection. 404

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. CXXVIII.

Love in old age; and duty in children. Lady Liberal conceives a presentiment of her approaching end: Her letter on that account, and another paper. She dies. The earl's distress; and that of his progeny, family, and tenants. Grief will not permit him to taste sustenance. He dies also; his last words to his children; his burial. Universal affliction reigns over the hearts of all present.

418

C H A P. CXXIX.

The earl's will and epitaph. Lovegood's grief terminates his days also.

421

C H A P. CXXX.

The sensation of lord and lady Flimsy on the death of the earl and countess; their conversation on this occasion.

423

C H A P. CXXXI.

The present earl finds the good effects of his father's virtue; the enemies of virtue prove to be his only.

426

C H A P. CXXXII.

The good effects of a virtuous life descend to posterity, exemplified in boys, as well as the bad ones to those of a different life.

429

C H A P. CXXXIII.

A sense of gratitude in the hearts of people of plainer understanding towards superior virtue.

C H A P. CXXXIV.

This last chapter.

433

L Y D I A.

C O N T E N T S .

C H A P . CXXXVIII.

Two in one age; and days in children. First I shall
concern a representation of her appearance; and the
latter on that account, and another part. She has
The ears's height; and that of her proper beauty
and manner. Grace will not permit her to suffer the
tongue, the lips of her face to be discoloured
in the least. The eyes are bright, and the
of all parts.

C H A P . CXXXIX.

The ears will not permit her to suffer the
tongue, the lips of her face to be discoloured

C H A P . CXL.

The position of her face, and the manner of her
eyes, and the manner of her face, and the manner of her

C H A P . CXLI.

The position of her face, and the manner of her
eyes, and the manner of her face, and the manner of her

C H A P . CXLII.

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eyes, and the manner of her face, and the manner of her

C H A P . CXLIII.

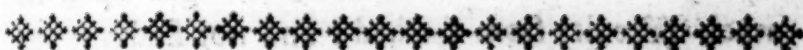
The position of her face, and the manner of her
eyes, and the manner of her face, and the manner of her

C H A P . CXLIV.

The position of her face, and the manner of her
eyes, and the manner of her face, and the manner of her



LYDIA.



CHAP. LXVI.

The effects of a dream on Mrs. Fairchild. Her distress. The affection of Frank, late servant to lord Flimsy, for Lydia. Farther illustrations on humanity, in the behaviour of Mrs. Clench.



LYDIA had not left the abode of wretchedness but a small time, when her mother waked from a sweeter sleep than she had long tasted. In this she had been visited by a pleasing dream, that had made a vast impression on her soul, and left a placid state of mind, to which she had been long a stranger. She dreamed she was a bird: and that, after having been long sick, her old feathers suddenly fell off, and new ones, of the finest colours,

VOL. II.

B

coming

coming in their place, she was instantly restored to gaiety and happiness. "Good heavens! she
"said in waking, can such shadowy considerations
"influence the human soul to this degree? Can
"eyes that close in real wretchedness wake in seem-
"ing comfort from a dream! What is this power
"which has thus changed me?"

SHE then called *Lydia*, without receiving any answer. When imagining sleep had stolen upon her eye-lids also in the chair, she got up with much difficulty from the bed; and not finding her in the room, and seeing a piece of paper on the table, she walked feebly to it; when taking this baneful scroll in her hand, she read what it contained.

What pen or tongue shall presume to paint the horror of this fond woman's mind. No tear found its way, no sound had utterance. The icy breath of sorrow in excess had frozen up the current of her soul, and denied her anguish all power of passage, save in her looks alone; where more than despair was sculptured. Age and feebleness, piety and virtue, the mother and the friend, bequeathed a mixed expression of insuperable grief. At length tears found their happy exit. She beat her bosom, and trembling exclaimed, "Oh miserable mother
"that I am! thy daughter dies, the victim of thy
"distress!" then silent she sunk into the chair, bewailing her sad condition. "I come, I follow
"thee,

“thee, my darling child! receive me, heaven!
“have mercy on my soul!” she cried aloud. When
with her trembling hand seizing a knife which lay
before her, she was sinking on her knees to address
the Supreme Being, and finish her distress and life
together.

AT this instant *Frank*, who had been my lord
Flimsy’s valet, and in constant search of Miss *Fair-*
child, instigated by love, the desire of giving peace,
and restoring the character of that being, which
was the object of the sincerest passion, and dearer
to him than his soul, knocked at the chamber-door.
This withheld the hand of the most miserable of
human beings from the rash act of suicide.

IT seems this man, visiting the maid-servant
who was left at lady *Flimsy’s* town house, had been
that day acquainted with the abode of *Lydia*. The
moment he knew where she resided, though he
came with design to have tarried and drunk tea,
he feigned an excuse for leaving the house instantly.
Love, ever fertile in expedients, suggested to him
numberless pretexts, and urged his bosom too ve-
hemently, to suffer a moment’s quietude or delay.
His feet seemed to him to stand still in the streets,
though he walked with the utmost speed, so ardent
were his wishes. Every thing but flying was short
of his desire to be present with her he adored: and
some inspiring power at that moment seemed to
urge him to the abode of *Lydia Fairchild*.

THIS then had brought him to *Lydia's* door; and at the sound Mrs. *Fairchild* rising from her knees, with a feeble dying voice, bid him enter.

As his soul had been greatly agitated with the hopes of seeing *Lydia*, that expression was strongly marked upon his countenance. This Mrs. *Fairchild* observing, and her present distress turning it to a different expression, she cried out, "Oh Sir! "I know you come to tell me she is dead, I see "it in your countenance. — My *Lydia's* dead. — "Behold this paper, in which I am told she is "dead. — Behold the miserable mother of that "daughter. "Dead! says *Frank*, heaven forbid "it, madam." At these words he burst into tears, and the mother swooned into the chair.

STRIKING as this object of the venerable old woman appeared to his eyes, yet love for *Lydia* prevailed over humanity for one instant: he read the paper, when beating his bosom, he stamped on the floor in mere despair, crying out, "Good heaven, is it thus that you protect the innocent and "virtuous!" He was going on in this exclamation, when Mrs. *Glench*, alarmed by his stamping, came into the room, with a face of no very pleasing expression. "What is the matter now," says she? "What do you intend beating people's "houses down about their ears?"

"OH, madam! says *Frank*, behold that woman; her virtuous daughter, not able to bear
"their

“their present distress, is gone to finish her unhappy days, as this paper informs me.”

“AND to leave her old mother upon my hands, I suppose, hey! Is she? She is a fine wench indeed! First run in debt for her lodgings, and then kill herself because she will not pay my honest demands. — Is this her virtue! — She might have maintained her mother like a lady. — Mrs. *Douglas* would have put her in a way to have maintained her; but her pride would not permit her to comply, forsooth! Her mother must starve because she would not lose her maidenhead. A fine duty indeed!”

DURING this time *Frank*, who was employed in recovering Mrs. *Fairchild*, had not attended to the harrangue that Mrs. *Clench* was making, till summoned by the word *Douglas*, he asked with some vehemence, if she dared to say *Lydia* was a w—e?

“No,” says Mrs. *Clench*, “I do not say she is, but I say it is better she was: because then she might have prevented this, maintained her mother, and lived like a gentlewoman of reputation. There is *Bet* —, and *Sally* —, who dress as fine as queens, and live as well as any ladies in the land, are not they w——s?”

“And would you have *Lydia Fairchild* be a w——e?” says *Frank*, leaving the mother, and stepping up to the face of Mrs. *Clench*.

"YES," replied this sweet woman, better than
"she are, every day."

"BETTER than *Lydia Fairchild*," replied *Frank*,
scarce keeping his hands from her, though a wo-
man, "you creature!"

"ME a creature! fellow! I will have you to
"know I scorn your words. I am no creature,
"but an honest woman, and keep an honest house,
"and will not be cheated by any *Lydia Fairchild*
"alive. Therefore the old woman shall troop to-
"day into the streets. They owe me for three
"months lodgings — I have a family of my own
"that must be maintained, and times are hard,
"and rent must be paid, and money is scarce."

"WHAT is the money?" says *Frank*.

"THIRTY shillings," answered *Mrs. Clench*.

"HARD hearted brute!" says the valet, "What!
"expose old age to the street for thirty shillings?
"I will pay you that sum. — Be gone, leave the
"room." Which she obeyed, insensible to *Mrs.*
Fairchild's misery; muttering that she would have
her money.

AT this moment the poor old woman recover-
ing a little from her swoon, with a deep sigh, and
looking in *Frank's* face, with streaming eyes, said,
"Tell me, Sir, where did my *Lydia* expire; tell
"me, I implore you.

"OH madam! says *Frank*, "I am till now
"unacquainted with her distress: otherwise I
should

“ should have long since flown to her relief: and
 “ worked these hands to death for her service,
 “ the loveliest of women. — Oh madam! you
 “ know not how much I love your daughter. —
 “ Will you be patient till I fly to seek her? Per-
 “ haps she may be wandered to the canal in *St.*
 “ *James’s Park*. — I may yet prevent her inten-
 “ tions. — Be at peace till I return I intreat you.
 “ I will seek her, and support you for her sake dur-
 “ ing life. — Will you be at ease till my return?”

MRS. *Fairchild* promised she would exert every power to compose herself during that time. And *Frank* left her with the utmost speed, to prevent, if possible, the fatal resolution of all he loved, the charming *Lydia Fairchild*.

C H A P. LXVII.

Lydia’s chastity once more attacked. She is discovered by the earl of Liberal in the Park. Strange and different agitations in two bosoms from the same cause. The mother’s joy at Lydia’s return; and earl Liberal’s passion rapturously acknowledged. honest Frank, transported at Lydia’s being alive, causes some momentary disquietude in three hearts.

DURING this time *Lydia*, being seated on a bench in the *Park*, was accosted by one of those lechers, whom impotence and age have not

cured of hankering after that, which, at the best, can scarce be pardoned in the fire of youth and vigour. One of those veterans, whose earlier life had been spent in debauching innocence, virtue, youth and beauty, to his perjured embraces; and whose old age was daily passed in mumbling that food he had not teeth to divide. One of those, whose delicate delight is, with infinite lasciviousness to comb the auburn, brown or black locks of disheveled beauty, and debauch the minds of those whose bodies he cannot pollute.

THIS gentleman casting his lascivious eyes on *Lydia*, who sat solitary on the bench, suggested from her being alone, and her dress, which, though clean, spoke want, that she might be tempted. Instigated thereto by her face, which, like a *Magdalen* from the hands of *Guido*, was rather the remains of beauty exhausted by distress, than that charm in full power. He therefore placed himself by her side, and began some vague and distant conversation; till, at length, he asked if she would retire with him to a tavern: adding, that he would give her that money, which he shewed her in his purse.

INCENSED at this outrage, "Detested wretch!" said she, "do you imagine that distress and virtue are incompatible inmates of the same bosom? Will vice be the only companion which shall attend your footsteps crawling to the grave?"

When

When rising she left him with indignation; and the old fellow, a little stung with internal conviction, called her sawcy slut.

“THIS world is no longer a place for virtue,” she said, and then determined to walk directly to the canal, and finish her miserable life. When moving slowly up the avenue, who should meet her eyes but Mr. *Probit*, now earl of *Liberal*, alone, coming down towards her. Her bosom fluttered like the sparrow surprised at the return of her mate, which she deplored as lost; her legs were sinking under her. Her soul was on the wing. To prevent which, she stepped on one side, and reposed herself on the bench which was directly opposite.

SHE had seen the earl, but he had not perceived her. His head was declining forwards, his eyes fixed on the ground, lost in thought and anxiety. This prevented him from turning his looks to the side on which *Lydia* was seated.

THE perplexity which this meeting occasioned was excessive. It was impossible to decide whether she wished more to be observed, or not. Before he passed by, her heart throbbed exceedingly; she would have hung her head, to have concealed her face from him: and yet she could not keep her eyes from gazing on this interesting object.

AT length he passed by her, without discovering who she was, or attending to any thing but his own thoughts.

IT was then that the real inclination of her bosom was truly revealed. She wished he had discovered her, and dreaded lest he should not return. "But," says she sighing, "if he does, what hopes have I, or what influence over that heart which is now totally estranged by wealth and title? Probably he is secluded for ever from my arms, by being wedded to the happiest woman upon earth." This she softly pronounced, following him with her eyes as he walked down the alley, trembling lest he should not return, and yet hopeless if he did.

AT length he turned to take another walk. This revived the fluttering in her bosom, and chained her to the seat. Every step he approached had a fresh influence on her heart. She feared to be seen, yet wished for it at the same instant. As he came near, he cast his eyes towards the bench, where beholding a face he knew, yet could not immediately recollect, he stepped on one side, and sat down by her.

IT was then he first discovered that this female was the lovely *Lydia Fairchild*. He surveyed her dress, and wan countenance, and suggested ten thousand causes for these appearances, which at last ended in the common one, that she was now become an abandoned prostitute. The place, being alone, and every other appearance giving countenance to this belief.

SHE,

SHE, all confused, would have deserted the seat, but had not powers sufficient to enable her.

THE earl, even to that moment, had been in constant search of this lovely maid. His bosom had fostered his former passion in full ardour. And even at the instant of his walking he was bewailing his unhappy fate, which had denied him the bliss of discovering his lovely *Lydia*. "Is she no more?" he said, "my heart tells me she is no more." At this appearance of his beloved, his bosom was strangely agitated. He wished to find she was yet innocent: yet dreaded to inquire. Indeed he was almost convinced to the contrary from what he remarked.

PRETENDING therefore not to know who she was, he began a conversation, which, though on the most trifling subject, was attended with such hesitation and difficulty, as sufficiently witnessed the sensation of his heart.

SHE answered with no less embarrassment and distress.

HE asked "If the evening was not fine?" and she answered, "Yes," with more perplexity than the guilty reply to questions of life and death. Being determined to prove whether *Lydia* was yet the same pure uncontaminated creature he left her; he continued the conversation, still disguising his knowing who she was, and she supported it in the same manner.

HAVING talked in this way some little time, his lordship asked "If she would accompany him to his lodgings, and sup with him?" It was with trepidation he asked this request, and with much reluctance *Lydia* could refrain from resenting the question. However she answered, "That she had never yet supped with any gentleman at his lodgings." "At a tavern then, madam?" says the earl. "That I think Sir is even worse, for which reason I shall less likely comply with your proposition." These answers recalled his thoughts something in her favour. "Will you permit me, Miss," says the earl, "to wait upon you to your abode?"

THIS question suggested the thought of making herself known to him, and placing her wretchedness in full view. She imagined the striking circumstances of her story, a dead parent, and her other calamities, might influence his bosom in her favour. When the thought returning strongly, that probably her mother might not yet be expired, she told him, "That she would permit him to wait on her home, if he pleased."

THEY then left the seat together, and passing, each silent from deep concern, through St. *James's* palace, his lordship put her into a chair: when *Lydia* directing the chairmen where to go, my lord bade his to follow her's. In this manner they arrived at *Lydia's* lodging, with bosoms differently agitated; *Lydia* trembling for the event, his lordship

ship fearing that he should discover that she was totally undone; and believing his apparel so different from what she had seen him in, had concealed him from her knowledge, and created this behaviour in her.

YET he could not entirely reconcile the present dress of *Lydia*, and her refusing to sup with him, with her being a prostitute. His heart, that faithful advocate, was strongly pleading her justification. He thought it impossible that so much beauty could so suddenly be reduced to so wretched a situation, as her apparel and countenance expressed: yet as he could fix on no satisfactory idea to explain this appearance, and had infinite reluctance in believing her undone, he passed the moments in anxiety and suspense during his being carried to her abode.

AT length the chairs stopped, and *Lydia* flew from her's to the chamber of her mother, followed by the earl.

AT opening the door, Mrs. *Fairchild* lifting her head, exclaimed, "My child! art thou still in 'being?'" When *Lydia* rushing to her parent's embrace, she again fainted away.

THE striking appearances of wretchedness in this chamber had great influence on the heart of the earl; he instantly took from his pocket a smelling bottle, which *Lydia* applied to her mother's nose, the earl assisting her to recover her parent from swooning.

"My

“My child,” says Mrs. *Fairchild*, embracing *Lydia*, in a trembling voice, “Do I hold thee in these arms once more! Blessed be the will of heaven that has thus withheld thy hands from suicide, and restored thee to my aged arms. Did you imagine me departed, that you determined on this violence? Oh! what distraction has that paper given thy poor parent’s heart?”

THESE words sounded like the voice of death in the ears of lord *Liberal*; when taking up the paper he read what *Lydia* had left behind her. Unable to resist a moment longer from declaring that his bosom was still fraught with sincerest passion, he caught her in his arms, “My life, my *Lydia*, my soul’s ambition, I am *Probit*, whom you knew on board the * * * * *, who loved you then, who loves you now to distraction. Change of fortune has influenced nothing on this heart, which beats for you alone, my wife, my *Lydia*!”

THESE words drew the attention of Mrs. *Fairchild* on the earl. She had been hitherto totally inattentive to every thing but her child. When looking on him, and hearing the word wife, his dress, and these words were irreconcilable to her imagination. *Lydia* blushed, and hung her head in silence for a moment in her bosom, her heart dancing to the enchanting sound of wife.

“AM

“AM I yet dear to you, my lord?” she said, with a face of infinite sweetness, her eyes shining through tears? “Does the wretched *Lydia Fairchild* yet find an interest in your heart? dearer than safety to the shipwrecked mariner?” Says the earl, pressing her bosom to his, and his lips to her’s, “You possess my whole soul.” Even the arms of *Lydia* stealing softly round the earl in this embrace. She then said, “But did you not follow me, suspecting my virtue? Tell me now, did you not indeed?” “I did,” replied the earl. “I wonder not,” says *Lydia*, “at your suspicion;” “What then has changed your sentiments, or at least confirmed you that I am not yet abandoned, but worthy your esteem?”

“THIS wretchedness about you, this resolution of death, this paternal fondness, and filial piety, this paper,” says the earl, “convince me, that *Lydia Fairchild* is still the virtuous maid my soul first knew her. Had you deserted that, your beauty would have supplied you wherewithal to live in affluence; whatever your bosom must have suffered from the dreadful situation. My wife! my soul!” he uttered in extacy, again clasping her in his arms. “Generous man,” she replied, almost returning his embrace with equal force, each gazing in tears and silence on the other, the venerable mother not knowing what to conclude from this appearance, so much like
Fairy-

fairy-land and vision; for she had never heard from *Lydia's* lips one syllable of her passion for the earl.

AT length she cried, "Sir, are you some angel
" come to our deliverance, to save my *Lydia* from
" starving, to shield that daughter, that best of
" human beings, from destruction? Welcome
" death, let me now die in peace, lest that wretch-
" edness, which has ever been the companion of
" my life, still follow and contaminate your bliss.
" Is she, Sir, your wife? is *Lydia Fairchild* wed-
" ded to your arms?"

"YES, madam," says the earl, "by all the
" vows of tenderness and truth, which nothing
" shall divide or make me violate: she is my
" wife." "Happy hour!" says the mother.
"The rising sun shall behold that ceremony which
" unites me for ever her's," continued the earl.

Lydia heard these words with the utmost sensibility and joy. Her hand grasped fast by his, their eyes meeting in beams of extacy, that shone through tears of love; "My lord," she cried, "though I freely own, with rapture I hear this resolution; yet many things have intervened since I saw you, which have sullied my reputation; these must be all cleared off. The mist, which hangs upon the character of her you love, must be driven away. All shall be bright and becoming the woman, who is to be blessed in
" your

“ your embrace. Your wife shall be clear as the
“ morning ray, from all stain and suspicion ; and
“ though my heart is pure as virgin snow, and
“ even distraction may be the consequence of this
“ resolution, proof of this innocence shall be ob-
“ tained before I dare to give myself, wretched as
“ I appear, to your arms, the best of men.”

THE earl then asked her “ What could be suf-
“ ficient reason to delay his bliss ? I am satisfied,
“ that you are virtue itself, my lovely *Lydia*. Your
“ passion pleads my cause.” “ My lord,” says
she, “ but reason too shall confirm it. Then,
“ —then,” — she said, beholding his lordship with
ineffable tenderness. “ Tell me all,” he cried
again, taking her to his bosom.

Lydia then began, and was proceeding in the
story of her treatment by the viscount *Flimsy*. At
which time, *Frank*, who had been seeking her,
was returned to the chamber ; who hearing her
voice within, animated with this sound, opened
the door, and rushed in to *Lydia*. When falling
on his knees, he caught her hand and pressed it to
his lips, “ Are you yet alive ? Why did you ter-
“ rify my soul in this manner ? why urge your
“ mother to distraction ? why did not you tell me
“ your distress ? my all should have been yours ;
“ these hands should have worked for your support :
“ oh ! *Lydia ! Lydia !* dearest maid,” he pronounced,
bursting into tears. The earl seeing this, began
to

to imagine, that *Frank* was his rival, and probably that *Lydia's* bosom had felt some influence in favour of him. Jealousy began to operate with all its powers.

WHEN *Frank* rising at *Lydia's* bidding, and seeing the earl, bowed, and asked ten thousand pardons. She thanked him sincerely for his intended goodness; "But," says she, "Mr. *Frank*, "how could I imagine you had ever thought of "me?" Oh! miss," says *Frank*, "I have been "dying with desire to acquaint you, that the diamonds, which that cursed earl of *Flimsy*, my "master, that wicked man, accused you with having stolen from his lady, for which you were "confined in goal, were found in his casquet at "his death. He had done this villainous action to "oblige you to his will."

AT these words the earl trembled to the soul.

"THOUGH your virtue is not to be conquered "by any distress," added *Frank*, at which words his lordship was calmed from his disquietude.

THE story was then related to the earl by *Frank*; and *Lydia*. When cleared from that imputation, his lordship rushing into her arms, swore the next day should unite them inseparably for ever; endeared beyond expression by this trial of her virtue.

THIS poor *Frank* heard with pain, and yet with pleasure. He had fondly imagined that *Lydia's*

dia's distress might plead in his favour, and induce her to wed him. This hope was vanished, yet his soul was too honest not to rejoice in this happiness, which attended all he loved. He had a heart within his bosom, which was filled with sentimental passion, and would have become the breast of men behind whose chairs he had frequently served, and who harboured those of quite a different and inferior nature.

"MAY you be happy," he pronounced weeping, though I.—He said no more, when the earl looking first on *Lydia*, and then on *Frank*, the last suspecting by the expression of his lordship's face, what his bosom entertained, cried out, "Indeed, my lord, I own I love Miss *Lydia* to distraction, but till this moment I have never uttered one word which might have been construed to explain that passion. The joy of finding her alive hurried me into this excess. She was even too fair and too amiable, even for my warmest hopes. I knew myself and her."

THIS *Lydia* heard with pleasure uttered by the voice of nature; the earl himself received it with delight.

"ALL I ask," says *Frank*, "and yet I fear to ask it, is to wait upon her, to attend her footsteps, and see that face I ever must adore and honour."

"THIS you shall enjoy," says the earl.

"THEN

"THEN I am happy," answered *Frank*.

Lydia herself thanked his lordship for this politeness.

THE earl then turned to the old lady, and saluted her by the name of mother. "Madam," says he, "Whatever your sufferings have been, here they end. All I ask is, that you will have the goodness to present me this lovely creature, this woman whom I have long loved, and sought in vain since my change of circumstances."

"MY lord," she answered, "you have her with all my soul; may happiness be your's." He then caught her again to his arms, and cried, "Now thou art mine, and mine alone for ever."

THE earl then turning to *Frank*, asked if he was in service. To which, answering in the affirmative, his lordship said, "You will leave your master as becomes a good servant, and then you shall be lady *Liberal's*." *Frank* bowed with the utmost respect and pleasure, and that evening determined to give his master notice of his intention to quit his service as soon as he could find a servant to his liking.

"BUT, *Lydia*," says the earl, "you and your mother must instantly quit this despicable abode; this place of wretchedness shall be no more your companion."

Lydia

Lydia told his lordship she had many more imputations to be acquitted of, before she could consent to be his wife; all which being related, his lordship only became more enthralled in love by her virtues; he therefore determined to remove them both that night from that house.

Frank took leave, and going down stairs, paid *Mrs. Glench* for the lodgings, and left her with a thorough detestation of her behaviour.

Lydia now acquainted my lord with the long distress of her mother, and herself. The earl weeping with attention to the face of *Lydia*, who was relating this story. But when she came to that part, which gave an account of *Mrs. Glench's* behaviour, his soul shivered with horror and resentment at the idea of this woman. "Call her hither," he said, "let her be paid. Let us instantly fly this detested place, and this inhuman woman." When being summoned, his lordship beheld her with horror; and asking her bill; she answered, that she had been paid by the gentleman, who was just gone; and withdrew immediately. This action of *Frank's*, his lordship remarked with pleasure.

HE then gave *Lydia* money, and bade her prepare to leave the house in three hours: "During which time," says he, "I will provide an apartment fit for the reception of you, and your mother, till to-morrow; when I shall take you
" to

“to my arms, and place you in my own abode;
“the abode of happiness.”

HE then took his leave, to wait upon her at the above time.

C H A P. LXVIII.

Lydia's reflections on the approaching change of her condition. Mrs. Clench repents of her behaviour, from the same motive which created the offence. Mistaken in her judgment. Lydia becomes countess of Liberal.

THE earl being gone, *Lydia* embracing her mother, cried out, “Behold the will of
“heaven! What change has it produced in one
“day! from starving to affluence; from despair
“to joy; from death to life! in all our miseries,
“my soul has often presaged the coming happiness.” She then gave her mother a short account of the story of her love, and her reasons for concealing it from her; and then left her to redeem those things which she had pledged. During this time, the venerable matron kneeling, addressed herself to heaven, pouring forth her prayers of gratitude to the author of her being, for this manifest interposition in their favour.

Lydia returning with their apparel, dressed herself and her mother with great simplicity and elegant neatness. The flower of beauty, refreshed
by

by this friendly shower, seemed re-animated; and lifting its head, though feebly, spread abroad its leaves with some increased lustre.

IT seems Mrs. *Glench*, being greatly possessed with that spirit, which in general is so little to be found in women, an inquisitive impertinence of listening: and being acquainted with every one's affairs, had, during the time of the earl of *Liberal's* being with *Lydia*, exercised that talent with much skill, and overheard what passed in their conversation.

HOWEVER, she was not so foolish a woman to imagine an earl would marry a poor girl, who was in the utmost necessity. No! no! she had cunningly conceived, that all his wiseing and matrimony of their conversation, was only designed to disguise the real state of the case, from the mother; and that this marrying was to terminate in *Lydia's* being kept by my lord.

SHE therefore began to repent of her having treated *Lydia* in the manner we have described. She knew that kept-mistresses, and their keepers, pay dearer for every thing, than other lodgers; a very prevalent recommendation in her opinion. And having received her rent, she was now determined not to let an over-nice and squeamish morality prevail upon her love of gain; and thus lose a lodger, that might now probably be ten-times more lucrative than before.

SHE

SHE therefore, as soon as the earl was gone, and Miss *Lydia* returned, went into Mrs. *Fairchild's* chamber, and began with a "Lord bless me, madam ! to be sure one would think that I have been mad for some time past. To be sure Miss *Lydia* must think so too. Or how could I have behaved as I have to you ! to be sure passion is a great sin ; and, the lord have mercy upon me ! I am dreadful passionate. There the cat broke one of my best china plates, last monday was fort-night, the very day I was in such a passion with you first, madam : and our *Mary*, the great lazy slut, burned one of my best aprons in ironing it. You may run your fist through the hole. That put me into a passion the second time. Lord knows my heart, madam, I should never have thought of behaving so, had it not been for these devilish accidents : nobody knows how to behave better than I. Thank God, I was bred up to it from my cradle. Sure I hope Miss you will not take it amiss. Methinks I should be loth to lose you ; and little *Billy*, I will warrant you, will half break his heart with crying, if you leave u . Poor child ?

"MADAM," says *Lydia*, "You need make no apologies. I am satisfied. I look upon you as a machine, in the hands of providence, which he has used to bring me to this happy moment.

"To

“To be sure, miss, you are in the right of it :
“I am in the hands of providence : and I am over-
“joyed to do you any service. There is my best
“apartment, she whispered to *Lydia*, now void ;
“and then you may have it to yourself, and Mrs.
“*Fairchild*, may lie here. And then when my
“lord comes, you will be always ready to receive
“him. Old people must not know every thing,
“you know, miss,” with a leer and a wink.

“MADAM,” says *Lydia*, “you are still as
“much mistaken as ever. This earl I believe
“incapable of that baseness which you suspect ;
“and believe me, I am not returned from the
“threshold of death through fear of dying, or to
“barter virtue in distress, for splendor in infamy.
“Your manner of thinking is no stranger to me ;
“therefore retire, and let me not behold in you,
“what I detest in woman.”

AT these words, Mrs. *Clench*, finding herself still
mistaken in her suggestions, withdrew, muttering
to herself.

THE earl was now returned with his coach, and
in it took Mrs. *Fairchild*, and his lovely *Lydia*, to
an apartment which he had provided : where an
elegant repast was prepared for their reception.
During which, *Lydia* smiling on her mother, said,
“Madam, I have often told you heaven had bles-
“sings yet in store for you.”

“And for you too, my dearest *Lydia*,” said the earl, looking fondly on her, taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips, “if my fortune, and “whole life’s attention can impart them to you.”

“NOTHING but you can bequeath me that felicity,” she answered. *Lydia* would have protracted the nuptial day for a little while, but the earl persisted in his resolution. Accordingly, the succeeding morning they were united in the willing bands of matrimony. The sun seemed to rise with purer lustre on this happy day, pleased with beholding so perfect an union of hands and hearts, in this amiable pair of lovers.

THE ceremony of marriage being finished by the divine, the earl turned to his *Lydia*, and caught her to his bosom; she could no longer restrain her willing arms, but throwing them around his waste, pressed her rosy lip with mutual ardor to his. Her soul, filled with gratitude and love, urging from her breast, “My lord! My husband!” “My *Lydia*! my wife!” replied the earl. The tumult of joy, in each, prohibited every other expression from escaping.

C H A P. LXIX.

In which lady Betty Wriggle, and some of her acquaintance, are introduced to the reader's acquaintance. An exhibition of the true spirit of that dame, and many other right honourables. Her speech and disappointment. The last much alleviated by a fib of lord Flimsy's sister.

NEXT day the papers declared, "That yesterday Miss *Lydia Fairchild* was married to the earl of *Liberal*; a lady of great merit, wit, beauty, and family."

THIS alarmed half the maiden ladies of nobility in *London*. They could not conceive who this female of merit, wit, beauty, and family could be. It seems they had all in turn made a dead point at this young earl, though unsuccessfully; but most particularly lady *Betty Wriggle*. She had rallied him at masquerades, ogled him at plays, leered and curtsied to him at operas, returned to the church which she had forsaken, to see the earl, because he frequented it; she had played in the same party at routs, talked of herself and her good temper at cards, hinted that such dispositions generally made good wives, and had once desired his lordship to rub her back, beginning with a smile, and she verily believed she was lousy all over. It seems she had a fine skin.

THIS lady yet entertained hopes, though he had never given her any ground for them. She was justly more disturbed than any other woman in *England*, to know who this *Lydia Fairchild* could be. A milliner's shop is an office of intelligence for ladies; and Mrs. *Makemode* it happened, was lady *Betty's* milliner. To this woman she posted in her chair, in an undress, to learn if this intelligent dame could give any account of the new countess of *Liberal*.

HAPPY for this noble maiden, Mrs. *Makemode* could lay this inquisitive spirit of curiosity, and satisfy her ladyship to great perfection, by acquainting her that *Lydia* had been a servant to lady *Flimsy*: and accused of stealing her diamonds; confined in a prison for it, and since that time, not being able to get service, had lived in a starving condition with her mother at one Mrs. *Clench's* in * * * * * lane.

READER, if you have ever seen a spendthrift heir at the opening a letter which tells him of his avaritious father's decease: or my lord *Bubblebet*, when *Slyboots* has won the plate, such was the transport of this right honourable lady, at the words which Mrs. *Makemode* uttered.

So pleased was she, that she bespoke several new things which she had not the least occasion for: And promised to recommend her more than ever. Then taking Mrs. *Clench's* direction, hurried away

to

to the tender-hearted woman, to get yet farther account of this new-married lady.

ARRIVING at the above-named Mrs. *Clench's*, she asked, "If she had lodgings to let?" To which the matron of the house answered, "Yes," with a curtsy. Now it happened, that lady *Betty Wriggle* being dressed in what the tuneful part of the streets of *London* have distinguished in their songs by the polite term of the *Niggledigée*; her cap standing beyond her eyes like a coach-horse's winkers, stuck close to her cheeks like paper or paste board; her hat, like my lord-mayor's barge, cocked before and behind, with streamers flowing down on one side; was mistaken by this matron for a woman of the town; Mrs. *Clench* not being endowed with the power of distinguishing a lady of honour from a lady of pleasure, when both are dressed exactly alike, and the colour of the blood cannot be seen through the skin.

LADY *Betty* then asked, "If Miss *Fairchild* had lodged there?" To which being answered "Yes," her ladyship then desired to see that apartment.

"LORD, madam!" says Mrs. *Clench*, "that room is not half good enough for you; here is my best dining-room, and a bed-chamber behind it, as prettily furnished as heart can wish to behold; pray madam take that.

"No matter," says her ladyship, "shew me her's." Which was accordingly done. This

apartment was the thing she wished to see, though not to live in. When turning round to Mrs. *Clench*, she said, "It would not do for her;" and then wishing to see the other, she added, "she was sorry that neither of them would serve her turn." When opening her purse, she presented Mrs. *Clench* with a guinea, saying at the same time, she never gave deople trouble without some reward.

"AND pray, Mrs. *Clench*," says her ladyship, "is it possible that Miss *Fairchild*, who has married an earl, could live in this apartment?"

"PERHAPS, madam," says Mrs. *Clench*, "you know not who she is."

"YOU say true, indeed," says her ladyship, "I do not. Pray who may she be?" Now the desired conversation began.

THIS good matron then, her heart being opened by the opening of her ladyship's purse, resolving also to be liberal in her turn, gave her ladyship more than a full and true account of all that she knew of *Lydia*; relating her distress, and her being at mother *Douglas's*, without pronouncing one word of Miss *Fairchild's* behaviour on that occasion.

LADY Betty was now truly satisfied, and had succeeded much better in her commission, than many *English* ambassadors at foreign courts. She was now perfectly prepared for the dutchess of

*****'s rout, and to sate her envy in discovering who this *Lydia*, now countess of *Liberal*, was. She withdrew, promising to recommend Mrs. *Clench's* lodgings, with a smile, and a curtsy; then hurrying into her chair, she was carried home to arrange the circumstances of this story. She longed like a hungry bat for the close of the evening and darkness, when she might fly abroad and spread her intelligence. With this intent, she dressed herself to the best advantage, kindled by the sarcastic desire of traducing the character of this most amiable woman.

THE servants were spruced and powdered, the knocker rattled, the door trembled, the wax-lights blazed, the chairmen and chairs groaned with the two fat countesses, the card-tables were in order, the parties were disposing, when the precious burthen of lady *Betty Wriggle* was reposed in the hall of the dutchess of *****.

SHE entered the apartments with joy flashing from her eyes. Indeed she would have been there sooner, but she purposely delayed her going, that she might deliver this account with full spirit at first coming, to a full company, and not, by brooding over it, spoil the whole story, by being obliged to retain it too long, like a dinner which waits for its devourers.

SHE knew the conversation of the evening would turn upon the subject of the earl's marriage: and

that some gentle sparrings might probably be aimed at her ladyship; as the watchful eye of women must have observed she had paid some particular attention to him.

SHE therefore, at coming, having first made her curtsies round, began to lady *Charlotte* * * * * *, with "Madam, has your ladyship heard who this *Lydia Fairchild* is, whose wit, merit, beauty, and family, have seduced the heart of the earl of *Liber*al to marry her?" Closing this sentence with a laugh.

LADY *Charlotte* answering in the negative;

LADY *Betty* added, "Well, it is impossible to tell you." Now it seems lady *Betty*, in her accounts of things, resembles the 'Change-alley jobbers, who can no more suffer a story to lie still without improving, than these money-mongers can their cash without interest.

She therefore began abruptly, with "It is impossible to surmise to what length things of this nature will go. It is long since, madam, you know, that noblemen have degraded their rank by marrying amongst the plebeian kind; and indeed there are many excuses for their so doing." During these words the circle thickened round her.

"SOMETIMES the situation of their affairs requires a fortune to reinstate them. At other times beauty may have captivated a nobleman's heart,

“ heart, for really one sometimes sees what one
“ may call pretty women amongst low people, and
“ then some reason may be given for the indiscre-
“ tion. At other times wit has its powers of
“ charming, and men of quality are frequently en-
“ amoured of that excellence. As to family, that
“ indeed you know is always a satisfactory reason
“ for wedding a lady without fortune or farther
“ consideration.

“ ALL these indeed have something to plead in
“ their favour; nay, even marrying common wo-
“ men, which has been so often put in practice
“ by some of our nobility, which I thought was
“ as far as it could well go, is short of this action
“ of my lord *Liberal*. He has taken a woman
“ from the plantations, who by what I can learn,
“ is a *Mulatta*; that circumstance speaks her
“ beauty and family, you know. She was con-
“ fined in a jail at *Bristol*, for stealing lady *Flimsy*'s
“ diamonds, to whom she was a servant; since
“ which time she has frequented that house in *Co-*
“ *vent-Garden*, where all the women of the town
“ resort; I never remember names; this speaks
“ her merit, your ladyship sees. Besides which,
“ she is the most violent *Virago* that ever lived;
“ and one of the best kind of women in the world,
“ Mrs. *Clench*, as I am informed, was obliged to
“ turn her and her mother out of doors, they kept
“ such an eternal scolding together, the poor wo-

“ man could get no one to stay in her best apart-
 “ ment for their quarrels, by which she must have
 “ been undone. This speaks her wit, your lady-
 “ ship will observe. It seems, madam, she was
 “ reduced to one linen-gown; so infamous that
 “ not a soul came near her; the chamber in which
 “ she lived resembling that in Mr. *Hogarth's Har-*
 “ *lot's Progress*, or rather worse; one broken chair,
 “ and a bed without curtains, make the whole
 “ furniture. Such she was, and such the earl has
 “ taken her to his arms. A true sample of sea
 “ education!

“ THUS, madam, this countess is happily com-
 “ posed of four qualifications, which one dares not
 “ name; and which, bad as some women may be
 “ imagined, are as really found in one person, as
 “ the four cardinal virtues; which, without doubt,
 “ makes her a curiosity, and worthy a nobleman's
 “ distinction, by way of wife.”

“ PRAY, my lady, what are these qualities?”
 says a prig, who had increased her circle by com-
 ing at the latter end of the account.

“ ONLY bastard, brimstone, thief, and scold,”
 says lady *Charlotte*, to whom this tale was re-
 counted, “ that is all.”

“ A VERY handsome collection indeed!” an-
 swered the coxcomb; “ and though but four, really
 “ enough for any lady.”

“ AND

“AND this is the countess of *Liberal*, upon my honor,” said lady *Betty*.

THIS story was received with general applause, and not quite so general a belief.

THE evening before this rout, lady *Flimsy* being returned to town, found a card from the dutchess of *****; when, notwithstanding her little taste for routs and drums, she imagined it would not be polite to refuse this invitation from her grace. Accordingly she came into the apartments just as lady *Betty* had finished this history.

NOW it came into lady *Betty*'s head, that lady *Flimsy* might strengthen this report of her's, and give it a sanction of truth, which all stories uttered from one lady to another, do not constantly obtain. Those who know the world, know that histories of this nature, like attornie's-bills, are often made to be taxed, and bear cutting off prodigiously well in many parts.

SHE therefore drew near lady *Flimsy*, and dropping easily into conversation, asked if she had heard “that the girl, who had robbed her ladyship of her diamonds, was married to the earl of *Liberal*.”

“YES, madam,” answered the viscountess, “not an hour since, and with infinite pleasure. I am glad your ladyship asked me this question; that I may have an opportunity of doing justice to the best of women; and retrieve a character
“that

“that has been long treated with the utmost in-
 “justice. The diamonds, which were most ini-
 “quitously said, by the late lord *Flimsy*, to have
 “been stolen by the present countess of *Liberal*,
 “for which she was confined, were found in his
 “casket, after his lordship’s death. It seems she
 “had resisted every temptation which he could
 “offer her, to yield him up her virtue. He there-
 “fore took this last expedient, of secreting my
 “diamonds, and charging her with it, on pur-
 “pose to terrify her into consent; in which he fail-
 “ed, as in all the former.

“THIS I know, and farther, that there is not
 “a more deserving woman in *England*. There
 “are few who have so much beauty and good un-
 “derstanding: and fewer who have resolution to
 “withstand all the temptation of rewards, and the
 “terror of threats, in favour of virtue. She must
 “do honour to her rank, and to the understanding
 “of that nobleman, who has made her his choice.”

THIS relation lady *Betty* did not relish in the
 least. The eyes of the company were turned upon
 her. At last, one of lord *Flimsy*’s sisters, who
 had disagreed with lady *Flimsy*, on the affair of his
 lordship’s monument, whispered that one *Sweet-*
wood was imagined to have had an intrigue with her
 ladyship; and that this wench, now countess of
Liberal, was supposed to have been in the secret;
 for

for which reason, this extravagant good character was so lavishly bestowed upon her.

THIS narrative gave peace to lady *Betty's* breast, and many more. The next morning lady *Betty*, lady *Charlotte*, lady *Harriot*, lady *Bab*, lady *Sophy*, lady *Caroline*, and lady *Susan*, from this centre of the rout, driving every way, like rays from a lamp of bad oil, communicating a dingy look, and ill odour, to all it reaches, were piously employed to spread this tale of infamy on the character of lady *Liberal*.

C H A P. LXX.

Lady Flimsy's letter to the countess of Liberal well received by the earl and countess.

LADY *Flimsy* was engaged in writing the following letter to the countess of *Liberal*:

“ Dear madam,

“ I T is impossible to say, whether I have felt
“ more pain from your secreting yourself from
“ me so long, and fearing what your delicate mind
“ might suffer, or more pleasure in this account of
“ your being wedded to the earl of *Liberal*.

“ I, WHO know your soul, rejoice doubly in
“ this event, because you have taken possession of
“ all you love, and what I hoped. I shall not
“ pay his lordship so ill-judged a compliment, as
“ to wish that he may adore you.

“ I HAVE

" I HAVE yet a greater pleasure in this, than
 " may by many be easily credited I shall now be
 " happy in seeing you above me in rank, as you
 " are in every qualification; and shall rush this
 " evening to your arms, to tell you by my own lips,
 " how sincerely I rejoice in your present happiness.
 " Do not be jealous; but I really love your
 " lord already, though I have never seen him.
 " Keep this secret, and he shall never know it
 " from me. I am,

" *Your most obedient servant,*

" ARABELLA FLIMSY."

THIS epistle was received with great pleasure by the countess of *Liberal*; the earl himself read it with vast delight and satisfaction.

THE evening brought lady *Flimsy* to the earl's; where he was an eye-witness of unfeigned friendship in the breasts of two women. The viscountess manifesting every token of sincere delight, and the countess receiving and returning them with equal truth and candour.

" MY lord," says lady *Flimsy*, " I wish you
 " joy of the most amiable woman in *England*; and
 " this I say from demonstration."

" MADAM," says the countess, " I have ac-
 " quainted his lordship with all my history, and
 " many distresses which have attended me, since
 " I left your ladyship." " In that concealment
 " alone,"

“ alone,” replied the viscountess, “ you are blame-
 “ able. For, believe me, I had long sought you
 “ with pain, fearing your distress; and in conse-
 “ quence of a letter received from the servant which
 “ I left in *London*, who told me you were here, I
 “ am now come to town with design to have made
 “ you my inseparable companion for life, to en-
 “ joy an equal share of my possessions; but this
 “ noble earl has prevented me. You, my lord,
 “ will enjoy that happiness I am robbed of, and
 “ though I love your lady, I envy you not. There
 “ is something in refined and true love, which
 “ woman cannot taste with woman, nor men, I
 “ believe with their own sex.”

AT these words the earl smiled, agreeing with
 her ladyship’s opinion. “ I see,” says she, “ by
 “ your countenance, my lord, you have miscon-
 “ strued my expression; but I really meant it in-
 “ nocently, and to express that sentimental pas-
 “ sion which is the result of souls in unison, not
 “ to be found between two of the same species.”
 This evening happily past, finished the conversa-
 tion and the chapter.

C H A P. LXXI.

Frank figures with great eclat in this chapter. 'Squire Rifle brings himself into great tribulation; and Jack Bonnesoy gets him out again, by persuading him to ask pardon by letter; in which the orthography is preserved for the study of all men of that character.

FRANK, the servant whom we have mentioned, returning to his master, whom he had served since the death of the viscount *Flimsy*, gave him notice of his inclination to quit his service; yet not till he could provide himself with another who was agreeable to him. "Sir," says he, "I would not leave you, but that I can now be situated, where I hope to finish my days, and with whom I wish to be, above all people on earth."

THIS gentleman was a man of fortune, of a gay cast of mind, good-natured, and sensible. He would have very willingly retained *Frank* in his service; but at the same time told him, as by his expression he seemed to like the place he proposed going to, he would not hinder him from being happier than he was with him. "For I imagine," says he, "My life does not agree with you damned sober fellows; therefore I shall give you a
"good

“good character, and dismiss you as soon as I find another.”

Frank thanked him, and was then acquainted that some company would dine with his master the next day, and ordered to provide things handsomely.

IN the mean while, this story so derogatory to the honour of lady *Liberal*, was propagated with the swiftness of a comet's motion. Every mouth was full with it.

AMONGST the rest of the guests invited to dine with *Frank's* master was 'squire *Rifle*, whom we have already mentioned in the fifty-ninth chapter of this history, as the hero who attempted to perpetrate the ruin of *Lydia* at mother *Douglas's*.

THE conversation at dinner turned much on the late marriage of the earl of *Liberal*. One of the company, *Jack Bonnesoy*, said he did not blame the earl for marrying the girl he liked. “I saw her yesterday,” said he, “and, upon my soul, I never beheld a more amiable woman; with an air of sweetness and modesty, so genteel and easy, as may justify any nobleman in his choice of her: and, give me leave to tell you, there are few women of more beauty, and, if one may judge from what she said, fewer of so good an understanding.”

“WELL said, *Jack*,” says *Billy Ramble*, “thou hast a distinguishing taste for modesty, I find.

“Why,

"Why, here's *Rifle*, at my elbow, swears he
"had her at mother *Douglas's*."

"SAY you so, *Rifle*," says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

"YES, damn me," says *Rifle*, "I say I had her
"there."

DURING this conversation, *Frank*, who had been greatly pleased with the beginning of it, and as much stung to the soul with the latter part, was ordered by his master to give him a glass of wine and water. His mind was so discomposed at this account given by *Rifle*, that, not knowing what he did, he took the glass half full of small-beer, and then adding wine and water to it, gave it his master.

"ZOUNDS, *Frank*," cried his master after tasting it, "what have you given me? by —, "you have poisoned me." The servant, by this expression recalled from the *reverie*, asked ten thousand pardons for his mistake. "But, Sir," says he, "The account which that gentleman," pointing to 'squire *Rifle*, "has given of lady *Liber*al, was the cause of it; not thinking what "I was doing, when I intended to give you wine "and water, I have mixed these liquors together. "I am sure, Sir, you will pardon me, when I "assure you, there never was a more amiable wo- "man, and that I am convinced, that there is "not one word of truth in all he has spoken."

THIS

THIS speech of *Frank's* summoned the eyes of the whole company upon him. His master then asked, what he knew of the countess of *Liberal*? When *Frank* gave an account of the affair of the earl of *Flimsy*, his secreting his lady's diamonds, and what lady *Liberal* had refused and suffered for the cause of virtue; concluding, that it was impossible that a woman who had done this could have been had at *Douglas's*, and that he did not believe a word of it.

"NOR I," says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

"AND so," says *Rifle* to *Frank*, "you say I lye; do you, you rascal?"

"NO," says *Frank*, "I have not yet said so."

"BUT you think so, you scoundrel!"

"THAT I do indeed," answered *Frank*.

"RASCAL!" replied *Rifle*, "I'll break every bone in your body," rising in a great wrath.

"INDEED, you will not," says *Frank*, "I wish you would touch me with one finger. I dare say, that the whole company would be pleased to see you threshed within an inch of your life; which you shall certainly be. Sir," says he, turning to his master, "you will have the goodness to pardon me, in defending the character of all that is virtuous, from the slander of that man, who calls himself a gentleman; and if I do not prove this to all your satisfactions, I will consent to any punishment you shall think fit to inflict upon me."

"A SENSIBLE

“ A SENSIBLE fellow, by ———,” says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

NAY, *Frank*,” says his master, “ I cannot blame you, if what you say be true. I think *Rifle*’s “slandering an innocent lady, has reduced him, “at least, to your level.”

Rifle then vowed vengeance against *Frank*, and swore by his maker a thousand times, “ That he “had her at *Douglas*’s ; till *Frank*, out of all patience, swore “ He lyed, and he would prove it “to the company.”

THERE was besides the apparent air of truth, which was visible in *Frank*’s face, the known character of *Rifle* for slandering women of reputation, and endeavouring to lye away their characters, which inclined the company to believe the servant rather than the gentleman.

AFTER dinner, the common healths were drank; *Rifle* swearing between each toast, “ That “he would be the death of *Frank*, and insisting on “his being turned away by his master.” To which it was answered, “ That he was already “leaving his service:” “ But faith, *Rifle*,” says the master of the treat, “ You have so often “vaunted of affairs with women whom you never “saw, that I cannot say, that I am sorry to see “you so treated by a footman. And give me “leave to tell you, that this fellow has never told “me a falsehood during his serving me ; and at “present he leaves me much against my will.

“ HE

“ HE has something in him above the common rate of domestics; and will be very apt to search this thing to the bottom, to your no very great honour; if what you have said be not true.”

THE whole answer to this was, “ That by — it was true.”

DURING this time, *Frank* was determined to take ample vengeance of this infamous fellow. He first thought of acquainting the earl of *Liberal* with it; but then, fearing for the life of that lord, which was so dear to the countess of *Liberal*, his affection for that lady preferring her ease to his own safety; he determined in a letter to *Rifle*, to personate the earl, and demand satisfaction for thus treating the countess’s character.

HE therefore, whilst the company was still at his master’s, wrote the following letter, which he contrived to be brought by a porter, and delivered into squire *Rifle*’s own hand.

S I R,

“ I AM this minute acquainted by the servant, who this day waited at dinner, that you have said, that you had my lady *Liberal* at *Douglas*’s: if you can prove this to be true, I shall forgive you. If not, as I am convinced you cannot, I here require satisfaction to-morrow morning; and if you refuse meeting me, and appointing the place, I will kick you wherever I meet you,

“ Yours, *Liberal*.”

THIS

THIS letter being delivered, a ghastly paleness stole upon the face of squire *Rifle*; and an odour, less fragrant, though more powerful, than the damask rose transpired from the parts below.

THIS being perceived by *Jack Bonnefoy*, damn you, *Rifle*, says he, What news have you received? It operates strongly upon you, I perceive. *Frank* stood to ask if there was any message to be returned, and beheld this token of distress with great pleasure.

“SIRRAH, you rascal,” says *Rifle* to *Frank*, “this is your doing, you dog! Do you betray the secrets which pass at your master’s table?”

“SIR,” says *Frank*, “you irritated me to it.”

“READ the letter,” says the master of the house.

WHICH being done by *Jack Bonnefoy*; and coming to these words, “If you can prove this to be true, I shall forgive you.” “Why *Rifle*,” says he, “if you have any proof of the truth of what you have said, here is no danger.”

“Ay!” says *Rifle*, “But how do I know whether his lordship will be satisfied with the proof which I shall bring? I never intended this should come to his ears!”

“That I believe,” says *Bonnefoy*; “yet I cannot blame *Frank* for discovering it. There are but three things of which you can choose. Either to give him satisfaction, like a man of ho-

“HOUR;

"nour; ask his pardon, and own yourself a scoundrel; or prove that which you have asserted to be true."

AT this *Rifle* was all in a cold sweat; which *Frank* perceiving, told him the porter waited an answer.

THIS moment who should enter to the company, but young captain *Firebrace*, half cock'd. It seems he was designed to be of the company, but being pre-engaged, had dined at another place, and was come hither to finish his evening's potation.

AFTER having saluted the master of the house, he cried out, "Oh! my old friend *Rifle*, what are you here? I have not seen you since I met you at *Douglas's*."

"To this *Bonnefoy* replied, *Firebrace*, you are come in a happy time, to extricate your friend *Rifle* from a damned dilemma, into which he is gotten. It seems the earl of *Liberal* has heard that this gentleman has defamed his countess, by saying, he had her at *Douglas's*, and has sent to him to demand satisfaction; and at present he is at a loss whether he shall fight him, acknowledge he has been in the wrong, or bring proof of what he has said."

"Oh! says *Firebrace*, I am the man in the world the best able to set this matter right; and I here undertake, upon my honour, to prove that *Rifle* had her at *Douglas's*." This made

Frank

Frank tremble to the heart; as he knew this gentleman was a man of strict honour, and the whole company was staggered at this declaration; yet *Rifle* seemed to express no satisfaction at these words.

“PRAY tell us then,” says the master of the house, “how it was.” *Firebrace* then disclosed the whole affair, as we have already related it; at which *Frank’s* heart dancing with joy, he cried out, “Did not I tell you, sir, he was a liar?” All the company beholding *Rifle* with abhorrence, and *Frank* with pleasure. *Bonnefoy* saying, “I ever believed the dog was an errant scoundrel; yet I could not have imagined him so thoroughly abandoned and infamous, as he now appears to be.”

“WELL,” says *Firebrace*, “what do you intend doing, *Rifle*? You will not fight I know; and your proving the truth of what you intended is impossible.” At this, *Rifle* fancied he had conceived a lucky thought, “I did not say I lay with her at *Douglas’s*, I only said that I had her there; and this is true, and you can prove it.”

“You base fellow!” says *Firebrace*, “this screening yourself under the double meaning of your expression, is yet more infamous than the thing itself. Did not you intend that this company should believe that you had enjoyed this virtuous lady, and to contaminate her character?”

“WRITE

“ WRITE a letter to the earl and acknowledge
“ your being a rascal ; and then hide your infamous
“ head in the country, from all human society,”
says *Bonnefoy*.

“ I CAN do the latter, without acknowledging
“ that I am a rascal, under my own hand ; and I
“ will decamp tomorrow,” says *Rifle*.

“ INSENSIBLE brute !” says *Bonnefoy*. Here,
“ *Frank*, I give him over to your chastisement.”
“ Then,” says *Frank*, he shall write before he
“ leaves this house, and give an account of his be-
“ haviour, under his own hand, or I will die if he
“ escapes.” “ Well said, *Frank*,” says *Firebrace*.

ACCORDINGLY, 'Squire *Rifle* being supplied
with pen, ink and paper, would have written an
answer ; when, after many attempts, he cried,
“ Damme, if I know what to say.” “ Write
“ after me,” says *Bonnefoy*. When taking the
pen, he wrote what follows, as *Bonnefoy* dictated.

“ *My Lord,*

“ I N anser to yore lordship's letter, whitch de-
“ I mands me ether to gife you prooffe of what
“ I hafe propigated against yore countis, or satisf-
“ facshion ; I hear acnolitch the hole to be an inf-
“ mus ly. “ And that I am a most notorius,”
(here *Bonnefoy* pronouncing the word scoundrel,
Rifle desired to be excused from inserting that.
“ Write, damn you,” says *Bonnefoy*, “ or *Frank*
“ shall twig your nose from your face.” (*Frank*

stretching forth his hand in readiness) at which he wrote scoundril, for hafeing tradused the most
 “virtuus of weemin. I ask yore lordship ten thou-
 “sant pardons for this scandalus behafior. And
 “am,

“*Your most obedient,*

“*humble sarvant,*

“THOMAS RIFLE.”

“SEE how the rascal spells,” says *Bonnefoy*, taking the letter. “Is it not a reflection on hu-
 “man kind, that such illiterate and infamous fel-
 “lows can find admission into good company,
 “through the deceit of a laced coat, and a thou-
 “sand a year; when merit and learning are almost
 “excluded, what is mistakenly called, the best
 “society, because they may happen to want these
 “requisites?”

THE letter was folded, sealed, and given to *Frank*, to send it to his lordship. *Rifle* was committed, at the same time, to be turned down stairs by *Frank* also, by the general consent of all present.

THE next day he withdrew into the country, for a few months; debauched all the pretty girls in his neighbourhood; till afraid of being justly treated, according to his deserts, in that part, he returned to *London*; and, at present, his whole life

is spent in taverns and bagnios ; seeking new faces to ruin and destroy, and to be duped by bawds and pandars.

C H A P. LXXII.

Frank's character gains universal applause.

THIS transaction soon got abroad into the world. And, in a very little time, reached the ears of earl *Liberal*. When his lordship being asked, “if he knew any thing of the story,” answered, that he believed the whole to be false; because he was sure he had never written any letter to *Rifle*, or heard of his name. At the same time,” says he, “lady *Liberal* was really treated in the manner this story relates it; but as she knew not the name of the person, I never could find an opportunity of chastising the villain, or thank the gentleman who rescued her from his hands; both of which I had most certainly done. However,” says the earl, “I think I saw the servant, who is said to have been engaged in this affair, enter my house, not six minutes since; we will know the truth of this story.”

ACCORDINGLY *Frank* being introduced, the story was told by him as it really passed. When the earl asking *Frank*, how he came to use his name without his consent; “I would not run the risque

“ of giving pain to my lady, by your punishing so
 “ bad a man ; and therefore presumed to use your
 “ lordship’s name in the letter.”

AH ! but *Frank*,” says her ladyship, what if this
 “ man had accepted the challenge ?”

“ THEN, madam,” says he, “ I would have met
 “ him disguised in my master’s cloaths ; defended
 “ your innocence, and preserved my lord, whom
 “ you love so well, from all chance of being in-
 “ jured.”

“ DESERVING, generous creature !” answered
 her ladyship. My lord and all the company agree-
 ing in that truth. *Frank* bowed very low, almost
 immortal in his own opinion, by the pleasure
 which these words imparted to his soul.

HE then gave the letter which *Rifle* had written,
 into the hands of the earl ; which afforded no little
 diversion to the company present, and retired.

CHAP. LXXIII.

*A small incident at Ranelagh, which turns out to the
 no great honour of the right honourable captain
 Charles Bounce.*

THIS evening, the earl and his lady were to
 to be accompanied with lady *Flimsy*, and a
 gentleman, his friend, to *Ranelagh*. This was the
 first time that she had made her appearance in any
 public place, since her nuptials. She was dressed ex-
 tremely

tremely neat, without show or ostentation, with few jewels, the earl even pressing her to wear those she had on. And as she was now recovered from that pale and languid look, which her distress had imparted to her countenance, she appeared extremely beautiful. Being accompanied with lady *Flimsy*, who was also a fine woman; the eyes of all the company were upon her; the men, in general, praising her beauty, and the women darting the malicious arrows of envy, which rebounded on themselves, without injuring her.

AMONGST these was the earl *Braggard*, the father of the honourable captain *Charles Bounce*, who was also himself then present; being returned from his voyage. It seems, as it hath been already hinted, this earl delighted much in accounts of his son's amours; in complaisance to which disposition of his fire, this son, as in duty bound, had framed many a lascivious tale, to entertain his aged parent, to make his hours of declining life pass away pleasantly, and prevent him from uneasy thoughts concerning another world: a rare instance of filial piety in sons, in this wicked, degenerate age! amongst which histories, the manner in which he had succeeded in debauching the lady *Liberal*, was one.

AND here we cannot avoid lamenting the indiscretion of too many parents, who cannot patiently

bear that their sons should give an account of their amours and gallantries before them, as did this right honourable lord *Braggard*. A more general disposition in fathers to this behaviour, we presume would probably inform them of their sons' true inclinations, prevent them from seeking other company, and frequenting taverns. And, if they would but kindly indulge their propensities and keep w——es in their own houses, for their children's amusement, as they grow up, they might certainly, in a great measure, prevent their frequenting bagnios and brothels, and squandering their money; the only thing belonging to man, which at present is thought worth saving. Indeed, if it was not for the kind-hearted dispositions of some maid-servants, contrary to their masters' and mistresses' knowledge, things would be much worse than they are. However, we are not quite out of expectation, to see a kept mistress provided by every noble father, for a young lord, in the place of a tutor; and inferior families, making it one article in their agreements with the maid servants, that master *Jemmy*, and master *Jacky*, shall lie with them, as soon as they are big enough to begin an amour; as the most frugal and safe method of education, and providing what is now allowed to be so universally necessary for all young gentlemen, and this to the utter ruin of bawdy-houses and taverns.

THIS

THIS earl then, seeing the countess of *Liberal* at *Ranelagh*, was relating the story of his son *Charles's* amour with her, to a circle of surrounding toad-eaters. His old gummy eyes twinkled with lust, like two farthing-candles in two greasy sockets; and the flaver ran from his toothless mouth, in the recital, like a hound's which has been hard hunted; his two legs and his cane scarce supporting him, whilst his head nodded time to the relation, like a *Chinese* image put in motion.

THE earl of *Liberal* having been divided from his company by an old friend, was again following them, when seeing a circle, he stepped up to this which surrounded the old lord *Braggard*; where being unobserved and unknown to the company, he overheard what this old debauchee was lasciviously relating.

THIS infamous narration pierced his very soul. However, he had temper sufficient to restrain his resentment against the veteran in lust and impotence, reserving it for his son *Charles*, from whom he knew this lie must have proceeded.

THE earl of *Liberal* had seen him in the room; but having a thorough detestation of the man, he had not exchanged a single word with him. And, to say the truth, the honourable captain *Charles Bounce* had carefully avoided meeting the earl in walking round, urged to that behaviour by conscious guiltiness.

THE earl *Braggard* finished his account, by saying “*Charles* shall tell you more of the matter “when he comes:” at these words the earl of *Liberal* withdrew.

HAVING joined his lady, lady *Flimsy*, and another gentleman, who accompanied them; in the succeeding round he saw the honourable captain *Charles Bounce* in the middle of this circle, alertly relating the account, the old lord tittering with joy at it, and the company turning their eyes on the countess and her companions. As they past, one of them spoke loud enough to be heard, “She is a delicious piece!”

THESE words pierced the soul of earl *Liberal*; to hear his lady’s fame and honour traduced before his face, was beyond all human bearing. He therefore stepped on one side, and speaking to a waiter, shewed him the honourable captain *Charles Bounce*; when giving him a guinea, he bid him to speak to him secretly, and say, “That he came “with a message from a lady, who waited for “him at the lower end of the right-hand side of “the canal, in the gardens, going towards the “river.”

To this place the earl of *Liberal* passed with all haste; and the honourable captain *Charles Bounce* followed him immediately; thinking nothing less than some intrigue would be the consequence of this rendezvous. The favourite singer was at that time performing, and the gardens quite empty.

How

How great was the surprise of this captain, when he discovered the earl of *Liberal*! His joy sunk away at the sight, like the sensitive plant contracting at a touch. However, he said, "My lord, your most obedient servant. Is it you, who have favoured me with this message? Some joke, I suppose."

"VILLAIN! draw your sword," replied the earl.

"PRITHEE, pox! my lord, leave your joking! You will always be the same man, I see. What is the matter now?" says the captain, not a little flustered.

"You know too well," answered the earl. "Did not you most scandalously traduce the character of lady *Liberal*, not five minutes since, surrounded with that circle of coxcombs? Sir, I heard your lascivious old father give an account of your having enjoyed my wife, which, you know, is an infamous lie. Therefore, villain! instantly give me satisfaction."

"My lord!" says the captain, "you know that old men will be prating silly stuff; his head is quite gone; it is not my fault."

"YES," says the earl, "but not without your first having invented, and told him this lie; therefore, by heavens! I will have satisfaction instantly."

THE honourable captain *Bounce* then looked behind, to see if any one was coming who might part them, if he should dare to engage; when no one appearing, he cried, "Dear *Liberal*! do pardon me; upon my soul, I will never offend again in this manner; I will ask pardon on my knees."

"YES," says the earl, "in the middle of that circle, where you have endeavoured to blast the reputation of all my soul adores. Therefore give me satisfaction instantly, or march before me to the *rotunda*."

THE captain then intreating, told him, "He must be undone for ever, if he persisted in this demand." The earl replied, "And my *Lydia*'s fame must be for ever blighted, if it is not complied with; therefore, scoundrel! march, or your nose and you shall follow these fingers."

No intreaties could prevail. The captain's land-courage was left on board ship, and he had not brought on shore enough of the sea, to give his right-arm vigour to draw his sword. He therefore followed the earl, who, directing him to the place where the earl *Braggard* stood, spoke aloud, "Here, miscreant! on this spot ask pardon of this father of your's, and of the company, for having abused their ears with lies, relating to your amour with lady *Liberal*. On your knees directly!" This drew the company about them;
when

when some interfering in favour of the captain, the earl related the story, and insisted on his doing justice to his wife, by speaking truth on the very spot where he had uttered the lie, or giving him the satisfaction of a gentleman. This being thought reasonable by most present, captain *Bounce* was obliged to ask pardon on his knees, for what he had said, and to declare that the whole account was a lie, as he had related it.

THUS the character of the most virtuous of women was publicly justified, from the malicious lies of infamous cowards; and the tongue of slander much silenced, from speaking to the dispraise of *Lydia*, countess of *Liberal*.

C H A P. LXXIV.

True instances of filial piety in the countess; paternal fondness in the mother; and humane politeness in the earl. The true test of sincere love.

THE filial piety which the new-married lady had manifested to her parent, was now more conspicuous than ever. The good old woman recovering with amazing progress, by this change of her circumstances. It was an object more delightful than flowery lawns, and falling waters, waving woods, and craggy rocks, diversified

sified with all that is picturesque in architecture and animals, heightened by sunshine, to behold the beautiful face of *Lydia*, countess of *Liberal*, at the approach of her venerable mother. Her eyes shed innumerable rays of piety and joy; duty exalted every feature; and this, because the most captivating powers of the soul must animate the face of human nature, at these moments: an idea of pleasure, which must for ever be deficient in surveying the objects of still-life, where those active virtues are known not to reside.

No company, no engagement in her own house, could prevent the countess from attending her mother when she retired to rest. The lip of duty was always pressed to that of paternal love; whose blessing followed the action, imparted infinite delight to the heart of *Lydia*.

"Go, my child," she said, "may the God of
"all continue to shower those blessings on thy
"head, with which he has already distinguished
"and rewarded thy piety and virtue."

SUCH are the effect of minds at ease, Mrs. *Fairchild* became gay again; and like one who had renewed the vigour of life.

THE earl himself being vastly delighted with her company, and contriving, by every amiable action, to give her pleasure, who was the source of so great joy to his lovely *Lydia*, often conversed with her, and was much entertained with her conversation.

versation. And when the deep impressions of her former anguish, would seduce her tale to deviate into accounts of past sufferings, so natural to age, the earl, with all the politeness of good-nature, led her from these melancholy relations, and told her, "That miseries to mankind were only the
"moments of eclipse, which heightened and en-
"deared the hours of sunshine; means in the
"hand of providence, like shades from the pain-
"ter's pencil, which give strength and beauty to
"the whole; without which, life would be one
"glare of undistinguished folly, or flat exhibition
"of indifference, without relief, attraction, or
"pleasure."

"INDEED, my lord," answered the venerable mother, "I believe this may be true; and yet, alas! I fear, miserable as I have long been, that I shall even have reason to repent my being
"known to you."

"To me, madam," says the earl, not a little amazed! "How can that be apprehended?"

"My lord," says she, "before I was caressed
"and distinguished by your affection and good-
"ness, before my dear child was rendered the
"happiest of women in the arms of the best of
"men, I hourly wished for my leaving this world:
"now, alas! such is the weakness of human na-
"ture, I fear your generous behaviour has made
"my days so agreeable to me, that I shall relin-
"quish

“quish this life with reluctance, and view my
“hopes of heaven with more indifference than be-
“fore.”

THE earl, pleased with this reply, could scarce express, the rising tear hindering him, that such apprehensions should not deter him from behaving in the same manner, and wishing her days may be many. “Happy, madam, they shall be, as far as
“human means have power” he said, “to make
“them so.”

AT these words the countess entered the apartment; when the earl ran to her, and catching her in his arms, seized a kiss, telling her how elegantly he had been complimented by her dear mother: then still pressing her to his bosom, he said to Mrs. *Fairchild*, “Is it possible, madam, for my
“grateful heart to accomplish half the happiness
“I wish to impart to the mother of this lovely wo-
“man; who has given me my all, my dearest
“*Lydia*?”

“HAPPY parent! happy daughter!” said the mother, when excess of joy held their tongues mute.

AFTER this silence, the earl, addressing himself to Mrs. *Fairchild*, said, “Madam, I wish you
“would assist me in prevailing on this rebellious
“hussy, to decorate her person with jewels, as
“becomes the rank she is now intitled to. Is there
“a woman in *England* besides, who would refuse
five

“ five-thousand pounds-worth of diamonds, which
 “ I solicit to be permitted to present her ?”

“ My lord,” replied the countess, “ If that
 “ could make either you or myself happier I would
 “ with pleasure, accept of them. Will your see-
 “ ing me covered with gems, create one grain
 “ more of true love for me ?”

“ No,” says he, “ that is impossible.”

“ To what intent shall I adorn myself then ?”
 she replied.

“ To prove to the world how much I love you,”
 says the earl.

“ My lord, you give me and the world, what
 “ is infinitely a greater proof of sincere passion,
 “ than the gems of *Indostan* can bequeath : vanity
 “ even may induce a lord to decorate his consort ;
 “ and many other motives : but he that gives me
 “ his time, who hears all I say with delight, and
 “ gazes on my face with rapture, bestows on me the
 “ most essential proof of sincerest affection. Give
 “ that boon, and let whatever wives that approve
 “ of them, receive the bawbles of finery from
 “ the hands of their husbands. She that truly
 “ loves, will think with me. And she who does
 “ not, possesses a venal soul, bought by falacious
 “ presents, and is at bottom open to the purchase
 “ of every man, that chooses to bid higher for her
 “ heart.”

“ VERY sublime indeed, Madam, and extreme-
 “ ly sentimental. Will this continue ?”

“ YES,

“YES, my lord, it will I am sure; because
 “my heart will not permit me to believe that you
 “will ever desert me.”

“GENEROUS creature!” says the earl. “You
 “think of me as I will deserve.”

CHAP. LXXV.

The countess's opinion of dress. Lady Flimsy's arrival; and a resolution to go to the masquerade.

AT this time there was a masquerade preparing to be held at *Ranelagh*. The earl pressed his countess to go thither; and as the ladies had intended making the most splendèd appearance, he desired she would be dressed in the most magnificent and costly manner. “Here you will be disguised
 “and lady *Flimsy* will gladly be your companion.”

“MY lord,” says she, “I shall soon be known
 “though disguised: and as I am myself already
 “the envy of many women, who wish to enjoy the
 “happines of your consort; there may be many
 “displeasing things uttered from behind a mask,
 “which the same lips would not have courage to
 “pronounce with a bare face; and this finery will
 “but distinguish me the more conspicuously the
 “blazing star of ill omen to their felicity.”

DURING this conversation, lady *Flimsy* came to visit the countess. When the conversation continuing

ing, the viscountess said, "Madam it is my opinion, that you will do well to see a masquerade; and I dare say one will suffice for your life; for to people who examine their pleasures, this can have no charms to create a repetition."

"AT the same time, madam, what you say has much truth in it. The tongues of malevolence will snatch this opportunity of invading the ears of innocence, if you are distinguished by your dress. Therefore to avoid that disagreeable task, I will appear as the highly decorated person; and you as you please. By which the whole power of their malice against you, will be directed to me; out of which we shall draw some amusement."

It was then agreed, that lady *Flimsy* should be dressed with great magnificence; and lady *Liberal* with great simplicity; and that in this manner my lord should attend them to the masquerade.

My lady *Flimsy* had yet another view, which was, that of meeting Mr. *Sweetwood*, who she heard had followed her to town, and intended being at *Ranelagh*; as he concluded the viscountess would be present at this entertainment.

THE evening being come, the ladies prepared, and, accompanied by the earl and another gentleman, proceeded in their coach to *Ranelagh*; where, what happened to be the conversation and incidents, shall be seen in the following chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXVI.

Lady Betty Wriggle mistakes her object, and meets a defeat in her raillery. Reflections on the characters at masquerades, and that entertainment. A resolution.

HOWEVER, before we set the company forth we shall comply with the request of those ladies, who delight in descriptive finery ; lady *Flimsy* was habited like *Diana*, in a pastoral dress, of white satin, with a bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows on her shoulders ; her forehead was adorned with a crescent of diamonds ; and her head, neck, and bosom, decorated richly with jewels ; she had blackened her hair, to give herself the greater resemblance of the countess. Lady *Liberal*, and the two gentlemen, were in dominos.

THIS figure, so fine, soon attracted the eyes of the assembly, which was very numerous : At first, a thousand guesses were made, who she could be ; till, at length, it was universally agreed, she could be no other than the new countess.

LADY *Betty Wriggle*, beholding this profusion of diamonds, was not a little incensed against her happy situation. For, in truth, it was the expectation of pomp and dress, that had attracted
this

this lady's liking to the earl, and no sympathatic sensation of true passion, answering in unison and delight to the touches of celestial love in her bosom.

SHE therefore determined to mortify her, as much as she could; and, as she believed herself unknown to the countess, she was the more free in engaging in that design.

SHE therefore began with lady *Flimsy* (mistaking her object) who had learnt her whole proceedings with Mrs. *Makemode*, and Mrs. *Clench*, and knew her voice.

"PRAY, madam," says lady *Betty*, "how does Mrs. *Clench* do?"

"YOU can better inform me, madam," says the viscountess, "as you are the woman that have taken the lodgings which I left, I suppose."

THIS was no very promising beginning; however, being nettled with this answer, she proceeded.

"YOU grow pert, madam, since you have caught your sea-calf: pray is that the bow and arrow with which you wounded the monster?"

"MADAM," says lady *Flimsy*, "I am pert and proud too, in wounding that heart which you shot at, and was invulnerable from your shafts."

"I SHOOT at his heart! pretty little innocent; you will one day bequeath that crescent on your head,

“head, to the forehead of your dearee, I presume.”

“MADAM, he tells me he would rather have it from my hands, than your’s; but I shall endeavour to keep it myself, because I know you envy it me.”

“WHY, really madam, you profited much by your studies in *Covent-Garden*,” says lady Betty.

“THAT will be an encouragement for you, I hope madam, to ply there, and finish your character, which wants only that to complete it.”

DURING this time, the laugh ran high against lady Betty *Wriggle*: She therefore withdrew, with saying, “Train up a child;” true,” says lady *Flimsy*, “and you prove that when it is old, it will keep to the same way it was bred in.”

THIS stroke of *old* was the severest of all; for lady Betty’s years had already exceeded the game, and the symptoms of old maid began to appear visible, or rather too visible in her face and disposition; she therefore sheered off, and changed her domino.

MR. *Sweetwood*, believing this splended figure to be lady *Liberal*, concluded the other was lady *Flimsy*; the head of her domino was up, to conceal her hair; he therefore began with asking her when she left *Worcestershire*; lady *Liberal* answered

ed, with saying, "She never was in that country ;
" you are mistaken, fir, you take me for the lady,
" whom you persecuted at the *Wells*: I suppose
" she has left that country to fly your imperti-
" nence, and you are following her. What you
" attempt a dowager-viscountess ! A modest coun-
" try squire indeed ! a lady of honour for a coun-
" try squire !"

LADY *Flimsy* hearing this, said, "She could
" give him some intelligence concerning his fugi-
" tive ; she is to-morrow morning to be married to
" my lord *Beef*, and is come to town with that
" intent ; you imagine, I suppose, the world is
" unacquainted with your being forbidden her
" house."

THIS stroke was too interesting for *Sweetwood*
to trifle with : He said, "Tell me, I implore you,
" madam, whoever you are, if what you say be
" true, that I may fly this kingdom : 'I cannot
" bear to live, and behold her in another's arms."

"POOR love-sick swain !" says lady *Flimsy*,
"follow me, and I will explain the whole mat-
" ter to you," the company that was with her,
accompanying them ; when being withdrawn into
a corner, she began to tell Mr. *Sweetwood* a tale
of well-imagined falsehood ; assuring him, that
lady *Flimsy* had abused his passion for her, that she
was seduced by the love of riches to marry lord *Beef*,

as he was called, and many other things; all which being founded on passages that he knew to be true, and heightened by fancy, with much probable circumstance, had a strange effect upon him. “And now, sir,” says she, “that you may not be induced to believe, that because this is said from behind a mask, it contains nothing but raillery, I will discover who I am to you;” when just taking off her masque, *Sweetwood* beheld the face of her he adored.

How great and unexpected was this discovery! the tide of joy, which had been ebbing from his bosom, during this relation, returned with such impetuosity, it almost overwhelmed his soul; the eyes of lady *Flimsy*, the mask being removed, like the sun-beams, when an eclipse passes off, darting light, heat, and chearfulness through his whole fabric.

SWEETWOOD then joined the party.

DURING the evening, lady *Liberal* could not avoid drawing this reflection from the ill accord between the characters and dresses of the maskers, “How little human kind was acquainted with itself.”

“*WOULD* that harlequin,” says she, “have been so dressed, who is as ill adapted for it, as Sir *John Falstaff* for a running footman, if he knew himself? or that *Arcadian*, who, instead
“ of

“ of rural innocence, has all the marks of *Covent-Garden* in her behaviour ?”

“ THERE’S a devil,” says the earl, “ without one bit of subtilty ; a quaker that damns me for asking him whether his righteous spirit intends defending his country, by arms or not ; and a sailor, who does not know one end of a ship from the other.”

“ THERE’S a doctor *Faustus*, who, I am sure, is no conjurer ; a hussar, who never drew a sabre ; a shepherd, who makes love in the language of *Wapping* ; and a poet, without verse or repartee,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

“ THESE are all proofs indeed,” says lady *Flimsy*, “ how much we are strangers to ourselves, and the parts we are fit for ; and I doubt not, but more than one half of the company act as preposterously bare-faced in common life, as they do in masquerade.”

“ AND lest we should catch the infection, let us retire,” says lady *Liberal* ; “ for I am thoroughly sated of this folly and nonsense, and play the good wives without disguise.” Which was accordingly done. And thus ended their masquerading.

C H A P. LXXVII.

A return to the history of lady Flimsy. The description of her lovers. Mr. Sweetwood's anxiety. His letter to her ladyship; and her answer. Some tender escapes in the last affair.

HAVING delivered *Lydia Fairchild* from her distress, we hope, to the satisfaction of all our readers; and given exalted virtue, the reward, which every good heart must be pleased to see; according to the true narrative of our history, we shall now proceed to lay before our friends what passed in *Worcestershire*, at *Fairland* court, the seat of lady *Flimsy*.

A RICH widow is seldom destitute of admirers. And when beauty, nobility, and youth are joined to the former qualification, it is less to be wondered at, that suitors should throng in crowds to offer their tenders of affection to such persons.

IN consequence of these qualifications, *Penelope* had scarce more suitors at her palace in *Ithaca*, than *Arabella* viscountess *Flimsy*, had at her country seat; and, indeed, the situation of these two ladies was in some respects resembling each other; each of them being determined never to crown the addresses of those who solicited their affections.

NOTWITH-

NOTWITHSTANDING this likeness between *Penelope* in Greece, and *Arabella* in England; the situation of *Ulysses* and Mr. *Sweetwood*, were extremely different.

THE hero of antiquity, wandering through perils, which kept him from being acquainted with what passed at his own court, and with his queen; whilst Mr. *Sweetwood* was continually alarmed with intelligence of new lovers. *Ulysses's* pain arose from his knowing nothing of what befel the idol of his heart; and the *Briton's* from being too intimately acquainted with all that passed at *Fairland* court.

AND yet notwithstanding, the great pain of each was owing to his being withheld from visiting the abode of his soul's desires.

AMONGST the lovers who tendered their vows to *Arabella* viscountess of *Flimsy*, there were four more remarkable than the rest; the herd being no more than the herd, are not to be distinguished by any thing worth an historian's notice.

THE first was Sir *Timothy Laughloud*, a baronet of an ancient family, and of four thousand a year estate. He was about thirty years old, of a cheerful countenance, being six foot high, and much inclining to be corpulent; his knee had long been in a total eclipse, by the disk of his belly, to his own eye in a direct position; but, like the eclipses of old, by the noise of brass-kettles, and other instruments

struments of metal, it was restored to visibility, by the sound of the house-bell, at the time of dinner; when, being obliged to seat himself, his knee again emerged from behind that opaque body which had concealed it.

NOTWITHSTANDING his bulk, he was a great fox-hunter, and an adept in that science which distinguishes the rational being from the brute creation; and proved himself syllogistically to be a man in this manner:

MAJOR. "Whatever animal is distinguished by laughing is a man."

MINOR. "I am an animal distinguished by laughing."

CONCLUSION. "Therefore I am a man."

IN this manner of reasoning also he proved himself to be more a man than any one alive; "For," says he, "if laughing distinguishes the human kind from all the other beings of the world, he that laughs most is most distinguished; and therefore, I that laugh more than any ten men, am more a man than any others to that number." In proof of which, like *Yorick*, he often sat the table on a roar though in another way, by his own laughing. Good cheer was his chief delight, though he was rather better to precede than follow at a haunch of venison, being excellent at discovering the best part, and as well skilled in dissecting it as the best anatomist in Europe.

rope. Indeed, his being equal to ten men was an idea very apt to intrude into his thoughts on this occasion, and direct his hand at the first slice of this favourite *English* viand, which sometimes created no little surprize, and frequently no less displeasure, in those of the company who came after, and were not acquainted for how many he was eating.

HOWEVER though, as it hath been already said, most good appetites would have chosen to go before him in eating, yet in drinking he was most admirable to follow; and no man in his majesty's dominions knew how to fill and circulate with more grace and expedition. The bottle, like the fun, keeping its perpetual course, rising in one part of the circle, and setting in another: no *Joshua* ever bidding it stand still at his house, till the battle was decided; the host being equally prepared for nocturnal as diurnal combats.

HE was most admirable at the plain joke, and single entendre, constantly prefacing his potation with that venerable health which has for ages held its ground, and continued unrivalled in this island, till the glorious and immortal king *William*, of ever pious memory, introduced another, to his unspeakable honour, to the subjects of *Great Britain*: in *Ireland* it remained supreme till the present p——e, with such exemplary piety, filled the throne of *A——h*. These men, such is the force

of novelty, and power of virtue, have converted the hearts of some of their subjects and fellow-countrymen from the old toast to the new. By these methods they have made them much more conspicuous lovers of *mankind*, and humanely considering the frail nature of our species, taught them to look, like the *Janus* of the ancients, behind, as well as before, for their pleasures and toasts.

THE introduction of this sole improvement, has cost this nation millions of men, and millions of money: all which is yet considered as cheaply purchased by dissenters of all denominations, throughout the kingdom; so grateful are they to the crowned head, which introduced this new blessing to the nation. Though the *Irish* seem to receive their patron in this affair in quite a different light; but they are an unpolished race of beings.

THIS baronet then had a month's mind to the Dowager Viscountess. His heart, being deeply hidden in solid flesh, was secured from the little arrows of those cupids, which lurk within the dimples, and lie in ambush in the eyes of beauty. Like *Hudibras*, those shafts which wounded him, were directed from that cunning archer, who took his stand upon the inviting spot of her jointure-land.

IN fact, he concluded, that more estate would produce more good cheer, more company; and
moreover

moreover the venison of *Fairland-court* park was reputed to be of excellent flavour. As a woman he thought she might bring him an heir, and this was all he desired of her as a woman; he knew himself too well to imagine he should die of a disappointment in love.

THIS was the foremost of the amorous troop.

BESIDES this gentleman, there was a sleek divine, of the church of *Worcester*, who came thither only as a visiter in appearance, though secretly designing to sap the citadel of widowhood, and change the governor of the castle.

HIS name was *Lurcher*. He was smooth and simpering in speech, well formed, of a healthy complexion, very white teeth, and white hands; to both which he was more attentive than to prayers, and his duty on saints days; never forgetting to pay his devotion to the first, and scarce ever remembering to attend to the second.

THIS gentleman played the harpsichord well, and sung not amiss. He was preparing his soul, and adapting it for the heavenly mansions, by a close application to the study of music, more than to divinity. He was a beau to the extremity of divine permission. His elegant pumps were fastened by as elegant a hollow silver-buckle, at a distance much resembling those set with stones; his stockings were of black silk; his breeches of black velvet; his waistcoat of black satin; and his

his coat a dark grey, of the *French* frock cut; the chiterlin of lawn, waved down his shirt bosom, from a neck most accurately plaited; and round the flits of his wrists crept a little solitary fril of lawn also, which only served to wake the heart-felt sigh, at viewing this diminutive ornament. Alas! it reminded him of the unhappy state of his two white hands, which his inconsiderate and rash vows of religion had totally condemned to a severe abstinence from all lay ornament.

His peruke was priestly smart, and his hat wanted but a button to make it like that of other men's.

He accompanied every speech with a smile (it seems he had been distinguished by nature with a dimpled cheek) and he read a play to great perfection. He quoted *Shakespeare* with great readiness, but was somewhat dubious in evangelical citations, and the fathers, for which reason he scarce ever risked them. To balance this failing, he was extremely learned in all the new productions of the year, and hit off an epigram or a three stanzaed song with some reputation. However, to save himself the drudgery of a divine, he had purchased a collection of manuscript sermons, warranted originals, which had gained him the reputation of a pretty preacher. He was not much a lover of the bottle, but a constant tea-drinker with the ladies; and though it must be allowed the Common

mon-Prayer-Book was as seldom found in his pocket, as in that of any other divine ; yet, to his immortal honour, he never defiled it with a cork-screw.

THIS *enamorado's* pursuit was not directed in a strait line towards the attainment of his wishes. He acted an indirect and oblique character, accompanied all he spoke to the viscountess with a most peculiar mark of polite distinction, and heard all she said with the most profound attention. He constantly confirmed the justice of her remarks with observations of his own, was all obedience to whatever she desired, and sought every little occasion to manifest the most disinterested respect, without hinting the least intention of his design. He whispered ten thousand admirations to those ladies which were often in company with the viscountess, of her understanding, delicacy, beauty, and other perfections, extolling her playing the harpsichord, and singing, beyond every thing.

IN fact, he crept along the zig-zag of possession, which, like roads cut from side to side down steep descents, frequently lead more safe and surely, though less speedily, than the strait line, to the obtaining of our desires, and the journey's end.

THE next lover was earl *Juvenile*, a nobleman of fifty in all appearance, and according to his own account. But his calculation of time, was neither agreeable to the *Julian* nor *Gregorian*, the

old or new-style. He had introduced into his kalender a leap-year once in every fix, of quite a different nature from what is distinguished by that appellation in the common almanacs. For, whereas, in every fourth year, in the vulgar method of computation, a day extraordinary leaps into it, more than in the other three; in his account a whole year leapt entirely out of the kalender once in every fix, by which manner of computation he was but fifty in his style, and fixty in that of all others.

THIS nobleman was one of the buck order of mortal beings. No man rode the great horse, danced a minuet, fenced, or performed his corporal exercises with more applause than he had during his youth, or had been engaged in more intrigues.

INDEED he had led a life of gaiety and pleasure in his earlier days, and yet was hale and active, especially after dinner, when he had taken his almost a bottle of claret. There remained in him, walking or riding, symptoms of his former excellencies in those exercises; and a certain animal vivacity, very rarely found at such ages and in men of such dispositions, was remarkable in him.

IT seems he had for many years passed the solitary life of a widower. But being now in his latter spring, his head ran upon a wife, and his imagination had a fresh vegetation of matrimonial desire; though most of his friends believed the
produce

produce would be but waterish, and want sun-shine to ripen it.

THERE was also one favourite subject in which he peculiarly delighted, and never seemed to be tired of, which was himself, and his own exploits. Every single circumstance of his life being, as he conceived, an interesting subject to the world. So very modest was he, and so little did he require from others in conversation, that provided his companions would but lend an ear to his tales, he was as much, nay more pleased with their company, than if they had given him whole hours of their conversation, or talked like *Socrates* or *Demosthenes*. Such was the humility, and so small were the expectations of this nobleman.

HE required nothing but the sense of hearing from his associates. And if they had been born dumb, provided they had not been born deaf too, he would not have thought it a grievance, or want of social faculties in his companions, to have found talking for the whole company.

SUCH was this earl, who was making his addresses to lady *Flimsy*; he was of a meagre habit, and dressed most flamingly fine in gold-lace and embroidery, like the *Glastonbury*-thorn, crowned with blossoms in the winter of his life; that is, according to the opinion of those who reckoned by the *Gregorian* style, and were ignorant of his internal vigor and manner of computation.

THE last of the four, whom we have mentioned as distinguishable from the herd, was one, whom the laws of honour will not permit us to style either gentleman or noble; being the reputed son of a duke, whose mother had never been wedded, even so much as in the *German* way, by the left-hand, to his grace. Yet, such was the perverse disposition of the world, his father, according to the opinion of most people, and particularly of his mother, who was deep in the secret, was imagined to be a neighbouring butcher, with whom the lady, who had blessed the world with this being, had formerly lived in much intimacy. And such was her benignity of heart to her old benefactor, that ever after, during life, and her future splendor, she was supposed to have retained a most grateful sense of his former kindness, and manifested it by every favour in her power.

NOTWITHSTANDING this rare benevolence and profusion of goodness in his mamma, so blind and inattentive was this son to the excellences of his dear parent, that in his conversation he seldom mentioned her name: because it seems her virtues had been sullied by her being born the daughter of an hedge ale-drab. But then his duty to his sire, I mean his grace, was ever before his eyes, and his whole mind and conversation were engaged in descanting upon that noble original, from whence
most

most people suspected he had not drawn one drop of his blood.

ALAS! such is the undutiful nature of human kind, so little did the virtues of his mother, to whose care of substituting a butcher to a prince his whole happiness and existence was owing, and so much the nobility of his no-father, influence on his mind and behaviour.

THIS partial attachment to honour, beyond virtue, however, did not convince the world of his being honourably descended. For though his grace was very fond of acknowledging him for his son, yet there was a certain argument which influenced very much on the opinion of his acquaintance, that the slayer of oxen was mightily concerned in the making of him. This was a most remarkable resemblance between him and the butcher, and not the least between him and the most puissant duke.

THIS phenomenon, however, we are not so ignorant of the operation of sensible objects on the human mind, as to insist that it could take its origin from no other cause: since we have ourselves heard it frequently asserted by the mothers of children, who have resembled a friend or neighbour more than a husband, that this likeness has taken its rise from their earnest thinking on that man at the moment of conception. And this philosophy

as it has already frequently eased the doubts of many a good man, will, we hope, have the same effect, and satisfy many of our readers also on future occasions of the like kind.

THIS resemblance, and some other circumstances concurring, had given this neither gentle nor noble man the happy and distinguishing appellation of my lord *Beef*.

WE shall, however, describe his person and parts, and then leave it with all possible impartiality to be decided by our readers, to whom he was indebted for his original, the peer of the realm, or the slaughterer of oxen.

NOT to be too minute in his description, he had a peculiar clumsiness from head to foot, which is not easily paralleled by any thing on this side the *Arctic* circle, and the hills of *Lapland*. His limbs seemed to have been formed without articulations, with that unfinished appearance, which has bequeathed the elephant the reputation of having no joints: and indeed, his manner of moving justified this way of thinking. His knees seeming stiff in the places of bending, like hinges grown immoveable by rust.

OWING to this singular construction, it was, that in his walk he did not move forward in all parts of his body, like men in general; but first on one side and then on another, like a wheelbarrow set on its two handles, which a person directs

rects from behind, by first advancing one handle, and then another. His head and face was rather colossal than human; this accident had induced many people to believe, that his mother, during her pregnancy, had longed for the head of a large *Dutch* ships rudder, or that of the giant in *Guildhall*, which had communicated that head and features to her offspring.

HE was extremely like a statue after the first chippings, which a sculptor has thrown aside as not worth finishing.

NOTWITHSTANDING the singular conformation of this body, and these features, they were most admirably adapted to the expressing the dispositions of his soul: the prevailing faculties of the mental part being conspicuously signified to all beholders in the happy union of pride and brutality.

So perfect was nature in her finishing this favourite production, she was determined that no man should err in perceiving her design. That nothing therefore might be deficient to proclaim to all mankind the true characteristics of the tenant of this body, she had presented him with a voice that was rather a gurl, like an old hound gnawing a bone, than a human sound; so that every word which he pronounced, however delicate the idea might be which was annexed to it, created an aversion in the hearer, and lost its original sense by coming from his throat.

PRIDE

PRIDE and brutality being his characterising qualities, he was constantly engaged in acts of tyranny over his domestics and tenants: and in long conversations of his noble descent, with all other people.

He was singularly remarkable in his manner of considering women. Beauty had no more effect on his *Gothic* organization of soul, than feathers on diamonds.

He conceived a woman as a mere machine to get children upon. And that man was turned loose amongst the females of his species, like a bull amongst a herd of heifers, to propagate, without preference, where lust directs and dictates.

BUT as money is subservient to the ideas of pride, and the execution of brutal power, he thought it worth while, on that consideration, to tie himself nominally to one woman, for the sake of possessing that prevalent ingredient, and getting heirs according to law.

As to all the tender sensations of the human heart, and sentimental ideas of pure passion in its utmost perfection, the delights of souls, enraptured and combined, he was an utter stranger.

Yet, to do him justice, he possessed some philosophy, and was much a stoic in one sense of the word. No man on earth was less moved by the pleasures and pains, the joys and sorrows, which others knew, than this man.

His

HIS own feelings of the pleasing kind were always manifested by insolence and triumph, and of the displeasing by rage and blasphemy.

HAVING thus given a sketch of this person, his soul and body, let the world now judge whether he could owe his original to a being endowed with the characteristic qualities of true nobility.

THIS man, however, had been left by the duke, who was induced to believe him his son, an estate of three thousand a year. He had also taken it into his head to conceive lady *Flimsy's* fortune a proper match for his. In consequence of which conception he had appeared at *Fairland-court*, to propose himself a suitor, and profane the altar of love by his pretending to sacrifice on it to that passion.

THESE were the four suitors who were forming pretensions to the person and estate of *Arabella*, viscountess of *Flimsy*. The impressions which were made on her heart by these humble servants were so exactly equal, that it was impossible by the nicest hydrostatic-balance to decide which had the preference in her mind, and for this simple reason; her being determined never to give the least encouragement to any of them. To say the truth, the divine had kept his design so much under his subjection, that her ladyship did not conceive the least intimation of his intentions, visiting her always in company

company with ladies from *Worcester*, on purpose to deceive the eye, and hold still the babbling tongue of rumour.

THESE admirers of the lady, or her possessions, though they had not created the least influence on the heart of the viscountess, had yet made no small impresson on that of Mr. *Sweetwood*. His bosom was in eternal palpitation, through fear of losing all he loved.

FORBIDDEN, as he was, from visiting, and all personal attendance, he was determined to write, and lay his soul out upon paper, though that privilege had been denied him also.

IN consequence of this resolve, he transmitted to her the following epistle :

MADAM,

“ IF my heart could with patience sustain the incessant task you have ordained me, of being whole ages absent from all I love, I would have done it to prove how much I adore you, without complaining even on paper.

“ BUT, believe me, I find it impossible ; in pity then to the most faithful bosom, which ever entertained the true passion of love, receive this letter, though interdicted, with compassion at least ; and if you vouchsafe me an answer in this moment of distress, which may relieve my anxiety, what celestial benevolence must deem it !

“ HARD

“HARD fate to be exiled from the only land I
“love! like *Dives* to look into Heaven, behold
“you, be in agonies at the separation, and
“not have one drop of tender truth to soothe the
“fever of my soul.

“How am I torn with passions, which rend
“my heart in pieces by their different distracting
“powers!

“WHY must those, whose souls are unequal
“to the bliss of loving, be permitted to gaze whole
“days upon you; and I, without having once of-
“fended by tasting the joys which are interdicted,
“be doomed to a more severe fate than our first
“parent? though driven from paradise, he possess-
“ed his *Eve*.

“I FEAR, oh! forgive me, I fear with all that
“is angelic, you may be yet a woman. My sus-
“picious soul will not permit me to hear of those
“who now visit you, and feel a moment’s quietude.
“Consider what I once lost and suffered.

“I TREMBLE, even through dread of the
“success of those men, whom I believe you con-
“temn. And having so much to lose, am become
“sleepless in thinking of that treasure which I am
“forbidden to watch.

“Now let me implore you, pardon this diffi-
“dence in me, shorten my exile, or, oh! at least,
“exhort my feeble heart, by some tender reply to
“this

“ this letter, to sustain its anguish, and regain—
 “ what shall I say?—that confidence, which
 “ will never be complete till I possess you all.

“ I am,

“ With eternal truth, yours,

J. SWEETWOOD.”

THIS letter was brought to the viscountess; though she had absolutely forbidden Mr. *Sweetwood* from writing; lest that intercourse being discovered, might give some occasion to malevolent tongues to satirize her behaviour. She received it with secret pleasure, read it often, was pleased with it, and pitied his distress. She wondered how he could suspect her of infidelity, in favour of such men who now pretended to her: and yet her heart felt a secret satisfaction in his fear of losing her. “ In pure pity,” says she, softly to herself, love then cajoling and assuming that shape, “ I must answer this letter. It would be inhuman, as these men will continue to haunt me, not to assure him, that I am inexorable and immoveable to their prayers and pursuits. If I had not resolved to make him and myself happy, I think I might with justice and applause, even soften his anguish, by assuring him, that neither of these men, who pursue me, shall be preferred to him. But as I am truly and justly engaged to him,

“ as

“ as I am his, and he is mine, it would be inhuman not to return some reply to this interesting paper, kissing it (at that time) and ease that poor heart which throbs so distractedly with love on my account.”

SHE therefore replied :

SIR,

“ **T**HOUGH my pride is a little piqued on your suspecting me capable of infidelity, yet I own your letter brought with it an advocate, which effectually effaced that sensation.

“ THE disquietude of your soul, however painful it may be, do you imagine it more irksome than what I feel? Am I the more happy in being divided from you, because that separation arises from my injunction? You can, at least, indulge and foster the thoughts of our coming happiness in solitary silence; whilst I, pestered with the conversation of those I despise, am withheld from that pleasure; whose designs, though I am not ignorant of, yet, as they have not hitherto sufficiently declared them, I cannot forbid this house with decency.

“ No love-sick maid ever longed with more enthusiasm for her lover's declaration, that she might clasp him to her panting bosom, than I do for that of the earl, the baronet, and the beast
“ which

“ which is nick-named lord *Beef*, that I may with
“ decency shut my doors against them.

“ THE happiest moments of my present life are
“ the evening walks which I take alone on the
“ grassy avenue, which winds along the brook,
“ that gurgles as it runs amongst the pebbles.
“ There the sound of that water, the voice of every
“ bird, the shape and colour of every object, is
“ happily united with your idea, which alone
“ gives me delight, and is constantly present to my
“ mind.

“ THE moments will pass, which the malevo-
“ lent custom and sarcastic cruelty of the world have
“ put betwixt us, when you shall be convinced
“ that this bosom has never to this day harboured
“ one thought of tender affection for any one but
“ you.

“ ALAS! I blush, when I recollect that it is
“ a widow yet in weeds who writes this letter ;
“ but my former misery, and my former lord, will
“ plead my excuse in the expressions which it
“ contains : these ideas are prevailing friends in your
“ favour, and will not permit this heart to be twice
“ duped and seduced by false arguments and delu-
“ sive appearances, to wed what is detestable, be-
“ cause the world gives sanction to the choice of
“ titles and to riches, in preference of love.

“ I HAVE

" I HAVE too severely tasted the ineffectual
" powers of every thing on earth but true passion,
" to give a heart like mine the least satisfaction.

" BE at ease. No I do not wish you that in-
" difference. Believe only that I am invariably,

" Yours,

" ARABELLA FLIMSY.

" P. S. Pray abstain from writing ; you know
" the reason."

THIS letter gave much ease to the anxious breast
of Mr. *Sweetwood*. He read it a thousand times
and pressed it to his lips with all the warm enthu-
siasm of rapture, yet every kiss was terminated
with a sigh, in thinking that *Arabella* still was ab-
sent. "*Fairland-court* is not six miles distant
" from my abode, and yet the distance of the poles
" cannot seclude the lovely inhabitant more effect-
" ually from my eyes. Ye tardy minutes which
" compose this year, speed your wings a little fas-
" ter, and relieve me from distress. Then sleep
" whole ages if you will," says *Sweetwood*.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXVIII.

Miss Molly Broadrib's account of lady Flimsy. Sir Timothy Laughloud's intended declaration cut short by a rising damp, which makes him deviate from love to the history of his bitch Comely. Earl Juvenile resolves to unbosom his passion; a small sparring between these two suitors; they declare alternately; receive no answer: the baronet proposes to play at all-fours, hunt, or drink with the earl for lady Flimsy; refused; which is attended with a great rupture.

THE fame of these four suitors, whom we have already given some sketch of, was quickly spread over *Worcestershire*. Lady *Flimsy*, and these gallants, made the conversation of the whole country. Mr. *Sweetwood* was considered as totally rejected; and, indeed, the divine was hardly conceived as a professed lover, but as a kind of grey-hound, which, though the slowest of the course, very frequently catches the hare from its being turned into his mouth by dogs, who, running fleeter, over-shoot their game, and give him that opportunity.

MANY female tongues were let loose against lady *Flimsy*, as having rejected Mr. *Sweetwood*. "Aye," says Miss *Molly Broadrib* of *Worcester*,
 "you

“you see this lady’s first lord has not yet tired
 “her of being married to a nobleman. The
 “world has been extremely busy in lamenting
 “how unhappy she was, poor thing! and how
 “much she suffered in being divided from Mr.
 “*Sweetwood*, during lord *Flimsy*’s life; and now
 “she is a widow I will engage you will see she
 “will play the same game over again, and marry
 “the earl of *Juvenile*. She is as fond of rank as
 “the best of them, and a countess is one step
 “higher than what she at present possesses. I ad-
 “mire those sentimental sighing ladies, who pre-
 “tend that love alone is worth enjoying, and then
 “wed an old man of sixty, when the person she
 “pretends to die for, is dying for her, and no-
 “thing prevents her having him but her own in-
 “clination. Poor *Sweetwood*! I pity thee, but
 “it is no more than I have always expected; I
 “always said she was a jilt.”

THIS was the general conversation and opinion
 which every lady entertained, not forgetting to
 add some other sarcastic strokes on lady *Flimsy*,
 who was considered as a monopolizer in love, and
 consequently not regarded very favourably by the
 other females of *Worcestershire*.

As yet no one of these gentlemen had broken
 his mind, perhaps not even his rest, or declared
 his intention to the viscountess.

THIS did not arise from that timidity, which often possesses the hearts of those who are deeply in love, and long prevents their lips from uttering what their souls are totally engaged in.

THIS state of the mind speaks itself by ten thousand expressions more convincing than speech. Every look and every motion conveys the ideas *I love* to those who are the object of that passion, till the throbbing heart in tumult and surprize forces the tongue to utter in trembling and disorder some rapturous declaration of truth, love, sincerity, broken and unconnected speeches, which convey more delight and pathetic influence than the most studied and well chosen harangue to those whose souls are in unison with the speaker.

THE sole cause of the delay in each, was the want of true passion, which, not prompting the bosom, had not suggested in what manner to begin the declaration. The baronet had several times run the risque of breaking his neck at a fox chace, since he resolved breaking his mind to the lady, and yet was preserved from both.

ONE day, however, he was determined to call for wine very frequently at dinner; and thus, by bracing up his resolves to the true pitch, most manfully to declare the intentions of his visit.

Now whether this effect was not happily produced, or the baronet was mistaken in his quantity and feelings, it most unluckily happened, that
just

just as he was opening his mouth to declare his passion for the lady, he let the cold air in upon his heart. This went, spreading a sudden and chilly damp over his resolves, absolutely checked the rising declaration, and turned him all trembling from thoughts of love to ask her ladyship "If she
" had never heard of his bitch *Comely*, which he
" asserted was the best fox-hound in all *England* :
" and I will run her, and my pack, against any
" gentleman's, let the other be whose it will," says he.

LADY *Flimsy*, who, from the preceding uneasiness of his countenance, and restlessness of his sitting on the chair, had perceived an expectation of his asking what she should rejoice to deny, was most horribly disappointed by this question. Yet she could not avoid answering, with a smile, that she had not the honour of knowing his bitch *Comely*.

THIS answer struck the poor baronet to the heart. Rustic as he was, he perceived he had blundered in his speech : but how to extricate himself from the dilemma, was the difficulty. Had he been surrounded with five-barr-gates, corpulent as he was, he knew that *Crop* would have cleared him from the inclosure ; but hemmed in, in this manner, he was grown dizzy with the situation. Luckily at that minute of torment, he found relief from his rival, the earl *Juvenile*, who

was arrived to pay an afternoon's visit to the viscountess. The usual compliments passing between the earl and her ladyship, gave the baronet time to recover from his amazement, and relieved him from his imminent distress.

THE earl approached her ladyship with a smile on his face, and a bow most respectfully performed. His toes were turned out in the minuet style, and his figure as upright as a plumb-line. Filled with the false vigor of a bottle of claret, and charged with resolution, which he vehemently believed to be real, and not a little encouraged in that thought by his afternoon's potation, he came to declare his passion. The presence of the baronet, indeed, somewhat disconcerted his design. However, he was extremely alert, and more than commonly active. After some little conversation he deviated to that subject which was his constant favourite, himself.

"MADAM," says he, "I believe no man in
" *England* is a match for me at fencing. The
" best of them all, all the masters in *London* allow
" me the best fencer in *Europe*. I exercise every
" day in town. In the country I find no one
" who can hold a foil! Do you fence, Sir *Timothy*?"

"No," says the baronet, "but I will ride a
" fox-chace with your lordship for a thousand
" pounds,"

“pounds,” conceiving the question a little inclining to malice.

“A fox-chace,” says the earl, turning his head, and looking with a smile and a wink on her ladyship, “is hardly a human employment, much less a gentleman’s.”

Now the baronet, though intimidated to his soul, when about to speak his mind to the lady, was, by no means, afraid of declaring it to any man alive.

“A GENTLEMAN’S !” says he, “why my family were baronets before your’s was known to exist.” “What,” says he, “because lords are now made as sudden as a pair of shoes, and of as bad materials ; do you imagine that ancient families lose their gentility ? I am a gentleman, and will assert it in any lord’s face in *England*.”

“HAVE a care, Sir *Timothy*,” says the earl, with a smile, pretending great coolness, “or I shall call you to an account.”

“ME to an account ! Zounds, I will shoot at you, and you shall shoot at me for a fortnight. What, does your lordship think I am afraid of you ? As to your swords, I know nothing of them, but as to a blunderbuss in a saw-pit, have at you whenever you please,” replied the baronet.

THINGS proceeding in this manner, lady *Flimsy* interrupted the dispute by peremptorily insisting on

their leaving her house, or discontinuing the subject on which they were engaged.

IN consequence of this a profound silence ensued, the earl depending on his skill in the sword, longed to run the baronet through the body. And Sir *Timothy*, knowing himself a good shot, to blow the earl's brains out. It seems, to aggravate their difference, the earl and the baronet were of opposite parties, and opposed each other most cordially at every election, in every borough in the county.

THIS bickering between the earl and baronet had thrown their souls into vast commotion. And though each continued silent, the agitation within was expressed by the signs in the countenance, as plainly as a brewer's kive filled with new beer speaks the fermentation below by the head above.

EACH was now peremptorily determined to carry the viscountess. But, as a nocturnal passenger in the streets of *London*, by avoiding the houses may run against the posts; or, as a horse blind in one eye, may fall over a precipice on that side, though he perceives very clearly what is passing on the other; so the minds of these two gentlemen, being either too partially influenced or blind on one side, never considered, that though each of them might be vehemently resolved to wed the viscountess, yet, that she being of a different inclination, their passions might run against
a post,

a post, or tumble over a precipice, and be quite disabled from pursuing their designs.

EACH, however, was determined to declare his sentiments at this very visiting. But to obtain that opportunity to himself, and avoid giving it to his rival, was a matter of much policy and precaution, and might have puzzled the sage and political head of our great minister to conduct.

IT happened, however, at this time, that each hero was greatly pressed by an occasion, which a true born *English* woman would rather crack, than let a man suspect she is born with the frailty of being obliged to want, though every one knows she must. And a *French* dame would as freely perform it before a male creature, as she would take a pinch of snuff, or drink a dish of coffee.

THIS distress however was only known to each man's individual breast. That is, the earl knew the weakness of his own citadel, unsuspecting the baronet's condition: and Sir *Timothy* his without surmising the earl's. Each, however, was resolute to hold out, though the consequence might be fatal.

THIS resolution cost them many a heart-felt twang, and grievous wriggle. At length, the baronet perceiving from the liquor which he had swilled at dinner, that it would find a vent below, and that his galligaskins, like meadows when rains have fallen abundantly on the hills, were in immi-

nent danger of being flooded, to save that disaster withdrew. But, in imitation of holy *David*, when he kept silence from good words, it was pain and grief to him.

THE earl seeing this retreat of his adversary, proclaimed an ovation in his heart; and the moment the baronet had left the room, began;

“MADAM, you see what a rustic that fellow
“is: he is really a stranger to common manners.
“Is he not, my lady, in your opinion, more a
“brute than the horse he rides? And, by having
“followed his dogs so many years, at last become
“of the canine species? Did not he bark, ma-
“dam? What pity it is he is disgraced with a for-
“tune! Methinks his estate rather renders him
“more shocking, as one expects a better appear-
“ance from him on that account.”

“HE eats like a cannibal, and drinks like the
“center-arch of *Westminster-Bridge*. What a
“blessed time a lady must have, who is the bed-
“fellow of this delicious composition, like Sir
“*John Falstaff*, all guts and midriffe:” then soft-
tening his voice, and bowing most respectfully, he continued;

“MADAM, permit me to lay my soul at your
“feet.—If I shall be made happy in the paradise
“of those arms, with what joy shall I behold you
“presented to his majesty.—Shine superior at
“court, at your own and other ladies’ routs, places
“to

“to which the brute can never find admission.
“Every thing that is gay, delightful, elegant, polite, and noble, shall attend your call. And I, madam, will make the whole pleasure of my life the being devoted to your ladyship’s service.”

THIS brilliant declaration was thus advancing, when the baronet returned. It seems the weight of water, which had long pressed against the flood-gates, had rendered them extremely difficult to be drawn up. However, after a short groan, and putting his shoulders to the work, assisted with a small curse on the earl, the obstruction was removed, the stream gushed forth like a torrent, and the baronet was alleviated from the danger of a deluge; yet, not without much regret for having given this cause of triumph to his adversary.

LUCKY, however, for Sir *Timothy*, the earl had not finished his speech, and consequently he had gained no great advantage to himself; though he had started first, he had not won the heat.

THE baronet being returned, the earl felt the occasion too pressing to be longer refused; he, therefore, having partly discharged his heart, was now determined to ease his bladder also, and withdrew, walking perpendicular and alertly down the room.

AND now, my bonny baronet being seated, began, in his turn, “Did your ladyship ever see

“such a coxcomb of an old fellow? By — he is
 “no bigger than a lath. I will warrant you that
 “he is at least seventy years old, and all the coun-
 “try agree that he hath been damnably peppered
 “in his time. His estate is mortgaged to the devil,
 “and his eldest son must inherit all he hath. He can-
 “not make an inch of settlement; he may well
 “talk of his fencing, when a man may as easily
 “hit the edge of a knife as his body.

“WHEREFORE, my lady, if your ladyship will
 “prefer me to him, by — I will settle four thou-
 “sand a year upon you, as good land as ever crow
 “flew over, and all your own fortune to boot.
 “Nay, more, I will part with my fox-hounds!
 “Zounds it is a brave offer, wherefore I would
 “have you consider of it;” at the same time, sud-
 denly catching her ladyship’s hand, and looking
 earnestly in her face. Which time for considera-
 tion was much assisted by the earl’s entering the
 room with a hem, to shew the strength of his
 lungs and constitution, marching to his seat with
 much perpendicular parade, and turning out his
 toes.

THIS unlucky entrance disconcerted the baro-
 net, who expected a favourable answer, and ima-
 gined her ladyship would as certainly snap at it as
Quin would at a haunch of venison, or a *John*
Dorée.

How dreadful is the state of human kind on
 earth! one affliction no sooner passeth away, and the
 the

the soul is flattered with hopes of brighter hours at hand, than on a sudden the southerly wind of sorrow rises with grizly mien, and dabled wings, bringing storms which darken the sun-shine of the mind, and involve the whole soul in turbulence and tempest.

So it faired to the noble and semi-noble gallant, each having partly eased his heart, and entirely his bladder, in that small sun-shine that had appeared in his favour: in which, though they had begun cutting down, they had not saved the harvest of their loves. New pangs and difficulties arose, which were no less than who should give place to his rival, and retire first, for neither of them had ever yet passed a night in the house.

THE earl's feat was at three miles distance, the baronet's at seven; there remained, therefore, that each should tarry to see the other go first, which was impossible from the nature of things, and the number two; that both should be able to precede or follow. Nor were they in amity sufficient like the two kings of *Brentford*, *Simon and Jude*, or *Guildenstern and Rosincraus*, to be always inseparable.

HAD they thought of their love, as two members of parliament of opposite interests do of their country, they might have departed together, and not left the house lessened in understanding or interest on either side; but this expedient never came into their heads.

To tarry last was the resolve, which, being secretly conceived, was as silently concealed.

SUPPER being served and past, the suitors seated on opposite sides of her ladyship, were extremely witty on each other, as the glass vibrated like a pendulum from one to the other. The earl, as being court-bred, was more polite in his raillery, and let off several pretty crackers and smart squibs on the baronet, against fatness of body and mind. And the baronet returned them a little less spiritually against *Pharaoh's* lean-kine, and not paying debts. At last, says the earl, surveying him with attention, and pitying his horse, "Pray, Sir Timothy, how many stone do you ride?" "Two more than you do," replied the baronet with a loud laugh, "or the world's a damned lyar."

At these words, the earl, who understood *French*, being a little touched, pronounced in a kind of under-voice, *Bête!* Which the baronet hearing, and taking it in the *English*, answered by, "Damn me if I ever *bate* you a hair, or any lord in *England*," accompanied with a loud laugh.

It was now the viscountess took leave, and wished these gallants a good-night, secretly hoping that some accident might happen before morning to justify her forbidding them the house.

HER ladyship being retired, the two swains, who were already advanced into a situation not very pleasing

pleasing to one another or themselves, surveyed each other with more than common attention. The earl, as he was without his sword, thought it might be prudent not to provoke Sir *Timothy*, who was, by much, the strongest man. And the baronet, conceiving the earl might have pistols in his pocket, because he had heard him say he never traveled unarmed, was under some little trepidation from that quarter. Discretion and safety prevailing for a moment over love and valour.

THIS prudence produced a momentary silence, and replaced them on their chairs; when the baronet, who, from his last speech, imagining he had gotten some little advantage over his adversary, began with, "My lord, I suppose we are come here both on the same errand. Now to prevent differences, and as it is impossible that both can marry lady *Flimsy*, if you will, we will amicably play a game at all-fours for her, and let the winner wear her."

This the earl refused, with saying, "That it was the first time a viscountess was ever made a stake at all-fours."

"I WILL ride a fox-chace, or drink with you for her then," replied the baronet.

"SIR," answered the earl, "these are diversions I know nothing of."

"BUT, if you like it, my sword shall meet your's to-morrow morning, to decide the affair."

"WHAT

“WHAT an oak to a bull-rush!” says the baronet: “No, no, I will blunderbuss you in a saw-pit, if you will.”

“YES, you will blunderbuss me indeed,” says the earl *Juvenile*, tauntingly. “S’blood,” answered the baronet, “who do you blunderbuss?” “I am of a better family than you, notwithstanding your title. My estate is my own, and I owe no man a shilling that I cannot pay every minute of my life,” clenching his fists.

AT these words, the look and action which accompanied them, the earl suspecting an attack from the baronet’s two hands, rung the bell, which, like the tocksin in foreign countries, summoned a servant to his assistance.

THE servant being entered, he told him he should be glad to be shewn where he must sleep, for I think it too late to return home to night. The servant, as he was ordered, told him he was very sorry for it, but there was really no bed in which he could sleep. At this answer the baronet gave the hunter’s hollow, tallihoe, which made the room shake again, and swore he would lie in the stable upon straw, rather than quit the house that night.

THE earl then changing his resolve of staying, not thinking his love warm enough to pervert his catching cold, without being in a snug bed, called for his servants, and bid them get his horses ready.

This being done, he took his leave with a nod to the baronet, saying, "you shall hear from me, Sir."

"WITH all my heart," says Sir *Timothy*; "Tallihoe, he's gone! he's gone! To him! to him! honies, to him!"

THE earl being withdrawn, the baronet began to think of returning home also. But then, as he was to pass before the earl's house, he was most dreadfully afraid of some ambuscade in the dark; and therefore determined to remain where he was, and sleep in the arm-chair: which resolution he accordingly put into execution. And here, whilst the baronet is napping, we take the opportunity to close a long chapter.

C H A P. LXXIX.

The terrible effects of a dream on Sir Timothy Laughloud.

SIR *Timothy* then having told the servants his resolution of a nap in the arm-chair, bid them leave the bottles and glasses on the little round table before him, and retire to bed; "I shall do well enough," says he, "never fear me."

HAVING seated himself, and taken a solitary glass of wine, which, though he loved it best in company, he was no enemy to alone, he closed his

his eyes, and surrendered himself into the silken embraces of sleep. As his imagination had been a little flurried by the earl; and, as it is natural, that what has affected the mind by day, should be the subject which possesses it by night also; the baronet's eyes were scarce closed an half-hour, when the earl *Juvenile* appeared before him with all the formed ableness of his sword drawn, in a posture of attacking him.

THIS ghastly appearance rousing him from his sleep, he started suddenly from his chair, with the sound of murder; and rushing forward, overset the table, the bottles and glasses accompanying him in the fall, and down he came with horrid din upon the floor.

THE sound alarmed the servants, who were not yet gone to bed: on which one of them entered, and found the baronet on the floor, not yet recovered from believing that he was ran through the body by earl *Juvenile*, and calling him cowardly son of a b——h to attack him in his sleep.

BEING re-instated in his chair, he was, at length, persuaded that the whole was a dream; however, though the earl's sword had not wounded him, the broken bottles and glasses had done him that favour, and left some small marks in his face; which, being washed with rum, were left in that condition; the baronet declaring that black
plaisters

plaisters were effeminate, as they resembled patches. After this, he took another glass of wine or two to re-instate his courage, and once more resigned himself to sleep, ordering one of his own servants to remain in the room with him; "Who knows," says he, "but this son of a w—e of a lord may attack me again in my sleep."

THE second sleep being sounder than the first, we have nothing to say farther on that matter, but to conclude for the present.

C H A P. LXXX.

Lord Beef makes his appearance; his laconic and indelicate love, followed by the smooth and insinuating speech of parson Lurcher. Venus, in pity to Mr. Sweetwood, assists him: He is metamorphosed to a pedlar, and turns conjurer. Samples of his skill, and lord Beef's behaviour.

THE morning being come, lady *Flimsy* was acquainted with what had passed during the night. at the recital of which she could not avoid smiling. But when the baronet entered to ask her how she did, it was impossible to refrain from a loud laugh. His face, with the wounds in it, looked exactly like a buttock of beef, prepared to be stuffed with parsley; the cuts running in vast variety of directions.

“SEE,

“SEE, my lady,” says the baronet, what I
 “have suffered on your account.” On my ac-
 “count! How so? pray, Sir *Timothy*,” says her
 ladyship.

“’SBLOOD,” says he, “whilst I was sleeping
 “in the arm-chair by the fire, after the earl had
 “taken his leave, (it seems his love will not keep
 “him warm out of a good bed) he returned again,
 “and standing before me with a drawn sword,
 “swore he would kill me if I did not renounce all
 “pretentions to your ladyship. Upon this, rising
 “to seize him, I fell over the round table, and
 “throwing down the bottles and glasses, cut my-
 “self as you see.”

“BUT I mind it not; I saw him out. Your
 “ladyship, I hope, will consider him as a flincher
 “in love.”

BEFORE an answer was returned, word was
 brought, that the person, who was known by the
 name of lord *Beef*, was come to visit her ladyship.
 This was the second time of his visiting: And soon
 after, the divine, and a *Worcester* lady in a one
 horse-chair, arrived also; and not long after, being
 fresh spruced up and cleaned, the earl of *Juvenile*
 himself with his sword on.

My lord *Beef* was come with resolution to de-
 clare his errand very carefully. He considered the
 earl as an old fellow, whom no woman could con-
 sent

sent to marry. And the baronet as an animal below all notice of a woman of quality, as bearing no kind of competition with a duke's natural son. Besides these considerations, he had no more respect to beauty and feminine delicacy, than a cat has for the king's throne ; and was as impudent in his behaviour to all mankind, as a bailiff, or even a quaker.

HE was therefore determined not to dally about the matter, or demean himself with the disgrace of dangling after a woman. Love, the spiritual and refined passion of superior souls, was as little known to his heart, as music to the giants at *Guild-ball*. He was therefore determined to know his answer this very visit.

BEING introduced to the company, he was, at first, a little chagrined to see the earl and baronet ; but, however, the accident of their being present, he was resolved, should not prevent his design. As to the divine, he did not suspect him of entertaining so presumptuous a thought, as that of addressing the viscountess of *Flimsy*.

AFTER having been half an hour in company, lord *Beef* took an occasion to withdraw, and sent a servant to her ladyship, with a message, that some one desired to speak with her.

THIS summon her ladyship obeyed, without knowing from whence it came. But her surprize was not a little increased, when she perceived that
it

it was my lord *Beef*, who had required her attendance in a separate room.

“YOUR pleasure with me, Sir,” says her ladyship, with some little air of resentment, guessing the occasion, and feeling the manner of the treatment.

“MADAM,” says he, “I have sent for you, to tell you that I am come hither to offer you my service, and to marry you if you think fit. Our estates lie very convenient for each other, and your quality will not be lessened by a duke’s son. As to the other fellows, that old worn-out earl, and that fat bellied baronet, I am sure your ladyship has too much sense to think of marrying either of them. One is less than a man, and the other more: so, madam if you approve of it, you may forbid them the house to-day, and we may conclude our nuptials as soon as possible.”

“INDEED, Sir,” replied the viscountess, “you surprize me by this frank declaration of your passion; but I am absolutely astonished at your intimation of having me turn gentlemen from my house with ill manners.

“I HAVE been once, Sir, already miserable in wedlock, and, believe me, I shall never resolve to enter on a second marriage with any one, till I know something more favourable of him than I can of you, by twice being in your company.”

SAYING

SAYING this, she returned to the company, not a little resenting the brutal air with which she had been treated; and with the vulgar idea which he had conceived of her, by imagining she could suffer such indelicate behaviour.

“AM I,” says she to herself, “like a horse, to be seen, liked, and bargained for? This man, indeed, is truly formed with all the sentimental feelings of a lover! Happy must that woman be who is linked to this companion for life!”

MY lord *Beef*, not at all disconcerted, though somewhat disappointed, soon followed, and joined the company.

THE lady, who came with Mr. *Lurcher* the divine, being in the secret of his intentions, asked lady *Flimsy* “If she would walk in the garden before dinner.” Which, being agreed to, Mr. *Lurcher* took the opportunity of following, and left the three lovers in solemn silence.

HER ladyship, who, to this hour, had never suspected the design of the clergyman, began with saying, “Madam, do you believe any woman is pestered with three such lovers as I am? the manner in which each of them treats me is beyond all bearing. Each, without once intimating the happiness which I may communicate to them, is bidding for me like an heifer in a fair or a borough to be sold to members of parliament”

“ment. Not one of them conceives the least idea
“of what is to constitute the essential happiness of
“human kind.

“THE earl’s plan of happiness is to shew me
“about from courts to routs, operas, plays, and
“public places, dizen’d out as fine as a new may
“pole for the world to dance round. The ba-
“ronet’s to sleep in the same bed, eat at the same
“table, increase his interest in the county, and
“lord it over the ’squires. That brute, lord *Beef’s*
“is no more than to possess my fortune, accompa-
“nied with the circumstance which attends every
“female upon earth ; like a breeding mare, I am
“to be kept for my foaling only. Some way shall
“be found to free me from this persecution.”

“INDEED,” says Mrs. *Cuddle* (which was the
“lady’s name) supported by the divine, your lady-
“ship is in the right of it.”

“FOR my part,” says Mr. *Lurcher*, “I am
“incapable of conceiving a more miserable situa-
“tion, than that of being obliged to be present
“with what must be odious to every refined soul,
“formed like your ladyship’s. The priggish af-
“fection of yon thin old coxcomb, the earl, is so
“insipid and irksome, that it is intolerable. At
“the same time that gothic rusticity of Sir *Timothy*
“is so nearly approaching to rudeness, that one’s
“mind is in eternal uneasiness about what his lips
“will next pronounce. And as to lord *Beef*, his
“brutality

“brutality is such, that he looks more terrifying
“than assassins in tragedy He is the death-war-
“rant of all joy.”

“THEIR presuming on their titles or estate is
“to the greatest degree preposterous. Your lady-
“ship enjoys more than sufficient for the happiness
“of this world, and have already tasted the bitter
“cup of marrying nobility.”

“SWEETNESS of manners, tolerable person,
“knowledge of literature, and love of music, are
“the qualifications of human kind, which promise
“the greatest prospect of happiness in the conubial
“state;” this he pronounced with an insinuating
look and tender expression, when the bell rung to
summon them to dinner.

HER ladyship, however, from the latter part of
the speech, perceived the divine was attempting
his own picture. And for the first time began to
suspect his design was of the same nature with the
others, though conducted with decency and ad-
dress.

THIS discovery had no other effect on her, than
to wish the painful minutes which composed the
year of mourning were entirely fled. (Indeed nine
months were now past) when Mr. *Sweetwood* might
be received openly, and their souls happy in each
others presence.

DURING these nine months, Mr. *Sweetwood*
had constantly retained one of lady *Flimsy's* servants

to his interest, who had sent him intelligence of what passed in the house. This morning that man had dispatched a messenger to *Sweetwood-Hall*, with an account of what was transacted the preceding night, and what company was then at *Fairland-Court*. The distance between these two places was but small.

AT the reception of this news, Mr. *Sweetwood* was seized with great impatience to see how the lady *Flimsy* had behaved to her suitors, and to discover if no one was favoured above the other. It seems he had as much apprehension from the artifice and insinuation of the divine, as from the estates and titles of the other three. His soul, though at the bottom convinced of lady *Flimsy*'s fidelity and affection for him, was not yet satisfied. Anxiety and jealousy, though not the gross material passion, was too restless to permit his bosom to be at ease. Like a miser, who, notwithstanding he is convinced that he has concealed his treasure from the knowledge of all mankind, yet his love for it eternally solicits him to visit the place where it is hidden.

NOTWITHSTANDING this vehement propensity to behold the face of her he loved, the difficulty of admission into the house, and then into the presence, of the lady undiscovered, was not lessened by his desire.

THIS

THIS obstacle appeared at first insurmountable. But *Venus*, ever propitious to all her faithful votaries, sent him the happy means of accomplishing his design. *Cupid*, disguised in the shape of a jew who travels with a box of toys, was dismissed by his mamma to the house of Mr. *Sweetwood*; and at this time was asking him, if he would buy any thing in his way.

THE same good mother of the loves, at sight of this itinerant trader, suggested the happy thought, that by means of this box under pretence of selling the wares it contained; together with disguising his person, he might find admittance, and observe what was transacting by the suitors at *Fairland-court*; and satisfy himself, whether lady *Flimsy* was in danger of being prevailed on by either of those men who addressed her.

HE therefore proposed, and soon agreed with this traveller to lend him his box, his cloaths, wig, hat, and apparel of all sorts: by means of which with the addition of an artificial beard, and blackening his eyebrows, though he could not, like *Aeneas*, be rendered invisible, he hoped to become totally unknown to lady *Flimsy*. In this disguise he resolved to attempt being introduced to the company at *Fairland-Court*.

DURING this time, the baronet having discerned the earl's indignation by his side, fear struck his mighty stomach through apprehension of what might

might happen. He therefore dismissed his servant with all expedition to his own house for a brace of pistols, not thinking himself safe, till he had gotten his cold iron, which was to oppose that of the earl's, in case of attack. These being brought, and secretly pocketed, his mind became tranquil, and all was well again.

DINNER being past, the servant, whom Mr. *Sweetwood* retained in his favour, entered with saying, there was a jew without who sold jewels and other toys, that would be proud to have the honour of shewing his wares to her ladyship.

THE baronet took upon him to reply, and bade the servant to send him in. *Sweetwood* then, disguised, entered with his box, his legs trembling beneath him at the sight of the viscountess. When approaching her, he asked, if she would chuse to purchase a diamond ring, gold watch, snuff-box, or any other toy.

THE earl immediately would have presented her the best diamond ring; lord *Beef* a gold snuff-box; and the divine chusing the ring of most taste, though small value, desired her ladyship to accept what his little revenue would afford. Sir *Timothy* cried out, "Take what you will, take the whole box, my lady, I'll pay for it."

"I am much obliged to you, sir *Timothy*, and
"to all of you," says lady *Flimsy*; "but I never
receive

“receive presents from gentlemen, lest they
“should imagine I have laid myself under an ob-
“ligation of returning more than I think the
“value of it.”

THIS answer gave *Sweetwood* infinite delight;
though it displeased none, by preferring an indivi-
dual to the rest. It gave no greater expectation
of success to one, than to all.

“My lady,” says the jew, “here is a diamond
“hoop-ring, which I could wish to see put upon
“your finger by the man you love. There is a
“heart that I am sure pants with true desire for
“that happy minute.”

“You wish to see that ring put on my finger!”
“says lady *Flimsy*, a little embarrassed; “pray
“whence have you that desire?”

“MADAM,” replied the pretended jew, “it is
“not possible to behold your face, and not be deep-
“ly interested in wishing you all possible felici-
“ty.”

“THIS is the politest jew I have ever seen,”
says the viscountess.

“PRITHEE *Ishmael*,” says the earl, does that
“beard assist you in your trade, as it does *Liotard*?
“Methinks it would do better for a conjurer than
“a hawker.”

“I am a conjurer, and can tell you your for-
“tune,” answered the jew.

“AYE, pray let me hear it,” says the earl.

“LET me see your hand,” says the jew. When, pretending to look in his lordship’s palm, with great attention, he said, “I perceive, my lord, from these lines, with all your skill in the sword, you will never pierce the heart of the lady you are at present aiming at.”

“WELL said, jew,” cried sir *Timothy*. “Here, tell me my fortune,” giving his hand to look upon.

WHEN, pretending to consider his also, he said, “You, sir, will never catch the game you are at present pursuing; believe me, your hounds are on a wrong scent.”

“WELL,” says lord *Beef*, “sir *Timothy*, you are answered. What’s my fortune, fellow?” holding forth his hand.

“I can tell your’s by your physiognomy; there’s no need of seeing your hand,” says the jew.

“WELL then, what is it, tell me fellow,” says *Beef*.

“As sure as ever your father fell’d an ox, you’ll miss what you think to possess.”

“ON my conscience, the jew is a wit as well as a conjurer,” says lady *Flimsy*.

“SIRRAH,” says lord *Beef*, “you are impudent. I shall tear your beard.”

“NOT in my house,” says lady *Flimsy*.

“NOR in any other, I am sure,” answered the jew. “I can as well discover his courage by my
“skill

“ skill in magic, as his fortune in love, and know
“ him to be very cool in both. Notwithstanding
“ which, I am vastly obliged to your ladyship for
“ the honour of your protection; though I am
“ under no apprehension from his valour.”

“ SIRRAH, I shall chastise you,” muttered lord
Beef, as he left him.

THE divine then asked this conjurer, if he
would favour him with telling him his fortune.

WHEN, pretending to consider his hand with
great attention, he said, “ Your’s, doctor, is of the
“ same stamp with what I have already related to
“ these gentlemen. You make your approaches
“ with more art, perhaps; but the moment your
“ attacks are discerned, you will meet with the
“ same fate with the other assailants.”

THE divine blushed with confusion, and said
“ He did not understand him. Indeed,” added he,
“ there is one proof of your being a conjurer:
“ you resemble the oracles of old, by the ambi-
“ guity of your expressions.”

“ Ask your heart; is it not conscious that I
“ have told you the truth?” says the jew.

THE viscountess then asked him, if he could
reveal her fortune.

“ YES, madam,” says he, “ but not to be
“ over-heard by prophane ears. There are other
“ ways of discovering your fortune. I have a

“ little magic glass in my pocket, which shall
“ shew you the face of that man who loves you to
“ distraction; and if the opinion of a conjurer
“ may be believed, who merits a mutual return.”

“ THIS must be something very extraordinary,
“ indeed; pray give it me,” says lady *Flimsy*.

“ ON condition that no one but your ladyship
“ casts an eye upon it, I will.”

“ THAT you may depend on,” answered the
viscountess.

Sweetwood then taking from his pocket a miniature picture of himself, which had been painted with design to present it to lady *Flimsy*, set in black shagreen, gave it into her hands.

WHEN opening the box, and beholding the face of *Sweetwood*, she could not abstain from crying out, “ Good heavens!” struck by surprize with this picture, which he had given her, concluding that he must really be skilled in discovering futurity, and knowing the secrets of the human heart.

THE company alarmed, asked the cause of her ladyship’s shrieking. She said, “ Nothing but a sudden pain shooting a-cross her breast.” When turning to the jew, she asked him, “ if he would sell that magic glass which has such extraordinary power; because, says she, I will never be without it in my pocket; it will afford me the highest consolation, when I am alone. I shall be extremely fond of it.”

AT these words *Sweetwood*, thrilled through with joy, would have presented it to her ladyship; but recollecting that it must be his discovery, he answered the price was five guineas. When lady *Flimsy* taking ten from her purse, said this sum was infinitely too little for so great a curiosity. Indeed she had at the moment of receiving the portrait, discovered that Mr. *Sweetwood* was disguised in the jew; and love had dictated this polite answer, to prove to him, how much he was truly the object of her affection. He was then dismissed; but not till the earl desired another such glass. "Sir," says *Sweetwood*, "I can furnish you with
"one which is ready made, to fit your constitution.
"Every disposition must have a different kind of
"glass. As that magic mirror has discovered to
"that lady, what I wish her to love preferably to
"every thing on earth, because the person, whom
"it represents to her eyes, adores her. Here is
"another," taking a common pocket glass from his box, "which will shew your lordship the only
"object that you are truly enamoured of."
"Give it me," says earl *Juvenile*. "Sir, I am always paid, before I deliver these kind of goods," says *Sweetwood*. "The price for yours is three
"guineas."

THE money being paid, the earl opening the glass, beheld his own face; which genteel satire,

though his lordship did not like it, he put up with, saying, "He was pleased with the object and the bargain."

"WELL jew," says lord *Beef*, "have you any thing for me."

"YES," answered *Sweetwood*, "a spy-glass, which, if you would behold yourself with the end that diminishes all objects, might be of great service to you. But you are not to be trusted with so dangerous an instrument. You will be looking through it the magnifying way, and fancy yourself, even ten times, bigger than you do already, which is ten times larger than you ought."

"RASCAL, I shall pull your beard off for your insolence," says lord *Beef*, stepping up to him.

At which words, lady *Flimsy* shrieked out, and stepping forward, desired him not; trembling for her lover, lest he should be discovered. "You have provoked him to it," says she to lord *Beef*. "What man can bear the insulting names you have given him?"

"You are sacred in this house," says *Sweetwood* to lord *Beef*, "but in another place I would have taught you better behaviour."

THIS answer alarmed the whole company, when the viscountess desired the jew to withdraw.

"MADAM,"

“MADAM,” says he, “your commands shall never be a moment delayed by me;” when bowing very politely, he withdrew.

THE company agreed there was something very singular in that man, which was not to be found in people of that rank : particularly the divine, who said “He believed he was an impostor.” Lord *Beef* insisted upon it, “That he was a *French Jesuit* in that disguise, traveling as a spy upon the nation;” which sentiment was agreed to by all the men of the company; when lord *Beef*, being a justice of the peace, talked of examining and committing him to jail.

THIS, however, was prevented by the lady of the house; *Sweetwood* returned to his home, his bosom filled with rapture, when he gave the real jew his box, and the three guineas which had been paid him for the pocket looking-glass. And in this manner ended this affair of his visit.

C H A P. LXXXI.

Much business in a short chapter; being no less than the dismissal of three lovers.

LADY *Flimsy* being determined to be no longer harrassed with the impertinent pursuits of these three men, the earl, the baronet, and lord *Beef*, (the divine was gone back to *Worcester*) and feeling, with treble disgust, the selfish object

of their pretended passion to be her fortune only, undertook the hardy resolution of freeing herself from the impertinence of their company that very evening.

SHE, therefore, after supper, took occasion to say, "My lord, and you gentlemen, who have honoured me with declaring your passion, lest I may be accused of treating you not alike, as I esteem you all alike, I here intreat it as a favour, that you would never visit me more with that intent, being determined to persist in my resolution of never being married to either of you:" When rising, and dropping a curtesy, she took a candle, and withdrew.

THE three lovers being in amaze, a general silence ensued; during which we seized the opportunity of concluding the chapter.

C H A P. LXXXII.

Sir Timothy recovering from this fatal affair, makes the first speech, and exhorts the company not to double misfortunes by leaving their liquor, and losing their mistress.

THE first that recovered his speech was the baronet, by crying, "She's gone! she's gone to her honies!" The pride of earl *Juvenile*, and lord *Beef*, did not bear it so easily; they were
so

to greatly irritated, that they rose to call for their horses immediately.

SIR *Timothy* then insisted that no one had reason to complain, since all were treated in the same manner. "If the lady likes us not," says he, "as it becomes honest fellows, sit down, and take a bottle a-piece to her health, and shew her ladyship, that though we cannot neither of us have the happiness of being married to her, yet we part good friends, and wish her a good husband. And here it goes, with all my heart, in a half-pint bumper of claret; it is a thousand to one if we ever meet again on such an errand."

THIS advice, though very good-natured, was not relished by the other two, their stomachs could not brook such treatment, on which they withdrew; the baronet chagrined at their folly, sat down to finish the bottle, saying, "A plague of all leaving our liquor behind; what need is there of doubling misfortunes? this damned blow requires good tittle to keep up our hearts, and these fellows are leaving it. Mine, however, shall not want that consolation whilst there is any good wine in *England*, and which honest *John Watson* will send me, if it be to be had in *London*; he hath never failed me yet."

THE baronet, having finished his bottle, called for his servants, and his horses; he then told her ladyship's butler, "That he was sorry that things

“did not go on better. However,” says he, “I shall not fail to drink your lady’s good health twice every day; and not, like those two flinkards in love, refuse wishing her a good husband, because she does not choose to have either of them or me.” Having then distributed his money to the servants, he took his leave, desiring his compliments to their lady.

C H A P. LXXXIII.

Lady Flimsy pleased with Mr. Sweetwood’s contrivance. Lord Beef is seen in the double character of bully and coward; Mr. Sweetwood of modesty and courage.

THE following night, though passed in no pain, was yet sleepless by the viscountess. She could not keep the ingenious contrivance, the wit and politeness, of Mr. *Sweetwood* from her mind. “How different,” says she, “are the souls of men? With what delicacy and attention did he run his eyes over me? How tender and attracting was every look and behaviour? His whole consideration is me alone, whilst the other three brutes have been valuing the timber of my estate, and the goodness of my house; and calculating what my whole fortune is worth, deducting

“deducting so much for the life of the present possessor.”

“I ALONE am his happiness, and their objection. He would receive me destitute to his arms, and those men would give me, and one half of my fortune, to any man, to enjoy the other uninterrupted by my presence: such difference is to be found amongst the human race! Thy truth, thy fidelity, thy disinterested passion, shall meet their full reward in these arms. Nine months are already gone, and ——— but must I be tied to these odious ceremonies, for the loss of what I had reason to detest? It is too severe a punishment!”

SHE then rose, and wrote Mr. *Sweetwood* a letter, telling him, “She knew him in his disguise;” at the same time, adding she was not displeased with it; yet intreating him “not to undertake those kind of visits any more; I will rather find some way of breaking through the three months, which are to complete the year, than subject you to this danger: and no longer live in constant pain in complaisance to the custom of the world, which formed it on the presumption, that husbands always deserved to be loved by their wives, who for that reason mourned for a whole year.”

THIS letter gave infinite joy to *Sweetwood*. He passed whole hours in rapture, pronouncing

the name of *Arabella*, and could not hold the rising joy from bursting forth in a thousand various ways. "Now," says he, "more than human felicity is soon to be my possession. Every passion will be dead in me but love. I shall have nothing to ask, and nothing in which to employ my whole soul, but in enjoying her presence, except pouring forth my strongest gratitude, for this ineffable goodness and condescension in this more than human being."

THE jew being well entertained, lodged, and satisfied, the next morning took his leave, and proceeding in his itineration, strolled to the house of lord *Beef*. This pattern of human perfection was walking before his house, ruminating on the disappointment of the preceding day. Not that his heart felt the dying tenderness of souls in love, when their suits are fruitless. His pride was hurt in finding himself rejected by any woman. He was then cursing himself and her, when the jew was approaching towards him, at some small distance. The cloaths, and all external appearance being the same, his heart rejoiced at the thought of having it in his power to wreak his malice on the man, who, the day before, he thought had treated his pride with too much contempt at *Fairland-court*. As he advanced, and his face became visible, he saw it was not that which he had seen the day before, though the cloaths and box were absolutely

absolutely the same. "Was not you, fellow, at "*Fairland-court* yesterday?" says lord *Beef* to the jew.

"No, Sir," replied the hawker.

"YOUR box and cloaths were, I will swear;" answered lord *Beef* in a malicious gurl. "I must know who it was that wore one and carried the other; some scoundrel, I suppose, who is afraid to come hither, and yet has sent you, because he would not lose the chance of selling something at the house. Now," says he, "unless you tell me who it was that was at *Fairland-court* yesterday in your drefs, that pond shall receive you and your wares, and then see what satisfaction the law will give you in such a case."

AFTER much terrifying, the hawker confessed that it was Mr. *Sweetwood*. This nettled lord *Beef* ten times more than before. He vowed revenge, swore it was a trick of the viscountess to affront them all, and damned her for a b—— of the first order.

HAVING added to the story all that his sterile imagination could invent, he spread it abroad in the country to the prejudice of the viscountess, and Mr. *Sweetwood*. It was soon brought to lady *Flimsy's* ears, who only laughed at the impotent malice of the brute. *Sweetwood* heard it with pain on the lady's account, though there was nothing criminal in the behaviour of lady *Flimsy*, even as
lord

lord *Beef* had related the account: yet her lover thought it little less than profanation, that the name of her he adored should afford the common conversation of the country; and be found in the mouth of every rustic. He wished for an opportunity to meet lord *Beef*, and to give him to know his sentiments on this behaviour.

THIS opportunity was soon offered him: the assizes coming on at *Worcester*, lord *Beef* was named foreman of the grand-jury, amongst which number Mr. *Sweetwood* was named also.

SWEETWOOD, with the best disposition and utmost sweetness, had a true courage at bottom, which nothing could intimidate. He never assumed, but often declined the causes of disagreement. Lord *Beef* was, as we have already said, loud, and of that species of cowardice, which denominates a bully; was very apt to insult and tyrannize where he feared no opposition: and to yield to the least manly resistance. He was, in nature, extremely ready to give the first blow, and receive the last at the end.

AT *Worcester*, lord *Beef* and Mr. *Sweetwood* being necessarily together, after dinner some one of the company, who detested the arrogance of their foreman, and knew that *Sweetwood* longed to shew him the resentment he entertained of his behaviour; asked, "If he had heard what lord *Beef* had spread relating to him and lady *Flimsy*."

"Yes,

"Yes," replied *Sweetwood*, "very well, let his disappointment work and prompt him to as many falsehoods as he pleases." This he spoke loud enough to be heard by lord *Beef*, who, in a gurl, asked, "What, does he say that I lye?"

"No," says Mr. *Sweetwood*, "I have not said you lye; I only replied, by saying, that no one regarded the falsehoods you spread." At which words, being enraged, recollecting his great estate, and the small one of Mr. *Sweetwood*, his descending from a duke, and the other's being but a private gentleman, together with his being rejected at *Fairland-court*, and as he suspected in preference of Mr. *Sweetwood*, he rose, and said, "You puppy, I shall chastise you." "Me, Sir," says *Sweetwood* smiling. "Yes, you rascal. Am I to be considered as a spreader of lies by you?" "Yes," answered *Sweetwood*, "if you do spread them you must, as I know you have, by me and every one."

"PAULTRY scoundrel!" says *Beef*, coming towards him, "you shall ask pardon before this company by — or I will kick you."

"INDEED you will not," says *Sweetwood*, still smiling.

LORD *Beef* pretending then to approach him in great wrath, one of the company restraining him, "Let him alone, pray" says *Sweetwood*, "there is no danger," laughing at the same time.

Irritated

Irritated by these words, lord *Beef* swore heavily he would take revenge. "Is a man of my family to be treated by a paultry country 'squire in this manner?"

"YOUR family!" says *Sweetwood*, "what is it pray? According to the best opinion the bastard-son of a duke; the very constitution which makes your father a peer, makes you less than a gentleman. Do you imagine, that a base birth cannot as effectually wash out, as kings can impart, nobility to blood? Perhaps too this descent is even more than most men will readily allow you, though all agree that you are the son of *Moll Remp*. Therefore, pray consider the certainty on one side, and doubt of the other; think of your mother, and learn more humility."

THIS, pronounced with spirit, void of passion, stung lord *Beef* to the heart, and gave excessive pleasure to all present, who hated his arrogance. He then swore vengeance on *Sweetwood*, even the law should not defend him from it. "Will you," says the latter to him, "have resolution to put what you threaten into execution? Will you wave all advantage if I send you a place of appointment, and do yourself and me that justice which you seem at present so fond of?"

THIS he replied to by an oath of confirmation.

THE business of the assizes summoning them to the court, put an end to the dispute at this time.

time. In the evening this mighty man of valour talked of nothing but the punishment and revenge he would take on Mr. *Sweetwood*. He would mince him to atoms; and in the conversation said several things which reflected on lady *Flimsy's* virtue, and her having had an intrigue with Mr. *Sweetwood*, referring to the story at *Bristol-Wells*.

FROM this aspersion, one of the company justified her ladyship, and the next morning gave Mr. *Sweetwood* an account of it.

THIS action of lord *Beef's* was too heinous to be a moment delayed. The soul of *Sweetwood*, that was as steady as the course of fate, from being altered by all the sarcasm which could be let loose against himself, immediately became as susceptible of impression, as the element of water is of the force of wind, when any thing which derogated from the honour of all he loved, but touched its surface.

RETIRING therefore to an inn to prevent suspicion, in which neither lord *Beef* nor himself lodged, he sent him a card as from another gentleman, desiring he would meet there immediately on some business of importance. *Sweetwood* had prepared two swords. Lord *Beef*, obeying the message, asked where the gentleman was who wanted to speak with him; when, being shewn into the room, Mr. *Sweetwood* said, "Sir, it is I,
" who have taken the liberty to send for you;
" you

“you remember your promise yesterday, of doing me and yourself justice.”

No two things are more different than the heart of a bully, at the times when he knows he shall be prevented from fighting, and when he knows he cannot. The very soul of that individual bouncer, which, surrounded with the grand-jury but yesterday, resembled the hurricanes of *Jamaica*, and swept all before him, was now as gentle as the breath of *Zephyr*, which fans the happy lovers in the shady vale of *Tempé*.

“THERE are two swords, do yourself justice, take which you please,” says *Sweetwood*.

THIS speech had the very effect upon lord *Beef*, which the ancient philosopher conceived so difficult to be imparted to man, *Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν* was written legible on his own heart. *Sweetwood* was persuaded that *Beef* then first knew his true fabric. The latter therefore tried every argument he could suggest to avoid the duel; he said, “His affairs were in great perplexity, that he only required time for settling them, and he would meet him at a moment’s warning.” “Sirrah,” says *Sweetwood*, “you and your affairs ought to be prepared at all times to answer for the slander of that tongue, which is ever ready to defame the innocent: nor shall you escape punishment for it at this time. Take a sword, coward?”

LORD

LORD *Beef* was now in a worse situation than *Damocles* at the table of *Dionysius*; as he did not suppose that there was even the strength of a horse-hair to preserve him from destruction. He looked in the utmost perplexity; he sincerely repented his yesterday's insolence, but he knew internal compunction would not efface external injury. He said in great trepidation, "To-morrow I will meet you, let me make my will first?" "Sirrah, I see your cowardice, you will escape me at any rate: What is become of your yesterday's blustering? tell me what must be done to provoke you?" At which words *Sweetwood* stretched forth his hand and tweaged his nose, which he seemed to feel no more than if he had been a statue. He then kicked him, which he received with equal stoicism. "Now, insolent fellow, if your tongue evermore pronounces the name of lady *Flimsy*, or even mine, with disrespect, I will treat you in this manner wherever I meet you. Hence, coward!" says *Sweetwood*, with eyes that flashed indignation. At which words *Beef* departed, though in no very rapturous disposition, yet contented with having escaped with life. He therefore pretended sudden illness, sent word he could not attend the remaining duty of the assizes, returned home, and Mr. *Sweetwood* discovered to the grand-jury the cause of this disorder, which communicated no little joy to the whole company.

C H A P. LXXXIV.

Lady Flimsy resolves seeing London, and Mr. Sweetwood to follow her.

THE account of the preceding adventure being spread over the county, lady *Flimsy* wrote Mr. *Sweetwood* a letter to thank him for the care he had manifested for the preservation of her character. "I am sensible of your delicacy in my behalf: but why will you," says she, "run the risque of being ill-treated by that brute? who knows what mischief he may secretly contrive against you? you know my innocence: why will you give yourself pain concerning the malicious tales of babbling falsehood? justified in each others hearts, why should we seek it any where besides?"

"I HAVE received a letter which requires my presence in *London*, to which place I shall set out to-morrow morning. My stay will be but short, during this time I may possibly contrive some way of taking off the restraint, which custom has made necessary, and deprives us of seeing each other." This design of seeing *London*, arose from the letter which she had received concerning *Lydia*.

THE viscountess set out, and Mr. *Sweetwood* understanding the letter, as it was intended, though

though she would not plainly declare her desire, prepared to follow her in two days, thinking it would be most agreeable to her ladyship not to be seen with him on the road.

NOTHING happening to lady *Flimsy* on the road worth relating, we shall say no more of her journey. But as Mr. *Sweetwood* followed her not quite so free from all circumstances worth relating to our readers, we shall make no apology, but give the story as it will be found in the next chapter.

C H A P. LXXXV.

Mr. Sweetwood's journey begun. A most political dispute between Dick Mathematic the schoolmaster, and Mr. Goodfellow the London-rider; in which Mr. Mathematic has the better of the argument, and Mr. Goodfellow of the dispute.

MR. *Sweetwood* having passed the first day without any remarkable occurrence on the road, arrived at his inn in the evening, where he intended reposing himself for that night.

As he was alone, he asked his landlord whether there were any gentlemen in the inn; "For," says "he, after a pretty smart ride I should not be sorry
" to sup in company with any gentleman that chuses
" a com-

“ a companion. I do not much like being alone.

“ Otherwise I must desire your company, land-

“ lord.

MINE host was a jolly fellow, kept his hunter, and never missed a race within fifty miles of him. He was thought to understand a pack of hounds, or a running horse, at least as well as any man in *England*. No man had a better palate for port: claret was rather too light for his stomach, which rendered him not so much a judge of *French* wines. But possessing a vast respect for the first, particularly as he drank a great deal of it himself, he always kept a stock of what was excellent, to favour those gentlemen with, who had complaisance enough to honour themselves with his peculiar company. As to squeezing an orange, and mixing the ingredients, no man in *England* was his superior.

THESE qualifications of hunting and racing, and his skill in conversing thereon, together with a nice palate in good liquor, had made my landlord a favourite companion to all the country-gentlemen of one side. He was what is called an honest tory, blue and all blue, and had never changed sides in his life, though not untempted with considerable offers.

THIS host of ours, then replied to Mr. Sweetwood, “ Sir,” says he, “ here is to be a tight dispute this evening between Mr. *Mathematic* the
“ writing

“ writing schoolmaster, and Mr *Goodfellow* a *London* rider. It seems that one of our great men at the helm (he must be a knowing one to be sure) not being acquainted where the river *Ohio* is, and that part of the world through which it runs : and being ashamed to discover his ignorance to the people of *London*, at the instigation of one of the yellow party at the war’s beginning abroad, procured this *Dick Mathematic* to be sent for to shew him in what part of the world *America* lies. It seems the *French* playing the devil there, have obliged the m——y to know where about it is, that some little care may be taken they do not run away with it. For damn’em, says my landlord, since my time they have never taken care of any thing, but laying on taxes enough, that they never forgot, and then the devil might take the nation.”

“ You are not very wide from the truth I believe, landlord,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*, “ indeed.”

“ TRUTH Sir, says mine host ! zounds, can any thing be more plain ? There’s the *Oxford* election, oh Lord ! oh Lord !” stamping at the same time ; “ it will make me mad to give an account of their doings : ’Sblood, Sir, if some re-turning officers be not hanged, we never can be a nation again. A freeholder is no more the was he was, than I am like the grand-turk ;

“ we

“ we are all undone, liberty and property, Sir,
“ ’Sblood Sir, it is all over with us !”

“ WELL, Sir,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*, “ but
“ to the affair of Mr. *Mathematic*.”

“ RIGHT,” replied my landlord, “ this fellow
“ then, Sir, being a little knowing in *Jomatrix* or
“ *Jography*, I do not know which it is, was sent
“ for, as I was telling you, to shew some of the
“ m——y where *America* lies in the map.
“ This was done partly to disguise their ignorance
“ from the *Londoners*, and as this fellow was al-
“ ways meddling in the new interest, to put a few
“ pounds in his pocket.”

“ SINCE this time the son of a w——e being re-
“ turned, is become ten times a greater coxcomb
“ than ever. He pretends to correspond with this
“ great man, and the other, and they must be
“ great men which he could teach, by——so there
“ is no keeping in with him, he runs so hard, he
“ is a mile before the pack, for which reason my
“ neighbour *Broadfig* the grocer and mercer, has
“ desired Mr. *Mathematic* to meet Mr. *Goodfellow*
“ the *London* rider, who is a damn’d clever fellow,
“ and take a glass here this evening. He is to strap
“ him to prevent his running so fast, and roast the
“ dog till he cracks. To this company, if you think
“ proper, sir, I will introduce you, and perhaps,
“ it may afford you some sport.”

THIS

THIS Mr. *Sweetwood* willingly consented to, and told his landlord he was much obliged to him for the favour.

“THE first heat will be hard run, I believe, says my landlord; but *Goodfellow* will have it all hollow at the latter end. He is a bottom’d one, a damn’d bottom’d one. It is at least three to two, in my opinion; however, I believe we shall have good sport.”

It seems indeed that *Dick Mathematic* from this late employ of instructing the m—r where *America* lies, had assumed an arrogance at his return, that could not be borne by his fellow townsmen; and particularly by Mr. *Broadfig* the grocer, and mine host. This appointment therefore was long premeditated between these two gentlemen, that at Mr. *Goodfellow*’s time of taking his journey to that town, they would give Mr. *Mathematic* a roasting, and humble him a little. For Mr. *Goodfellow* was looked upon as very profound in the mystery of politics by both these gentlemen. And, indeed, to do him justice, he knew as much of the matter, as those who have lately managed public affairs, if we may draw a conclusion from his speeches, and their conduct.

MR. *Goodfellow* was the same gentleman, whom, in a previous work, we have mentioned as being attended with the adventure of deserting his

Charlotte, and leaping through the window at *Hounslow*. It was the constant method of this gentleman's proceeding, that into whatever town he came, he always considered the size of it. When inferring by comparison, that *London* was either ten times, twenty, or any other proportion bigger than the town he was in, he concluded, that consequently every man's understanding that came from the great city, was in that proportion so much greater than any man's who lived in that town. This modest manner of calculation in his own favour, had led him into a sovereign contempt of all country-knowledge; and though it had seduced him into many grievous mistakes, yet, as he never gave up, and his audience could but seldom discover he was wrong, he generally was considered as getting the better of the argument. And this by the same manner of proof that boxers do of a battle, by giving the last blow, which indeed would be very true also by analogical reasoning in this instance, if a conquest in dispute, like that in boxing, was to be decided by beating the argument to pieces.

MR. *Goodfellow* being come to town, was extremely glad to find this appointment was made. He knew his order would be the larger on this account from Mr. *Broadfig*, and swore he was ready to give *Mathematic* as hearty a trimming as ever he had in his life, "Damn him," says
"he,

“he, he a politician!” shaking his head with contempt.

IN this manner things stood; the dreadful hour drew nigh; Mr. *Mathematic* was come; my landlord was in high expectation of Mr. *Broadfig*, and his friend *Goodfellow*, who being at length arrived also, Mr. *Sweetwood* was introduced to the company. Supper being served, during the time of supping together, Mr. *Mathematic* frequently surveyed Mr. *Goodfellow* with attention, as the latter gentleman did the former.

DURING the repast, nothing escaped worth remarking. After the cloth was removed, Mr. *Mathematic*, though he thought himself master of the little town in which he lived, was yet a little shy in engaging with a *Londoner*, whose fame had been so greatly extolled.

IT seems Mr. *Mathematic* was at the bottom against a *French* war, and had taken his cue from the m——r. He therefore was a little doubtful of our success, and much inclined to pacific measures. “Success to our arms,” says *Goodfellow*, “and may the *French* be driven to the devil! Here “is our brave admirals for ever!”

THE health going round, Mr. *Sweetwood*, who thought the bottle was too long delayed between these champions, asked Mr. *Goodfellow* what he imagined of the times. “The times! sir,” says *Goodfellow*, “we are undone; unless the *French*

fleet is totally destroyed we are absolutely un-
 " done, trade is at an end, sir : damn me, was
 " I m——r I would not leave them a boat as
 " big as a wherry. By G——they should not
 " have an ounce of trade swimming upon the
 " ocean. Damn their tricks upon the *Ohio*; I
 " would teach them to break treaties. But the
 " cowardly m——y suffer every thing to be
 " done that the *French* rascals please. That
 " damn'd *Hanover* ruins us all; there lies the
 " mischeif. But if we could make a league with
 " the king of *Prussia*, he would drive them from
 " the *Ohio*, give him *Hanover*. By——was I a
 " member of parliament I'd give my vote for it;
 " I'll engage he drives the monsieurs from *Ohio*.
 " But as these *French* dogs have already advanced
 " so far, the m——y are every minute afraid
 " they will enter and seize *Hanover*."

" SIR," says *Dick Mathematic* with a tri-
 umphant smile, " you are certainly mistaken; the
 " river *Ohio* lies in *America*, and is not less than
 " five thousand miles distant from *Hanover*; the
 " whole *Atlantic* ocean lies between."

" THE *Atlantic* ocean be damn'd," says *Good-*
fellow, " will you pretend to tell me that the
 " *French* on the *Ohio* are not within two days
 " march of *Hanover*. I appeal to that gentle-
 " man," meaning Mr. *Sweetwood*, " and I'll
 " back my argument with any sum you please;
 " and

“and I say done first. Down with your mony,”
lugging out a great purse of his master’s at that
time.

MR. *Mathematic* agreed to the appeal, but declined the wager, because he was not provided with the depofite: and Mr. *Sweetwood* having enjoyed much internal laughing from this conversation, refused the decision, lest he should shorten his pleasure; and pleaded ignorance in such weighty matters.

SIR,” says *Mathematic*, “I’ll convince you in
“Mr. *Husk*’s map, that what you have said is
“impossible. I will send for it.” The map being
sent for, silence and suspense of argument between the chiefs ensued for a few minutes, and the glass circulated with some freedom. *Mathematic* concluding he should triumph, and *Goodfellow* fearing a defeat.

THE map being brought, Mr. *Goodfellow* at first was a little alarmed, lest Mr. *Mathematic* should desire him to shew where these different places were: particularly as he was subjected to a small inconveniency in this affair, which, though no more than the trifle of not knowing sea from land in a map; yet even that might have led him into some disadvantage in the dispute.

HOWEVER, Mr. *Mathematic* being ten times more inclined to shew his own learning than to disprove Mr. *Goodfellow*’s, and conceiving both

might be done at the same time, never thought of putting Mr. *Goodfellow* to the trial. Which trial Mr. *Goodfellow* being not a little afraid of, and not penetrating Mr. *Mathematic's* intention, avoided, by saying, as soon as the map was unrolled, "Well, Sir, now shew me the *Ohio*."

"THIS winding river, Sir, which runs into the "*Mississippi*, is the *Ohio*," says *Mathematic*.

"WELL, Sir, and where are the *French*?" says *Goodfellow*.

"HERE, on this spot," putting his finger on it, answered *Mathematic*.

"WELL now," says *Goodfellow*, "shew us, if you please, where is *Hanover*."

"HANOVER," says *Mathematic*, "is not in this map."

"DAMN me," says *Goodfellow*, "did any gentleman ever see the like? I knew there was some infernal trick at the bottom. G——d damn ye, they have left out *Hanover* designedly, at the instigation of the m——y, because the *English* should not see what a damned scrape it is like to bring us into. Sir, I am ashamed that any man should have recourse to so mean a subterfuge to vindicate a falsehood, as to appeal to a map, in which he must know *Hanover* was designedly left out. Gentlemen, is this fair reasoning? I appeal to you." The landlord and Mr. *Broadfig* agreed it was damned unfair.

fair. "Damn me," says the landlord, "it is
"as bad as pricking a horse in the plateing, be-
"fore he runs. But we poor *English* are always
"choused in this manner. By——," says *Good-*
"fellow, the rascal who made this map should be
"hanged, for leaving out *Hanover*, to deceive
"the nation to its ruin. It is a scandal; I am
"amazed the people suffer it." The landlord and
grocer agreed in this also.

Sweetwood enjoyed this secretly; when *Mathe-*
matic, smiling with contempt, cried, "Sir, it was
"impossible *Hanover* could be in this map."

"IMPOSSIBLE! 'Sblood," says *Goodfellow*,
"is it not large enough to hold it, the place is not
"so big."

"SIR," says *Mathematic*, still laughing, "this
"is the best map of part of *America*. *Hanover* is
"in *Europe*."

"IN *Europe*, Sir," says *Goodfellow*, "will any
"man dare to say, that *Hanover* is in *Europe*."
"You intend to humbug us to our faces, as if we
"knew not our A B C. 'Sblood, Sir, *Hanover*
"all the world knows, is in *Germany*. Is it not
"one of the *nine electors* of *Germany*? *Hanover*
"in *Europe*! *Hanover* in hell. No, Sir, by G—,
"this is too much; we must beg your pardon
"here. Ah! damn it," lifting up his eyes and
hands. "This is too much."

THIS stroke clench'd the conquest of Mr. *Goodfellow* over Mr. *Mathematic* in the opinion of mine host and Mr. *Broadfig*; when they desired *Mathematic* not to expose himself, by insisting that *Hanover* was in *Europe*, when all the world knew it was in *Germany*. Mr. *Sweetwood* still pretending ignorance of these matters. The map being now dispatched, as that argument was ended, Mr. *Goodfellow* filled a bumper of *port*, and said to Mr. *Mathematic*, "Come, Sir, my service to you, "I never beat a man in my life, but I drank to "him." *Broadfig* and mine host enjoying the conquest with much pleasure, leering upon each other. However, *Mathematic* himself was grievously nettled to be driven from the truth, and lose the triumph, when he had really got the victory. A state of much humiliation to all disputants, where honour is the whole reward. Lawyers, indeed at the bar, receive these disappointments with much philosophy, after having first received the consoling fee.

MR. *Mathematic*, therefore, being extremely sore, internally, could not bear this disgrace; he was determined once more to try his hand, and see if better success would not attend him. After having much belaboured the argument, who were and who were not our allies, the schoolmaster asserted, he could bring a mathematical demonstration that it was impossible the *English* and her allies could look
in

in the face of the *French* and her allies. “ For
“ supposing,” says he, “ that *France* has only two
“ hundred and twenty thousand troops, *Spain* a
“ hundred and twenty thousand, and *Naples* thirty
“ thousand; that the kings of *Prussia*, *Sweden* and
“ and *Denmark* are neuter, these make three
“ hundred and seventy thousand men. “ Then,”
says he, “ *England* furnishes in all fifty thousand,
“ the *Austrians* a hundred thousand, the *Dutch* dare
“ not move, through fear of the *French*, and the
“ *Russians* are in the same situation, through fear
“ of the *Turks*, *Swedes*, &c. if we hire a hundred
“ thousand *Germans* which we must pay, where
“ shall we find money to support all this? and the
“ whole makes but two hundred and fifty thousand
“ troops. Thus, by demonstration, what I have
“ said shall be proved to be true. Here, give me
“ a piece of paper, and a pen and ink.” Which
being brought, he took it, and soon gave the paper
back into Mr. *Goodfellow*’s hand, in the following
condition, presuming that he was as ignorant of
algebra as geography, and conceiving that the
words mathematical demonstration would carry all
before them.

$$\text{Or} + \text{Ir} = 2\text{Id} \text{ and } \frac{2\text{Id}}{\text{O} + \text{I}} = \text{r}.$$

H 5

“ THERE

“THERE is a mathematical demonstration,
 “that we and our allies cannot oppose the power
 “of *France* and her allies.”

THIS word demonstration, and this pretended proof of it, struck deeply into the stomach of Mr. *Goodfellow*, the mercer, and mine host, being a word of high import, and capable of much deceiving in a wrong application. It was now *Dick Mathematic* appeared to carry the day. It seems Mr. *Goodfellow* was afraid to dispute the validity of the question, because he was totally a novice to all algebraical manner of stating things. A pause therefore ensued, attended with a dejection of spirits, visible in the triumvirate above-mentioned, when the rider conceiving a lucky thought, asked *Dick Mathematic*, if he reckoned only according to numbers. “To be sure,” says *Dick*, “I do.” And you reckon a *Frenchman* as “good as an *Englishman* do you in this demonstration?” Why not?” says *Dick*, “Gentlemen, will not this make a saint to swear?” says *Goodfellow*; “when he must know, that one *Englishman* is, at least, able to beat ten *Frenchmen*. “Damn me, compare soup-meagre with roast
 “beef, or imagine, that a fellow who eats frogs
 “can fight an *Englishman* fed with plumb-pudding! so you reckon nothing for *English* courage,
 “hey, master *Mathematic*,” (putting his arms akimbo, and looking in his face) “in this damn-
 “ed

“ed scrole of yours here? damn my blood, (he
“continued) I am ashamed to see a man so much
“an enemy to his country. *English* and *French*
“courage are equal, are they? beef and soup-mea-
“gre, frogs and plumb-budding, make no differ-
“ence in men’s fighting! Look you, Mr. *Mathe-*
“*matic*, by — I am convinced you know, that
“during all the duke of *Marlborough’s* wars we
“beat the *French* ten to one, and should have done
“the same thing the last, if they had not been
“twenty to one, or the *Dutch* had behaved as they
“ought. Sir, you must excuse me, henceforth
“we never more dispute on these matters. You
“first tried to humbug us with a map in which you
“left out *Hanover*, and next with a mathematical
“demonstration, and leave out *English* courage:
“wherefore, I am sorry to say it, I must look up-
“you as a friend to the m——y and the *French*,
“and an enemy to your country. And here ends
“our dispute by——.”

Mr. *Mathematic* was discomfited, Mr. *Good-*
fellow triumphed, Mr. *Broadfig* and mine host
joined in the joy, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, after having
sated himself with this company, retired laughing
at the success of happy impudence; and not a little
pleased to behold the chagrin of the schoolmaster,
who was tumbled from the skies of his greatness,
like a meteor, which shoots along its flame till it
expires in falling.

THUS ended the grand dispute between the rider of *London*, and the mathematician of ***** in *Oxfordshire*; when the parties separating we leave the two combatants, one to lie waking with excessive joy, and the other with excessive sorrow, whilst the mercer and landlord take a sweet repose. At the same time, taking that liberty ourself also, we finish a long chapter.

C H A P. LXXXVI.

In which Mr. Goodfellow reaps two advantages from his last night's debate; an internal triumph, and external orders.

THE sun rising with ray resplendant, beheld the souls of the two combatants in very different dispositions; that of Mr. *Goodfellow* chearful as the month of *May*, all blooming, gay, and sprightly; Mr. *Mathematic's* dreary as *November*, sad and sable; the first wishing to display the honours of his victory; the other to hide himself in some dungeon for ever. What added to his pain was the consciousness of his superiority; and yet the triumph which he knew the people of the town would manifest on his supposed defeat.

MR. *Sweetwood* early pursued his journey to *London*, and my landlord rose sooner than usual to spread

spread the defeat of Mr. *Mathematic*. Those who had been previously favoured with an intimation of the designed combat, were impatient to hear the event. And indeed they secretly wished that Mr. *Mathematic* might be defeated. Such is the human composition, they could not bear with any temper, that superiority which the schoolmaster had assumed since his merit obtained him the honour of shewing a great m——r in what part of the world *America* was situated.

OH envy ! basest passion of the soul ! when wilt thou be extirpated from the human bosom ? when wilt thou leave our great statesman, who excels all past, present, and to come, in fathoming the true bathos of policy, to sleep in peace, unmolested by thy sting ?

MINE host then being risen from his pillow, walked into the market-house, where he gave the gaping audience a full account of all the affair : adding, that he imagined *Mathematic* would have shewn better sport. “ But, rot him,” says he, “ he is a jade. *Goodfellow* had it all hollow : he “ could have distanced him the first heat. But he “ brought him in handsomely, to shew the more “ sport to the company. Damn the fellow, he is a “ mere jade.” Joy universal spread itself on the faces of the whole assembly, and many of them, being shop-keepers, determined to give *Goodfellow* an order who had never dealt with him before.

MR.

MR. *Goodfellow* himself being now risen, waited upon Mr. *Broadfig*; who seizing him by the hand and looking with a smile on his face, thanked him for the last night's entertainment. He affirmed, that though he always knew him to be a clever fellow, he did not imagine him so knowing as he had found him. Mr. *Goodfellow* thanked him for the compliment, and then took a large order.

AFTER this, as my landlord had told him that many others would be his customers, he waited on them, humbly requesting their favours. He was readily desired to walk in, and then intreated to tell them how the affair stood between Mr. *Mathematic* and himself last night. Mr. *Goodfellow*, therefore, after taking out his book of patterns, the other to receive orders, and his pen and ink, began with "I will tell you, Sir;" the wife, and all the family being present with attentive ears. "the affair in dispute was concerning the *Ohio* and "*Hanover*, and where the *French* troops are now "situated:" Well, Sir," say the shop-keeper, "how then?" "Then, Sir," says Mr. *Goodfellow*, shewing the patterns, "what think you of "these patterns? they are very good?" "I like "them," says the mercer, "put me down fix "pieces of each of these checks." Sir, I thank "you," says *Goodfellow*, putting them down in his book. "So Sir, (he continued) *Mathematic* "first

“ first wanted to prove that *Hanover* and the *Ohio* “ were five thousand miles asunder.” “ The devil he did !” says the mercer. “ And how do “ you imagine he contrived it ? by—he brought a “ map, in which *Hanover*, to deceive the *English*, “ was purposely left out,” continued *Goodfellow*. “ Ah, damn him !” says the mercer, “ the fellow “ ought to be hanged :” “ To be burnt alive, Sir,” “ says *Goodfellow*, “ he is an enemy to old *England*, “ by—. What think you of these fustians, Sir ?” “ Very good,” answered the mercer, “ send me “ six pieces of each of these too :” “ Sir, I thank “ you” says *Goodfellow*. “ Then, Sir, he began “ a damned story of a cock and a bull, about the “ *French* forces being better than the *English*. “ These ribbands, I believe Sir, you will think “ very pretty :” “ Send me twenty pieces,” says the mercer : “ Sir, I thank you,” replied Mr. *Goodfellow*. “ After this, Sir, he brings a damned scrole, which he called a mathematical demonstration, and never mentioned a word of “ *English* courage in the thing.” “ Not a word “ of *English* courage !” says the mercer. “ Not a “ word, as I hope to be saved,” answered *Goodfellow*. “ Silk, buckram, tapes, or inkles Sir ?” “ Twelve “ pounds of the first, twenty pieces of the second, “ and a gross of each of the others,” replied the mercer. “ Sir, I thank you,” says Mr. *Goodfellow*. “ But,” says the mercer, is it possible “ the

“the villain could leave out *English* courage?”
“Upon my soul,” says *Goodfellow*, “pins or
“needles, ferreting or canvas, Sir?” “Yes, Sir,
“send me forty gross of pins, ten thousand needles,
“twelve dozen of ferreting, and six pieces of can-
“vas,” says the mercer. “Sir, I thank you,”
says *Goodfellow*. “Not a word of *English* courage
“by—!”

“THEN, Sir, I took him him off short, and
“cut him all to pieces in a minute. Any kind of
“threads, Sir?” “Send me six gross of all sorts,”
“Says the rider, “Look you, Mr. *Mathematic*,
“says I, by—!” “I ask your pardon, madam,
for swearing (to the wife) there was no avoiding
it, “you are an enemy to your country. Will you
“say beef does not give more courage than soup-
“meagre, and plumb-pudding than frogs and sal-
“lads?” “Why, he had not the impudence to
“say that, sure?” says the wife, “had he?” Up-
“on my honour, madam,” says *Goodfellow*, clap-
ping his hand on his breast. “*Manchester* velvets,
“Sir?” “Half a dozen pieces of best black,” an-
“swered the mercer. “Thank you, Sir, they
“shall be the best you ever saw; we dye all these
“things under our own eyes,” says *Goodfellow*.
“So, says I, Mr. *Mathematic*, look you, Sir, a
“man that will say what you have said, and assert,
“that beef and plumb-pudding will not beat frogs
“and

"and soup-meagre, must be a scoundrel by——.
"And here ends our argument. Madam, you
"know one could say no less when he talked in
"that manner of old *England*." To be sure,"
says the wife, "I think you used him too ci-
"villy."

"WELL," says the mercer, "Mr. *Goodfellow*
"use me well, and you shall have my dealings."
"Sir, you may depend on it, no one can serve
"you so well in *England*; the manufacturer can-
"not serve you so cheap as we can." "How so,
"Mr. *Goodfellow*?" says the mercer. "Sir, I'll
"tell you, we always keep twenty thousand pounds
"in cash at *Manchester*, and ten at *Coventry*;
"when the poor tradesmen, wanting cash, come
"immediately to us, and sell their pieces for less
"than they cost the making, for the sake of ready
"money. By these means we often furnish the
"manufacturers themselves; some of them have
"left off making, and buy of us because it's
"cheaper, and perhaps they will all. And——
"but Sir, you will drink a glass, and dine with
"me at my inn——we will be jolly," shaking the
mercier by the hand most cordially. "Then we
"will have a little more talk of this affair. You
"may think of something else that is wanting, and
"I will give you a song." He then took his leave
very politely of the wife and children, who wished
Mr. *Goodfellow* a good journey; the mercer saying

as he went out, " By *Jove*, he is a clever fellow!"

IN this manner the story was told six different times, and six new customers added to his list. By this accident, Mr. *Goodfellow* was immortal in the opinion of all the people in the town, and poor *Dick Mathematic* reduced to great contempt. Alas! his soul was so penetrated with grief at this melancholy affair, that he determined to quit the place, and renounce his school.

WHEN as been a sufferer in a ministerial cause, he was soon honoured with a place in the customs, at a sea-port in the west, worth a hundred a year; where he still resides, not having yet shaken off the gloom which he contracted on that account.

C H A P. LXXXVII.

Strokes of joy saddened by affliction between Mr. Sweetwood and lady Flimsy. Mr. Muckworm in great tribulation and distress; all which ends well at last.

MR. *Sweetwood* being arrived at *London*, met lady *Flimsy* at the masquerade, as we have already said, where he was introduced to the earl of *Liberal* by his countess, who presented him to her lord, by saying, " I am greatly obliged to
" this

“ this gentleman for his civility to me when I was in
“ distress at *Bristol* ” Mr. *Sweetwood* bowed, and
the earl thanked him, with desiring him to be his
guest in town. “ Suffer me,” says his lordship,
“ to be considered as one of your friends. Sir,
“ you have a power upon my heart, and a right
“ to my esteem, which nothing else could so ef-
“ fectually procure you, and nothing can craze.
“ Serving my lovely *Lydia*,” taking her by the
hand, “ includes every merit, in my opinion.”
“ I am only sorry I had it not more effectually in
“ my power,” replied Mr. *Sweetwood*.

BEFORE this company left the masquerade, Mr.
Sweetwood desired lady *Flimsy* to permit him to vi-
sit her the next morning: she said, he would oblige
her more by not seeing her at that time, “ and
“ we shall dine together at my lord *Liberal*’s to-
“ morrow, when we will settle every thing relat-
“ ing to that affair.” Mr. *Sweetwood* obeyed,
but with reluctance. The time of dining being
nearly come, Mr. *Sweetwood* repaired to the earl’s
where lady *Liberal* received him with great polite-
ness. After a little pause, “ Madam,” says he,
“ I must intreat you to be my intercessor with lady
“ *Flimsy*, and prevail upon her to permit me to
“ visit her. You have heard the cruel quarantine
“ I have performed, of more than nine months;
“ certainly the danger of infection must be over
“ by this time, and the remaining time which
“ completes

“ completes the cruel year, may be dispensed with
“ in favour of former love; especially considering
“ the whole circumstance which attended lady
“ *Flimsy*’s first marriage.”

THE earl hearing part of this conversation, joined with lady *Liberal*, in agreeing, that the conditions were extremely severe. “ We will try, Mr. *Sweetwood*,” says lady *Liberal*, “ to break
“ the chains, which hold you from all you love:
“ shall not we, my dear,” smiling in my lord’s face? “ Yes, we will free the man,” says my lord; “ it can be no great violation sure to make
“ a woman happy, in opposition to a ridiculous
“ resolution.” Pray, my lord,” says *Sweetwood*,
“ let me intreat you not to be too resolute in this
“ attempt; I would suffer any thing rather than
“ give lady *Flimsy* a moment’s disquietude.” “ Poor
“ swain,” says my lord, “ have a care now, do
“ not prophane the idol of your heart.” “ Indeed,” says lady *Liberal*, “ you rally with a
“ good grace; do you imagine yourself less delicate in such matters than Mr. *Sweetwood*? You
“ who have taken a poor girl from the moment of
“ destruction, and made her a countess; and are
“ now persisting in spoiling her with extreme and
“ assiduous fondness from day to day? You, who
“ have dared to expose your life in her favour, and
“ yet you presume to laugh at Mr. *Sweetwood*;
“ believe me,” smiling in his face, “ I think you
“ would behave in the same manner: how can I
“ imagine

“imagine otherwise, since from the nuptial hour,
“the happiest that ever shone on mortals, you
“have been totally engaged in making me the ob-
“ject of your affection, and preserving me from
“every disquietude.”

At this time lady *Flimsy* arriving, put an end to the conversation. The hours were past in the utmost pleasure between four persons, all amiable and of understanding. Lord *Liberal* rallied lady *Flimsy* on her quarrel with her heart, in interdicting Mr. *Sweetwood*, and almost laughed her from the resolution of preserving the decorum of a twelve-month's widowhood.

“So tender a husband, so faithful to my arms,
“so honourable to all, the generous protector of
“the innocent and amiable, snatched cruelly in
“the very flower of his youth from my embrace;
“whilst all his charms were in full bloom, death
“cropt the lovely rose: Oh! how did virtue suf-
“fer! the world lost a friend, the poor a father,
“the learned a patron: oh! my heart will not
“permit me to proceed on this mournful occasion,
“wretched woman that I am.” These I know
“are the melancholy ideas which possess your
“heart, the expression is so visible in your face,”
says the earl to lady *Flimsy*.

“PARDON me, my lord, I am sure I pretend
“to no such affliction.”

“INDEED

“INDEED you do, madam,” says the earl,
“what is all this affection of a whole year’s weeds
“and widowhood, but lamenting the loss of a
“dear and tender husband?”

“THE decorum of the world, and decency require it,” replied the viscountess.

“DECORUM and decency require us then,” says the earl, “to wear the external tokens of
“mourning, for the loss of that which the soul internally rejoices to be deprived of. To pay the
“same respect which is due to merit and affection,
“to that which had never the least degree of either. And, corrupting the best part of the human heart, by the continued hypocrisy of a
“whole year, smile through the sable envelope,
“like *Cynthia* through surrounding clouds.”

LADY *Flimsy* defended herself with that kind of force which cowards use, when they are obliged by shame, or some other motive, to resist. Her heart yielded to the power of love, and restrained her from exerting her full answer; she found a reluctance to defend herself, and a few days brought her to the resolution of giving Mr. *Sweetwood* her hand. No happiness was ever superior to this of *Sweetwood’s*; the viscountess herself felt an ease upon her bosom, a complacency upon her heart, which had long been alienated from it, during the whole interdiction of Mr. *Sweetwood*. She had suffered
on

on his and her own account; the pathetic passion had been ill at ease, in being de-prived the presence of its object.

THIS disquietude was at an end, the clouds which obscured the fair face of love were dissipated. The souls of this pair were all sun-shine and pleasure, the day was appointed for the nuptials, *Sweetwood's* heart was panting with excessive bliss at the thoughts of his being united for life to his dear *Arabella*; he would frequently take her hand in his, as they sat together, and squeeze it with emphatic eagerness: at the same time, gazing in her face with eyes swimming in floods of love, uttering, "My *Arabella*! my dearest creature! my soul!" She listening to the soothing sound with looks of reciprocated affection, comparing the sweet effect these expressions had upon her heart, with the different ones which arose from the same words uttered formerly by lord *Flimsy*.

HEAVEN! she would say secretly, can there be such difference in the same expressions from different objects? The very words which, uttered by Mr. *Sweetwood*, thrill through every fibre of my heart, like music from the hand of the finest musician, and attune my soul to his in sympathetic harmony, pronounced by lord *Flimsy* were discord and distaste. My soul shuddered at the sound as odious as the hissing of an adder.

LORD *Beef*, who, though he had no inclination to oppose Mr. *Sweetwood* in arms, had a fixed resolution

lution to torment him in his love, (as it is the coward's disposition never to forgive.) Therefore, finding that Mr. *Sweetwood* was gone to *London* after the viscountess, took the resolution of following her thither also; he was determined to defer, if not totally prevent, the marriage and happiness of this pair.

WITH this intent he waited on Mr. *Muckworm*, and told him that Lady *Flimsy* was about to marry Mr. *Sweetwood*; "But," says he, "Sir she is not yet of age, and cannot marry without your consent; surely you will not give her leave to ruin herself by wedding a fellow, whose estate, at best, is not six hundred pounds a year."

"SIR," says *Muckworm*, "I thought she had been free from my guardianship after being once married." "Not till she is of age," says *Beef*. "Now if you will oblige her to marry me, I will settle my whole estate upon your family if I have no children, or in case they do not live."

HE then explained who he was, with adding, "you see, sir, there can be no one whom I care six-pence for, but myself; wherefore you are as welcome to my estate as another, provided I have no children."

THIS offer struck Mr. *Muckworm* with much force. He knew the viscountess wanted a year to be

be of age; and concluded, that the abstinence of twelve months was a trying circumstance to a widow; he had ever formed the judgement of the sexes by himself and his wife, and firmly believed, that every man, and every woman, were equally adapted for each other. Under this conviction he determined to consult Mrs. *Muckworm* on this affair.

“WHAT dost think, mistress,” says he, “here is a gentleman that hath been to see me, and tells me lady *Flimsy* is about marrying Mr. *Sweetwood*?”

“THERE let her marry him if she will, a proud minx, she has never had the manners to visit me since her last marriage. All the world knows how you disposed of her to a lord, and she has thrown herself away on a poor country squire; I would not meddle in it, was I you.” “Ah, but wife,” says *Muckworm*, “he tells me I can prevent the match, and that he will settle his whole estate, which is very great, in case of default of issue, on my family, if I can engage her to marry him.”

“AH, that is quite another thing, if you or your children, are likely to be the better for it, prevent her to be sure. I would make the proud minx suffer for her neglect, she should know what it was to offend her guardian,” says Mrs. *Muckworm*.

THE matter then being settled between lord *Beef*, and Mr. *Muckworm*, the merchant was to write a letter to lady *Flimsy*, and forbid her marrying Mr. *Sweetwood*.

SWEETWOOD having passed the evening with lady *Flimsy* in mutual delight and passion, said, "Now, madam, the last sun has set upon our separation, and my misery; to-morrow makes me the happiest of men." Lord *Liberal*, and his lady, had promised to be early with lady *Flimsy*; his lordship being to give her away.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. *Sweetwood* was convinced that the succeeding day was to be the happiest since the creation, when he pronounced the words, *Now the last sun has set upon our separation*; he felt an internal sensation that seemed to give his mind the negative to this expression.

HE slept the whole night, attended with infinite disquietude. It was not the impatient joy of coming happiness, which seemed to prevent his sleeping, but a displeasing distrust, which differs as much from the other, as the benign message of an angel from the terrifying presence of a ghost.

THIS, however, he still construed as arising from the timid disposition of lovers, eternally anxious through fear of losing all they love, and no presentiment of approaching evil.

THE day appearing, after as long and as tedious a night as he had ever passed, Mr. *Sweetwood*

wood dressed, and repaired to lady *Flimsy's*; when being admitted he found her bathed in tears.

ASTONISHED at this appearance, he ran to her, asking with the most pathetic request what was the matter? trembling from the centre of his soul: "My *Arabella*, tell me what afflicts you, "my soul, tell me, I implore you." She could not prevent her bosom from being tortured by the message she had received; yet she was somewhat reluctant in answering this question; ashamed to confess, that the delay of her marriage a year, which was all it could do, should give her such infinite affliction.

"HOWEVER," she said, "read that letter," pointing to one which lay before her; it was directed in this manner:

To Lady *Flimsy*.

THESE Present.

MR. *Sweetwood* opening it, read, "My lady, I am informed that you be going to marry Mr. *Sweetwood*; this is, therefore, as the law directs, to warn you against it; you are not of age, and I am your guardian, wherefore I here forbid the thing; and if you do marry this *Sweetwood*, I will make the marriage null and void: I have another man in my eye who is ten times as rich;

"Your humble Servant,

"M. MUCK WORM."

Mr. *Sweetwood*, at reading this letter, was, for a few minutes, petrified; till his soul, struck by the message, like the rock in the desert, by the hand of *Moses*, poured forth plenteous streams of water. “My *Arabella*, my soul,” looking in her face, “must this message be cruelly complied with? “is there no way by which my soul can be relieved “from this distress? does this cursed law oblige “people to be chained more than once to all that “is detestible? is all choice secluded from lovers, “hearts, and given to those who can have no sensation of such distress?”

SHE looked in his face with flowing eyes, more eloquent in silence than words can make her. At length she sighed, and said, “It is but a year; then “this thralldom ends.” A year!” cried *Sweetwood*, an hour is more than ages at this instant. “But it shall be yet completed. Permit me, madam, “to fly instantly, and consult counsel on this occasion; I am almost sure that this arrogance is “contrary to law. Shall we be so treated without knowing whether he has a right or not?” “As you please, Sir,” says she.

Mr. *Sweetwood* then taking the letter, took a coach, and hurried to a tavern very near Mr. *Muckworm's*: in the way he called at his lodgings, and took a brace of pistols in his pocket. Being set down, he sent a message to Mr. *Muckworm* as from a tradesman, who intended to deal with him for the commodities he sold.

MR.

MR. *Muckworm*, ever ready to turn the penny, complied with the message; and being arrived at the tavern, was shewn the room in which Mr. *Sweetwood* was; each of these gentlemen was unknown to the other.

SWEETWOOD therefore began, with saying, "Sir, your name is *Muckworm*, I presume." "Yes, sir, at your service," replied the merchant. "Pray are you the gentleman that are so rich, the guardian of lady *Flimsy*?" says *Sweetwood*. "Ho, ho, ho, not so rich, sir; but I am her guardian however," answered *Muckworm*. *Sweetwood* then stepped to the door, and locking it, took the two pistols from his pocket, and said, "My name is *Sweetwood*, you have written a letter to that lady to-day in which you have prohibited her marrying me. Take your choice of these pistols; for you or I will die instantly, unless you revoke that message." This was pronounced with a face of much resolution.

MR. *Muckworm*, not liking this speech, began to evacuate most powerfully; which, though not by sweat, answered full as well; physicians having observed, that frequently one secretion effects the purpose of another. Thus, stinking and trembling, he said, "I am worth a hundred thousand pounds, and do not understand pistols at all." "Sir," says *Sweetwood*, "if you were worth a million I would immediately shoot you; unless

I 3

" you

“you give me, under your hand, your consent
“to marry lady *Flimsy*. Must I be twice render-
“ed miserable by your villainy?” This situation
was too perilous to be dallied with; *Muckworm*
therefore answered he would give his consent.

A PEN, ink, and paper, being called for, the
merchant wrote a revocation of his former letter,
giving Mr. *Sweetwood* his full consent to marry
lady *Flimsy*.

IN the mean while, lord and lady *Liberal* came
to lady *Flimsy*'s to attend the nuptial ceremony;
when seeing something unusual in the face of lady
Flimsy, who affected a kind of false gaiety with a
pair of tell-tale blood-shot eyes, as if to conceal
some internal disquietude; they were under some
dilemma as to the occasion, looking in one an-
other's face in doubt how to behave.

AT length the earl asked if Mr. *Sweetwood*
was not yet come; the viscountess answered that
he was gone to his lawyer. “Poor lady,” says the
earl, “what the writings are not finished, and
“the wedding is to be deferred a whole day may
“be.” “Not on that account I assure you, my
“lord,” says she. This ambiguous expression
alarmed lady *Liberal*, when she said to the vis-
countess,, “Madam, I intreat you make me
“acquainted with what has happened; something
“I saw in your face at the moment of our coming
“has disquieted you, I know you will tell me.”

“I will

"I will retire," says the earl. "Not at all," says lady *Flimsy*, "read that letter:" when reading *Muck-worm's* letter, he burst out a laughing. "Poor thing! did he intend taking away her sweet-heart?" says the earl. Lady *Flimsy* hung her head, and the countess smiled at the account.

"HOWEVER," says the earl, "here is one consolation for you, this fellow's inclination has out-shot his power, the law gives guardians no authority over widows under age; he is mistaken in his aim, though it proves him a rascal."

THE words were scarce finished when Mr. *Sweetwood* entered with *Muck-worm's* consent. Lord *Liberal* was much diverted at this hurry of the lovers. The ceremony of marriage was then finished, and the day spent in great pleasure; this circumstance of distress not a little contributing to the sprightliness of the conversation.

IN two days Mr. *Sweetwood* and lady *Flimsy* left London for *Worcestershire*; to which place, we wish them a happy journey.

C H A P. LXXXVIII.

In which lady Betty Wriggle once more appears to our readers; she endeavours to disturb the happiness she cannot enjoy. Mr. Vainlove, and his character, make their first entrance. A small conversation.

LADY Betty Wriggle, whom we have already mentioned, by no means satisfied with missing the earl of *Liberal*, and taking no joy in the rising reputation of the countess, was maliciously hatching how she might disturb the quiet of this happy pair; and poison the stream of that delight which they were drinking, and she was forbidden to taste.

JEALOUSY was the seed, which she knew, could it be sown between them, would effectually, like tares, choke the blooming plant of mutual joy.

SHE therefore laid about for a proper person to dispatch as an emissary to accomplish this design. No long search determined her to pitch on a young officer in the guards of her acquaintance. He was six foot high, well made, and of a good family. These qualifications, with an excessive self-love, and high opinion of his person, rendered

ed him extremely open to the artful insinuations of every expert flatterer, he was far from being void of understanding, but that was almost drowned in an ocean of vanity.

THIS young gentleman, in visiting lady *Betty* one day, was relating the charming hours he had spent at lord *Liberal's*. "Upon my soul," says he, "lady *Betty*, so much beauty, and so much modesty, mixt with such excellent understanding, was never in one woman; and yet all these are inferior to her good-nature."

"HER good-nature indeed!" says lady *Betty* sneering.

"WHY, madam," says young *Vainlove*, "is she not good-natur'd?"

"To a miracle," replied lady *Betty*. "No one has given such proofs so soon after marriage, I believe."

"MADAM, I fear you insinuate what is not true."

"GOOD lack, I am not acquainted with her being at an assignation with captain *Bounce*, am I? Do you imagine because he is a coward, and had not resolution to defend what he had said of her, that the affair was all a falsehood? No, no, my servant dogg'd her in her chair to a place of rendezvous within six days after she was married with that very man." She then

rang the bell, and bid *Thomas* enter. " Pray
 " *Thomas*, did not you follow lady *Liberal* to a
 " rendezvous within six days after she was mar-
 " ried, and see captain. *Bounce* go into the same
 " house?" " Yes, my lady," says *Thomas*, who
 understands always by the question which way
 it is to be answered.

" WELL, Mr. *Vainlove*, what say you to
 " this?"

" FAITH, my lady, I could not have believed
 " it, but you women are such confounded hypo-
 " crites; I never saw such appearance of true
 " tenderness between a man and women in my
 " life," says the officer.

" WHY, *Vainlove*," says lady *Betty*, " she said
 " such things in favour of you at a place where I
 " met her by accident in a visit, that upon my
 " honour I never heard the like come from any
 " woman's lips; attended with such wishing looks
 " and luscious warmth in the expression, that no
 " one of the company missed taking notice of it.
 " A fortnight's pursuit carries her."

" Poh, poh, my lady, you rally, I am con-
 " vinced you do."

" NOT I, upon my word it is sincerely true:
 " but I shall say no more in this affair. You will
 " accuse me by-and-by of persuading you to an
 " intrigue, which God knows I would not do for
 " any

“any consideration in life. I would not be instrumental in spoiling their happiness, that will come soon enough without my assistance. For, upon my honour, *Vainlove*, it is your fault, if this angel, of such celestial qualities, does not prove a mere woman in your arms within this month.” Thus ended this visiting.

CHAP. LXXXI.

Mr. Vainlove commences an intrigue, which leads him to a French refugee; and brings the reader acquainted with a doctor in philosophy, a doctor in physic, a fellow of the royal societies of London and Berlin, and a writer of reviews, and j—rn—aux Brit—niques, all most illustriously combined in one thing, happily distinguished in soul and body; in which his physic and philosophy, his science and literature, are truly displayed for the good of all students in these various branches, without desiring a patent for the discovery.

THE conversation of this visit dwelt in *Vainlove's* mind: he could not divest himself of what lady *Betty* had told him. He, therefore, much assisted by his natural prevention in favour of himself, began to think it possible; particularly, as one day dining at the earl's, a pistol fired in the street made the countess start suddenly at the table

from the noise, and catch hold of Mr. *Vainlove's* arm, who sat next to her.

VANITY converts every accident into real design; this accident together with the precious story of lady *Betty*, convinced Mr. *Vainlove*, that this fright was all pretended; and that she had taken this occasion to squeeze his arm and tell him by that means that she had a passion for him.

RESOLVED therefore to continue this intrigue, so happily begun, he set about inquiring how a letter might be conducted safely and secretly to her hands. He was afraid to trust one of the servants with the conduct of it, lest that might hint the intent, and discover the design: he therefore found out, that my lord's valet de chambre was a Swiss, and that he was extremely intimate with a refugee *French* doctor in *Soho*. It seems these fellows from their original meanness of birth, have ever made it a rule to be intimately acquainted with the valets de chambre, or lady's woman, in all houses where these servants are foreigners. And thus, by their being recommended to the masters and mistresses, have not unfrequently crept into favour with the family.

THIS man (having found him by the account he had heard, truly adapted to his purpose) *Vainlove* determined to employ on this occasion.

Now this same doctor is perhaps of all human beings the most singular and contemptible: his appearance

appearance being the meanest, and his aspect the most depreciating in all human nature. Added to this it seems he hastaken it into imagination, that a great wig is essentially necessary to the dignity of a doctor. For which reason, his head is covered with as much hair, as would, were it straw, thatch a cottage. And through this integument, he peeps like king *Charles* in the sign of the royal oak, a small face surrounded with a wood of leaves. Nature, to complete this happy production, has placed his two eyes like *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, for ever following one another; the left always turning to look after the right, which cautiously avoids being seen by its fellow. His wig also, as if it were ashamed to be seen by these eyes, or in his company, is for ever stealing away from the right side, and walking round to the left: by these means the right ear is eternally left uncovered, and the left cheek in a total eclipse.

THESE personal defects, would never have been imputed to him, if with all these, an understanding as much distorted and awry as his two peepers, or his wig, he did not take it into his head to believe himself a beauty, and set up for a critic in philosophy, and literature of all kinds; as the effect of this arrogance, he publicly declares himself equal to every thing, from the lightest tale to the deepest metaphysics, from addition in arithmetic to the most

most abstruse mathematics, with all other species of writing in verse and prose, gay and serious, and even in our language, which he does not understand. A sample of *Dutch* ignorance, grafted on *French* self-sufficiency, being of the education of the first, and race of the last. These ill-grounded pretensions, together with the meanness of his heart, have rendered him the contempt and ridicule of all who know him.

THIS being, *Vainlove* pretending to be sick, sent for to attend him, intending by that means, to open his design, and not abruptly tell him his intention of employing him in so despicable an affair, as carrying a letter of intrigue.

The servant then being dispatched to *Thr—st—street*, found the doctor at home, translating the original criticisms of his *J—r—l Br-t-n-q e* from the trite observations of the *Monthly-review*. He was not so absorbed in study but that he was ready to go to his patient before he knew where. However, having received the message, he accompanied the servant, and talked much to him in the way concerning his great business amongst the nobility.

BEING at length arrived at *Vainlove's* lodgings, it was with great difficulty that gallant young gentleman refrained from laughing at the sight of this despicable being, this inverted beefom. Dr. *Swift's* meditation in the manner of the honourable Mr. Boyle,

Boyle, coming into his head, he scarce withheld himself from saying, surely mortal man is a broomstick.

HOWEVER, composing the muscles of risibility, which were almost again discomposed by the doctor's reverential aukward bow; he desired him to feel his pulse, declaring he was much out of order. The ridiculousness of the figure determining him to take some diversion with him.

THE doctor then taking *Vainlove's* arm with all possible solemnity of phyz, began to feel his pulse with profound attention, when he cried out, "Tic, tic, tac, tac, vat the devil be in the pulse, I think, vere be your pain, tell a me ser?"

"IN this part," pointing to his breast, says *Vainlove*.

"A—H—E," says the doctor, "*Tific poumonic*, by gar the pulse be very tific and poumonic, I tell you dat,"

"No, doctor, you are mistaken, that is not my disorder."

"WHAT den?" says the doctor, "tell a me ser."

"THAT I must leave you to decide doctor," answered *Vainlove*.

"A—H—E, dat be no matter, me cure the patient as vell ven me not know a de disese as ven me do, me vil tell a you my manner to treat de malade, you shall hear a me reson upon dat matter."

"DE

“DE difese you know fer, do ly in de body in
 “some part or de oder. Me no mind a de principe,
 “if I do kill a de difese, by gar, dat is all de doctor
 “can do.”

“IT is extremely true, doctor,” answered *Vain-
 love*.

“VEL, now you shall see I take a de difese as
 “mareshall *Saxe* did take a de town: by gar me
 “charge all a my artillery vid de electuare, de bolus,
 “de julep, de tisan, de bouillon, de powder, de pill,
 “de blister, de glister, de purge, de emetic, de
 “sudorific, de diuretic, and all de medicine in the
 “vorld by gar.” (telling him all these on his fin-
 “gers) “Den I let a fly all dis at vance at my pa-
 “shan: as de difese do lye in de body, vere shall
 “it hide to escape a my discharge by gar. I hit all
 “de body, and kill a de difese, it is no possieble it
 “escape: dat is my vay to take a difese.”

“BUT pray, doctor, by this violent manner of
 “atacking the body, do not your patients some-
 “times die as well as the distemper?”

BY gar dat be de only van diable d’ accident dat
 “do attend a my pratique. De passhan be so fond
 “of de malady he vill die for grief ven I kill a de
 “difese; but by gar, fer, dat be not a my faut if
 “de passhan vill die veen I kill a de difese; how can
 “I help dat, fer?”

“RIGHT, doctor. But I am told you are full
 “as good a critic as a phyfician, and a better phi-
 “losopher

“lofopher than both; do not you write the
 “*J—r—l Br-t-n-q-e*, and treat authors as you
 “do your patients, by letting fly your artillery of
 “learning againft books, as you do medicines
 “againft bodies?”

“DAT is very true, fer, I do vrite a dat book,
 “dere is de great cannon Mr. ———, de great
 “Mr. ——— and his lady, and a myself do vrite
 “de review, dere is de book for you by gar.”

“PRAY, doctor, do you read all the books
 “you criticife in thefe writings of yours?” fays
Vainlove.

“ME vill tell you, fer, how I do make a de
 “critique; but as I am doctor in philosophy, I
 “vill make a de fyllogis for dat.

“DE man who be de fool cannot make a de
 “good book, dat be de majore.

“DE man who do not present a me his book be
 “very fool, dat be de minore.

“DERFORE de book be—hay—vat—by gar
 “I have forgot a my philosophy, vat a diable is
 “come a my head? I no make a de fyllogis nor de
 “conclufhon.”

“I UNDERSTAND you, doctor,” fays *Vainlove*,
 “you conclude, that all books are extremely ill-
 “written which are not given you by the authors
 “of them; and all thofe very well; that are;
 “fo forming their merit from thefe circumftances,
 “criticife

"criticise accordingly without reading a word of
"either.

"DAT is de ting, by gar," replied the doctor,
"ve do a de same ting in de *Review*."

"YOUR method, doctor, is somewhat singular.
"However, as my disorder does not require all
"your artillery, prescribe me a purging potion,
"and send your journal along with it this evening,"
says *Vainlove*.

"BY gar dat be de right jugeman, no two ting
"in the vorld do go so vell togeder, as my purga-
"tive and my book: all a my passhan allvise take
"a van vid de oder."

"I SUPPOSE then, doctor, you write in the
"new way, the leaves of your journal are very de-
"tergent."

"VAT is dat de detergent vriting? by gar, me
"no understand a dat."

"THE new way, the wiping way, its much in
"fashion at present, doctor."

"A—H—E, by gar mine be much in dat fa-
"shan, de wiping way: den I do assure you, dat
"mine be de very wiping way. But, ser, I desire
"one ting, dat you vill mark the reflection, and
"de vit in my journal.

"YOU may depend on it, doctor, every leaf
"shall be marked by to-morrow evening," replied
"Vainlove.

"A—H—E,

"A—H—E, dat be too mush, you are too good; but I shall be very mush oblige to you for dat, me vill show a your remark to de royale societé, it vill do a me mush honor dere.

"THAT is another honour, I did not know you were distinguished with, doctor."

"By gar,—and of *Berlin* too, me vill tell you dat, ser. De royale societé of *Lonton* did chuse a me, decause I vas de most singular ting in de world: and de society of *Berlin*, because dey did believe it in de letter. Do you know the reason why I vas made member of de royale societé!"

"No, doctor, indeed I do not."

"By gar, me vill tell a you dat. You know, ser, dat de common man begin his vill vid, I give a my body to be decently interred. How you tink I make a my vill? by gar like de philosophe; I say, I give a my body to the royale societé to be smoaked and dried, and to be put in the grand collection of Sir *Hans Sloane*, to be placed on de pedestel. Vere should de philosophe be placed, but vid de philosophy; vid dis inscription; it begin like *Louis Quatorze*, here it is," taking it from his pocket, written as follows, "de first be de *Lattain* for de scholar, de rest be de *Englise* for all de world."

Semiviva

L Y D I A.

Semiviro immortalis.

Here continues to stand
 In his original perfection
J. M——y,
 Doctor in physic,
 Doctor in philosophy,
 Fellow of the royal society of *London*,
 And of *Berlin*;
 That being so marvelously favoured
 By providence,
 Selected
 From all the race of the creation,
 To be the distinguished link
 In the great chain
 Of nature,
 That does so amazingly join
 The monkey
 And the
 Man.

“VERY extraordinary, and very true, indeed!”
 says *Vainlove*. “Providence has been extremely
 “kind in thus favouring you above all creatures,
 “and you are grateful to remember it I find: for
 “aught I see, doctor, provided you are well dried
 “and preserved, you may be personally known a
 “thousand years hence, to as great advantage at at
 “present.”

“By

“ BY gar dat is my invenſhon to make a me im-
“ mortel, ven my book be eaten by de vorm.”

“ OR uſed with your phyſic,” ſays *Vainlove*.

“ RIGHT, ſer, den I ſtand de admirafhon of all
“ de world.”

“ INDEED,” ſays *Vainlove*, I greatly applaud
“ the royal ſocieties for having choſen ſo ſingular
“ a member, and you for this happy thought of
“ immortality.”

“ BUT, doctör, permit me to tell you that I
“ have yet a farther buſineſs with you; I am told
“ no man in *Europe* delivers a letter, or carries on
“ an intrigue with half your addreſs and ſecrecy.
“ You beat our miniſtry in ſecrecy, when they
“ know not what they are doing.”

“ DAT be very true, by gar, dere be no man
“ dat do keep a de ſecret like a myſelf; de *Engliſh*
“ doctör, be de diable for de intrigue, dat be re-
“ ſerved for de honor of de *French* doctör!”

“ SIR, you are right, the *Engliſh* phyſicians
“ know nothing of it.”

“ BY gar it may look like de insolence; but I
“ tink I could teach a de royale ſocieté dat ting my-
“ ſelf.”

“ I BELIEVE it, doctör, therefore I requeſt you
“ would find ſome means to deliver this letter ſe-
“ cretly to lady *Liberal*, you are acquainted with
“ the family.”

“ LET

“LET a me alone for dat, by gar me vill do a
“de ting; let a me alone.”

VAINLOVE then gave him the letter, and a guinea, both which the doctor very respectfully receiving, walked off with much internal glee.

JUST as he was taking leave, a companion of *Vainlove's* came into his lodgings. He was struck dumb with amazement at the appearance of so odd a creature; “In the name of goodness, what can
“that animal be, which is just gone from you?” says the visiter.

“No less,” says *Vainlove*, “than a doctor in
“philosophy and physic, and fellow of two royal
“societies. It seems he, *B——w*, and others,
“form the alliance which produces the monthly re-
“view. This accounts for the singular criticisms
“which are to be found in it, a dignified informer,
“a *French* refugee, and a renegado to the church
“of *England*, an excellent triumvirate of critics
“indeed! By these means, whatever attacks the
“infamy of the first, and supports our constitution,
“is sure to meet defamation; the latter prefers
“translations from the *French* to our own lan-
“guage; and the last, all that is immoral, im-
“pious, schismatical, and against the establ-
“ed church, to truth and righteousness. This
“discovery partly accounts for all the absurd mis-
“representations of that *Review*; but, indeed,
“the world now judges diametrically opposite to
“their

“their decisions, and never fails purchasing the
“books they dispraise. This is my rule, and the
“approbation of the world confirms this truth.”

AND with this truth we end this chapter.

C H A P. XC.

Vainlove enjoys the idea of coming happiness ; writes a most lovely love epistle. Lady Liberal's behaviour not amiss to be imitated by young wives perhaps. Master Doctor prescribes a second purge, though the patient has not taken the first ; reasons for such proceedings. Mr. Vainlove's dress and impatience cured by a look. A parallel of the same man, between himself and himself at two different times.

THE next morning master Doctor, having thatched his noddle with his enormous perriwig, and tucked on his sword to his side, sallied forth to pay a visit to his friend, the valet de chambre of my lord *Liberal*. After having past the previous ceremonies, he prevailed on the *Swiss* without difficulty to deliver the letter to his lady. Now this species of Europeans never suggest farther than they see, by which means, perceiving there was nothing amiss in the superscription, which he saw ; he concluded there was none in the inside, which he did not see. He, therefore, delivered

delivered it secretly to the countess, as he had been desired. It was directed, To the Right Honourable the countess of *Liberal*.

“ MADAM,

“ It is impossible for human eyes to behold your
 “ face without loving, and though my lips could
 “ never presume to tell you this, yet my heart will
 “ not suffer the secret to rest within my bosom; I
 “ am, therefore, compelled to this manner of de-
 “ claring it, you alone can complete my misery or
 “ happiness, look on me with compassion, and
 “ permit me to lay myself at your feet, to implore
 “ some favourable attention to my passion. Con-
 “ sider, madam, that heaven delights in communi-
 “ cating happiness to mortals: as you resemble it
 “ in beauty, be like it in mercy, and save the man
 “ who is dying for your charms.

“ I am,

“ May it please your Ladyship,

“ Your most obedient,

“ Most faithful,

“ And most humble Servant,

FR. VAINLOVE.

AFTER Lady *Liberal* had read this letter she said, “ *Vainlove*, and a *billet-doux*, what can be
 “ the cause of this insolence? Has my behaviour
 “ been

“ been such as can suggest a thought of my being
 “ false to lord *Liberal*? Or is it the present reign-
 “ ing taste, that creates this spirit of gallantry,
 “ and the contemptible idea of women? What a
 “ rattle of words, without the least feeling or sen-
 “ timent, does this letter contain? Yet these pro-
 “ bably may have already conduced to ruin some
 “ of our thoughtless sex. I will certainly know
 “ the bottom of this.”

HER ladyship then sent for the *Swiss*, when
 asking, “ If he knew from whom he had received
 “ that letter which he delivered her?” He an-
 swered, “ Yes, very well.” “ Do you know
 “ any thing of its contents?” says lady *Liberal*.
 “ No, indeed, my lady,” answered the *Swiss*. I
 “ hope it contains nothing disagreeable.” Indeed
 “ it does,” says lady *Liberal*; “ but I will give you
 “ a farther account. You assure me you know
 “ nothing of the contents?” I will make the per-
 “ son swear before your ladyship, that I do not;
 “ or I will cut his throat,” says the valet, being
 grievously afraid of losing his place, which was
 very lucrative! no inconsiderable motive to men of
 most nations, and never neglected by a *Swiss*.
 “ Very well,” says the countess; “ but let every
 “ thing alone till you have farther intelligence
 “ from me.” The valet bowed and withdrew.

LADY *Liberal* then determined, immediately,
 to send *Vainlove* a card, and ask him to drink tea

with her that afternoon: and who should be at *Vainlove's* lodgings giving an account of his embassy, when the card came, but Master *Doctor*. *Vainlove* read aloud, "Lady *Liberal's* compliments to Mr. *Vainlove*; desires his company, to drink tea this afternoon, as lord *Liberal* will be from home."

"DOCTOR," says *Vainlove*, in rapture, thou art a divine fellow."

"So me be, by Gar," says the doctor. "Did I not tell a you dat dere was no man so great as myself to carry de lettre in secret? Shall I write you another purge, and fend a you my journal?"

"Yes, doctor, with all my heart," says *Vainlove*.

He then wrote again, for the doctor was afraid the guinea would stick, if he did not pretend to prescribe for it. Having finished his prescription, *Vainlove* gave him two guineas. When the doctor bowing, would have gone on with his speech, but *Vainlove* interrupting him, said, "Another time, doctor your servant:" When again bowing, this compound of philosophy, physick, societies and intriguing, left the room.

It was now the mind of *Vainlove* was elated beyond all power of conceiving. He concluded this was a rendezvous appointed to make him happy. "To drink tea, as lord *Liberal* will be from home,"

"home," says he; "by—! lady *Betty Wriggle* knows her sex better than I do."

HE then sent for his peruquier, to dress his hair with the utmost elegance. He examined it with the glass in his hand every moment; his spirits were so fluttered he could not sit still; every minute was an age in a dungeon, till that arrived which was to carry him to lord *Liberal's*. He dressed himself in his most elegant apparel, surveyed himself a thousand times in the glass, walked with his sword on two hours before the time came that it was proper to go; asked his servant if he was well dressed twenty times; and scented his handkerchief again and again, lest the odour should be lost by long tarrying.

AT length, boxed in a chair, he was happily landed at the house of lord *Liberal*, and soon conducted to the apartment in which lady *Liberal* was to receive him.

He entered alertly, with smiles upon his face, bowing, and was approaching her ladyship to throw himself at her feet; but a kind of coolness in her looks, which he did not like, checked his impulse; like a keen northern blast let in upon the plants in a hot house, it stopped the vigour of his passion for a moment.

HER ladyship then taking the letter he had sent her from her pocket, asked him if he wrote that epistle; to which *Vainlove* replied he did. "Then

“pray, Sir,” says the viscountess, “have the
 “goodness to tell me from what appearance in
 “my behaviour you could suggest me capable of
 “being false to my lord *Liberal*.”

THIS question, asked with firmness by so fine a woman, coming with the full force of beauty and virtue, threw the poor swain into the utmost confusion.

“SIR,” says lady *Liberal*, “I must insist on
 “your telling me, that henceforth I may guard
 “myself against all such appearances. It is not
 “sufficient for me that I know my heart incapable
 “of deviating one moment from adoring the man
 “I love, and to whom my soul is indebted for all
 “its felicity: If my actions, however innocent,
 “seem to speak the contrary, I shall never be at
 “ease till I correct them.”

VAINLOVE, in amaze, protested he had never seen any action which could possibly hint any thought of her being untrue to her lord.

“WHENCE then,” Mr. *Vainlove*, “did you
 “presume to write to me in this manner?”

THE officer, confounded to the last degree by this question, told her ladyship the whole affair of lady *Betty Wriggle*, as we have related it; then dropping on his knees, asked her pardon.

“RISE, Sir, immediately,” says lady *Liberal*,
 “you have my pardon, provided you acquaint
 “lady *Betty* that her malice has failed in this illi-
 “beral

“beral attempt upon my happiness. But, sir,” she continued, “you can never visit this house again; your past conversation with lady *Betty* must for ever banish you these walls. She shall never enjoy a pretext, for saying, that the man she had set on to attack my virtue, can see the inside of this dwelling after that attempt. But pray did the person who brought the letter suggest what it contained?” “I believe he did,” my lady,” answered *Vainlove*.

“SIR,” says lady *Liberal*, “I hope this rebuke will prevent you from all such attempts on other ladies.” When saying this, she left the room, and Mr. *Vainlove* the House.

No two persons can be more unlike, than the *Vainlove* who entered the house, and the *Vainlove* who left it; from the summit of celestial bliss hurried into the abyss of disappointment. Such was the mighty fall of *Vainlove*, ten times higher than *Vulcan*’s, when *Jupiter* hurled him from the skies into *Lemnos*.

C H A P. XCI.

Mr. Doctor, contrary to the general complaint, receives a satisfactory and just reward of his merit and his labours.

LADY *Liberal* then sent for the *Swiss*, and told him, that the person who had delivered him the letter, knew the contents; which as they were very unmannerly, she left him to chastise his insolence, according to his merit.

FRANK, my lady's servant, being acquainted with this also by the *Swiss*, who was really a very honest fellow, they agreed together to take some small vengeance on master *Doctor* for his impudence. And the resolution was to unite *Tom* and *Richard* in the scheme, and give master *Doctor* a gentle toss in a blanket.

THE next morning the doctor came to see his *Swiss* friend, when being asked if he knew what the letter contained, and answering, yes, with a leer; the *Swiss*, without hesitation, took him by the collar, and led him into the court behind the house; when *Frank* and the other two appearing with a blanket, each took a corner, and tumbled master *Doctor* into the middle of it.

“ By

“By Gar, yat vill you do?” says the *Doctor*, “vill you tofs de *doctor* in philosophy in de “blanket?”

“ONE tofs for the *doctor* in Philosophy,” says *Frank*, and up he goes, the great wig flying one way, and the sword spreading out another; when being again received in the cloth, “I am de *doctor* “in phyfic,” cries the culprit.

“ONE tofs for the *doctor* of phyfic,” says *Tom*, and up he goes. “You dog, by gar, me be “member of de Royale Societé.”

“ONE tofs for that too,” says *Dick*, and up flies master *Doctor* again. “By gar me be of *Berlin* “too.”

“ONE tofs for *Berlin*,” says the *Swiss*, and up flies master *Doctor*; “and now,” says the *Swiss*, one tofs for bringing the letter, which being done, master *Doctor* was dismissed with a general laugh and a shout, in woeful plight; *Frank* saying, “Now “go and clean yourself with the leaves of your “journal, master *Doctor*.”

THIS chapter being full of action, we chuse to make it a short, though not a sweet one, and conclude.

C H A P. XCII.

Which includes Lady Liberal's behaviour in an article of more importance than it may at first seem to be.

LADY Liberal breakfasting with the earl, with a smile began, "My dear, I shall never be able to confine myself to you, I am afraid. My heart is already attacked by a man, whose profession it is to subdue all things. How shall I resist?"

"WHAT whim is gotten into your head now?" says the earl. "Upon my word," says the countess, "it is true; read that letter." At which words the earl reading *Vainlove's* letter, could not refrain from laughing, and saying, "Poor swain!" "Nay," says her ladyship, "I am greatly advanced in the spirit of intrigue, I have given him a rendezvous already, so very complying I am by nature. When my swain, alas! confessed, that lady *Betty Wriggle* had insinuated to him that I had been already false to you with captain *Bounce*, and this his behaviour has been the result of her persuasion and artifice."

"POOR Devil!" says the earl, "how did he behave?"

"IN the utmost confusion," replied the countess.

"WE

"WE must ask him to dine," says the earl, "to-morrow, my dear *Lydy*, and laugh at him for this imposition."

"No, my lord," replied the countess, "I have already banished him this house; lady *Betty Wriggle* shall never have it in her power to insinuate, from the least possible appearance of my conduct, any thing to my dishonour."

"SURELY you don't think me capable of jealousy, you little fool!" says the earl. "No, but I am, and ever will be jealous of my honour, since you have distinguished me from the rest of my sex. I will be the wife you have chosen, and never trifle with the least article which can suggest a diminution of that virtue which you deserve, and I have always cherished."

"You will gain my approbation in every thing; let it be as you please," says the earl with a kiss.

"You will take no notice of this to *Vainlove*," says the countess. When, saying this, the *Swiss* entered with an account of master *Doctor's* treatment, which was matter of no small laughter to the earl and his countess.

C H A P. XCIII.

The different sensations in the human breast, which accompany what we love, and what we hate. Lady Flimsy's letter to lady Liberal on that subject.

LADY *Flimsy* being now returned to *Fairland-hall*, wedded to the man she loved, lived in the enjoyment of one continued ecstasy. The different sensations which succeeded the nuptial day of my lord *Flimsy*, and those which attended her union with Mr. *Sweetwood* were inexpressible; horrors, distaste, and aversion increasing every moment after the first; delight, sympathetic joy, and unsensual desire, improving continually since the last; each look was now attended with reciprocal felicity, as the former was with mutual distaste; those lips which could not speak to the late lord *Flimsy* without the utmost reluctance, were now employed in all the pleasing expressions which love dictates to those whose bosoms are truly inspired with that celestial passion. Their imaginations exalted every common incident into transport; they never wished for the company of others to lighten the weight that hangs heavy on the hands of too many married pairs. Time was only killed when company interrupted their mutual endearments;

ments; the shady walks, the rills of water, sequestered scenes, and rural retirement, which suit the minds of man and woman sentimentally in love, were the frequented places of this happy pair of lovers.

MANY were the letters which passed between lady *Flimsy* and the countess of *Liberal*, one of which we shall give our readers at present only, as it seems to contain something more interesting, and heart-felt than those which are generally written from lady to lady on such occasions, particularly as it shews the sensation which love creates in the minds of those who are truly formed for its purest reception.

MADAM,

“ I N writing this letter to your ladyship, it is
 “ with pain I am withheld from invoking every
 “ power that poets implore to their assistance, so
 “ full is my bosom of the subject of it: how shall
 “ I explain to you the different sensations of my
 “ soul after this and my former marriage? This
 “ heart, which was once oppressed with eternal pain
 “ and aversion, is now dancing the flowery round of
 “ love exulting in delight. The name of hus-
 “ band, which was heretofore more detestable to
 “ my ears than the raven’s croak, is now more
 “ charming than the sweetest sounds of dulcet
 “ harmony. My eyes gaze, and gaze my very
 K 6 “ soul

" soul away, meeting his with equal ecstasy and
 " ardor; those lips, which never could be forced
 " to utter one pleasurable expression to lord *Elimfy*,
 " my heart is incessantly prompting with the ten-
 " derest terms of fondness for him I now possess;
 " those arms which loathed that lord, are never
 " weary of clasping my *Sweetwood* to my bosom;
 " each touch is transport thrilling to my heart;
 " our souls are intimately blended, one everlasting
 " unison and bliss.

" WHAT has this world to give which can atone
 " for the absence of this ecstatic state? What
 " motive could prompt that rebel of heaven and
 " nature to violate the first best law impressed on
 " human souls, and compel the bosoms of celestial
 " mold to be divided from those they love, and
 " tied to those they hate? Unnatural law! de-
 " structive institution! for which my heart, and
 " those of thousands more, have already severely
 " sorrowed. I am convinced it would be impos-
 " sible for you to conceive what I at present feel,
 " from any description words can impart; but
 " that your heart, formed with infinite sensibility,
 " is now enraptured with joys like those which I
 " possess. Every word, therefore, my dear friend,
 " will awaken some sympathetic idea in your
 " mind, unknown to those who wed for interested
 " views.

" CAN

“CAN that bosom, which delights in pomp and
 “pecuniary possession, taste the joy which now re-
 “vels at my heart? when my beloved *Sweetwood*
 “reclining his head upon my bosom, pressing my
 “hand, gazing with rapture on my face, ming-
 “ling sighs and vows, the tear of pleasure qui-
 “vering on his eye-lid, pronounces, My *Arabella*,
 “my love! my wife! Or when in return, pressing
 “my lip to his, amidst unnumbered kisses, I cry,
 “my life! my *Sweetwood*! What inexpressible
 “sensation of delight does the soul at these mo-
 “ments conceive? Celestial bliss! untiring, un-
 “abated rapture! But I must quit this subject
 “which would delude me to write eternally, if
 “my mind was to follow its loved propensity. I
 “beg your ladyship to keep this from the sight of
 “lord *Liberal*. I remember he smiled at some-
 “thing I once said in relation to love. He may
 “perhaps, think this conveys very different ideas
 “from what your bosom will conceive from it.”

“I am,

“Most affectionately,

“Your most obedient servant,

“ARABELLA FLIMSY.”

THIS letter lady *Liberal* read, but when she
 came to these words, keep this from lord *Liberal*'s
 sight, she said, “Indeed, my lady, my dear lord
 “is

“ is as sentimental as any man that breathes ; no
“ human being has ever felt with more delicate
“ compassion, loved with more pathetic sensation,
“ or relieved with more chearful grace the mis-
“ ries of human kind ; indeed I shall tell you that
“ in my answer.”

“ WHAT will you tell in your answer ?” says
lord *Liberal*, who entering, overheard the latter
part of this soliloquy.

“ WHY, I shall tell lady *Flimsy* that she is ut-
“ terly mistaken in what she thinks of you, and
“ undeceive her.

“ How, my dear *Lydy* ! does she insinuate any
“ thing against me ?”

“ INDEED she does,” answered lady *Liberal*.

“ PRAY let me see it ;” when casting his eyes
on that part, he smiled, recollecting what he had
formerly said. “ Well *Lydia*, I forgive her.”

“ BUT I will not,” replied the countess, “ till
“ she confesses that no bosom ever cherished more
“ tender sentiments of love, and seeds of good
“ action, than that to which I, happiest woman,
“ am now pressed.” Catching lord *Liberal* in
her arms, whilst his surrounded her in mutual
energy, the tear of love and gratitude stealing
down the cheek of lady *Liberal* in silence, and
mingling kisses.

CHAP. XCIV.

Cannassatego returns to our readers: his distress relieved by the earl and countess of Liberal; wherein is shewn also his sentiments of the people of England.

ONE day, as lord and lady *Liberal* were airing in *Hyde-Park* with Mrs. *Fairchild*, a pleasure which this happy pair enjoyed doubly, as it gave health and spirits to the mother of this lovely countess, lady *Liberal* looking from the coach, cried, "Lord bless me, my dear, see there" "is *Cannassatego* the *Indian* prince! he looks extremely dejected, and his dress bespeaks misery." "The *Indian* prince, thy deliverer! can he be in want when I have power to relieve him?" says the earl, "Or I?" says *Lydia*. When, stopping the coach, a more perfect view convinced them both that it was that brave man whom we have just mentioned.

THE earl perceiving him at a distance, his head drooping towards the earth, treading the grassy surface with most disconsolate pace, left his coach, immediately hastening towards him. As he approached, he perceived a melancholy, of the deepest dye, was spread over his face, his bosom heaving with heart-felt sighing. At sight of this touching

touching object, his lordship cried, my *Cannassatego*! my friend! tell me what causes this "too manifest dejection?" The *Indian*, not recollecting the person who spoke, answered, "Who prophanes the name of friend? it is a thing unknown in this land. Mock me not: begone, leave me to my miseries." Have you forgotten me?" replied the earl. "I am that *Probit* with whom you came from *America*; and *Lydia*, the lovely *Lydia*, whom your generous arm preserved from violation, is now beholding you from that coach, impatient for your presence; follow me, I pray; whatever be your affliction it shall be removed." "Are you that *Probit*? Is that lovely maid yet living?" answered the *Indian*, lifting his head. "I am, and she is still your friend with most inviolable sincerity," said the earl. "Do not delude me, I am too miserable to be sported with," answered the prince, sighing from his soul. "Believe me," said the earl, "my lips shall utter nothing but truth."

THEY then walked towards the coach, when coming near the countess, she cried out, "My dear deliverer! my *Cannassatego*! why this garb of wretchedness, this look of despair? At hearing her voice, he exclaimed, "It is the lovely maid! it is that *Lydia*, companion of my voyage!" When dropping on his knee, lifting his hands and eyes

eyes to heaven, he cried with earnest emphasis,
 "If that generous compassion still animates thy
 breast which once benignly listened in pity to
 my tales of *Yarico*, oh! send me, I implore
 you, back to the arms of that despairing lovely
 maid! so may the Great Spirit shower down eter-
 nal bliss upon your days in one eternal spring
 of joy."

"RISE! rise! is this an attitude to her whom
 you have saved from violation?" replied the
 countess. "By heaven, that friendship you shall
 not want," answered lord *Liberal*. "Come in-
 to this coach," continued the countess; "my
 house, my all, shall be your's till the hap-
 py hour of your return to all you love."

"DECEIVE me not; will you be true to your
 expressions? Alas! I have been so little used to
 the voice of truth since my arrival, my soul doubts
 even of what your lips have uttered. You will
 forgive me. My disappointments and ill-usage
 have taught me to lose all confidence in man,"
 said the prince.

"BE under no diffidence," replied the earl,
 "I am, and will be, your constant friend. Do
 I not owe to you my all, my happiness? You
 saved my *Lydia*; in gratitude I will restore you
 to the arms of her you adore. The first ship
 which sails to that part of the globe, shall waft
 you to her arms; the bliss you gave me, I with
 joy return."

"Is

“Is it possible, oh Eternal Spirit? Shall I again
 “be wasted to my soul’s delight? Shall these arms
 “in ecstasy once more press her bosom, and these
 “eyes ake untired with gazing on her charms?
 “My heart, is this joy yet in store for thee?” said
 the prince in raptures.

It is, it is,” said the countess, “love and happiness, such as this your friend,” pointing to the earl, “and I enjoy, shall be the lot of you and
 “*Yarico*.”

THE *Indian* chief then entered the coach, when by the soothing looks and tender expressions of the earl and countess, Mrs. *Fairchild* in compassion assisting to give him consolation, he seemed to recover a little. “My heart,” says he, “prompts me to believe that happiness is yet reserved for me; but, alas! so long has despair
 “been the inhabitant of this bosom, that—yet I
 “will believe the promised blessing. *Probit* and
 “*Lydia* cannot know such sudden change from
 “truth to falsehood. You have *Indian* souls,
 “unconscious of deceit. You cherish nobler
 “sentiments than *Britons* know.”

THE airing being finished, *Cannassatego* was carried to the house of earl *Liberal*, where he had an apartment appointed, and all possible care taken of him: he was, as soon as possible, clad becoming his virtues, and honoured with the strictest attention. The servant, who was particularly

cularly appointed to wait on him, was in this manner spoken to by the earl and countess.

“THE person whom you are now ordered to serve, is a brave and generous prince, and my friend: to him you are to pay more attention than even to me.”

THEN turning to his countess, “my *Lydy*,” says the earl, “the treatment he has received in *England*, must have created a general suspicion; the souls of men delicately formed, who taste of misery, construe the minutest appearance of undesigned neglect into contempt and insult.” “Humanely thought,” replied lady *Liberal*, smiling in his face, “for which reason,” continued his lordship to the servant, “as you value my service, let your behaviour be to him.”

IN a little time *Cannassatego* seeing himself thus received, cherished and attended, encouraged also with assurance of returning in the first ship to his native land, recovered his spirits hourly. He was then requested to give an account of his reception at the great man’s; which word *Great*, however foreign to the present application, shall prevail on us to conclude the chapter.

C H A P. XCV.

The Indian prince describes his reception in England: The different idea of our M—r from what he had conceived in his mind, with many other interesting particulars.

THE Indian chief began in this manner :
 “ AT my arrival in this city, being dressed in
 “ your habit, I was introduced to him, who is
 “ supposed to preside over the king’s counsels. I
 “ omit mentioning the mistake in seizing me for
 “ the pretender to the crown, because it was not
 “ designed: but how shall my lips express the
 “ surprize which seized my soul at the sight of that
 “ man? How different from what my imagination
 “ had falsely imaged to itself! instead of that
 “ person of exalted aspect, and august mien,
 “ where dignity and wisdom sat expressed, and
 “ supremely distinguished, whose every word and
 “ action bespoke sagacity and knowledge; there
 “ appeared before me that being undignified by
 “ nature, ungraceful, whiffling, inconsistent,
 “ whose words hurried out like water from an
 “ inverted bottle, included nothing to be under-
 “ stood, ever beginning, never closing one sen-
 “ tence, rambling from man to man, from one
 “ half

“ half thought to another, the farce and mockery
 “ of national prudence. Can it be, I said to
 “ myself, that this man can direct the business of
 “ a people ?

“ At length, being permitted to speak to him,
 “ I told him I was come beyond the great ocean
 “ to smoke the calumet of peace, and brighten
 “ up the chain of friendship between the great
 “ king, and the five nations. I am come, said
 “ I, to lay the ill-usage of his subjects, who live
 “ on our shores, towards the *Indian* race, before
 “ him. Our nations hope that he will redress
 “ the evils which we have too long suffered, and
 “ plant the tree, whose boughs shall cover with
 “ its hospitable shade, alike the *European* and
 “ the *Indian* people.

To this he answered, it should be soon done,
 and that I should be dismissed.

“ TIME after time I waited, and he shunned
 “ me. He promised me a million meetings yet he
 “ violated all. At length, denied entrance, I
 “ grew persuaded truth was a stranger to his lips.
 “ I held him in scorn, and was debating, the
 “ moment you beheld me, whether this life,
 “ deprived of seeing *Yarico*, my nation scorned,
 “ myself contemned, was worth preserving. I
 “ had prepared the strings of * wampum to

* The *Indian* nations have two sorts of strings, one
 of wampum made of beautiful shells, which is much

“ ratify

"ratify the treaties of alliance to be concluded
 "with the great king. The tiscorhissouffen
 "should have been given to his m——r; but,
 "alas! such has been my reception, I have hi-
 "therto found no answer, and I now despair of
 "it, rejected and despised.

OH! ye *Onnondagans*, how are ye fallen! ye
 "ancient inhabitants of that world, which the
 "Great Spirit in vain hath given you, slaves to men
 "of faithless souls, whose lips are fraught with
 "black deceit: formed in one mould, the same
 "perfidy which went companion with those who
 "left this land, yet dwells amongst the others which
 "remain.

"WHAT evil spirit presided at the moment of
 "my resolving to come hither? oh! my life, my
 "*Yarico*, why did I leave thy blooming beauties,
 "thy love, thy tender truth, thy breaking heart,
 "deluded by the boast of those, who vaunted
 "high the justice, integrity, and honour, which
 "dwelt amongst this people? to save my

esteemed, and constantly given to princes, whose vir-
 tues they revere, when they make alliances with them;
 the other made of a vegetable, which, in their tongue,
 is called tiscorhissouffen. This word, by the best ma-
 sters in that language, is translated into hemp in *En-
 glish*, and presented to inferior sachems, whom they do
 not so much esteem; and whose necks ought to be
 surrounded with that cravat.

"country,

“country, but in vain, I came. Alas! we are,
“the scorn of those whose virtues are all venal,
“Minions of dress, a curled pampered race, who
“tremble at the northern blasts, the slaves of mo-
“ney; that yellow ore changes the face of na-
“ture; the eye sees not, the ear hears not; all
“human faculties die before its influence; each li-
“beral motive of the free-born soul is quite erased
“by that pernicious influence. Oh! bane of every
“virtue, bane of all our *Indian* peace and happi-
“ness: oceans roll between, rocks, woods, and
“mountains, in vain seclude us from the ravenous
“thirst of gold. Sensation dies, the feelings of
“humanity expire before its blasting breath, frozen
“is the heart, the eye refuses that tear which na-
“ture gave to wait upon compassion; we die un-
“pitied like the stricken deer. Oh, my country!
“Oh *Yarico*! if ever these eyes re-visit and survey
“the soil which gave me birth, and this fond
“heart dances with ecstasy once more at thy
“sweet voice, these lips shall tell the tale of hor-
“ror to the *Onondagan* nation.

“ALL commerce shall be broken, the tree
“plucked by the roots, the chain of friendship
“quite neglected, the war-kettle shall be boiled,
“and discord eternal dwell between us and this
“faithless nation.

“BUT whither am I hurried? virtue lives in
“fullest powers within the bosom of this happy
“pair.

“pair. *Probit* and *Lydia* still have *Indian* souls,
 “miraculous to think! still uncorrupted amidst
 “polluted millions.”

DURING this enthusiastic speech, the earl and countess were attentive to what he uttered. At length his lordship seeing the vehemence subside, told him that there were many people of great worth and virtue in the kingdom whom he had never seen.

“WHERE are they?” says the chief, “are they
 “of the council of the great king? are they sa-
 “chems which direct the nation?” that indeed, the earl said, he could not possibly answer to in the affirmative.

“HAPPY nation, indeed,” says *Cannassatego*,
 “where virtue is exiled from the throne, and
 “skulks in shades, ashamed of being seen; can
 “falshood support a kingdom, and public proflitu-
 “tution defend you from your enemies? are then
 “your sachems so iniquitous they dread to trust
 “the safety of this realm to the defence of its in-
 “habitants; suspecting some latent virtue remains
 “amongst them to their undoing? suspicion is the
 “vice of tainted hearts.”

THE earl then told them he would represent his case to the great man; then turning to the countess, “Though I never intend drawing in his ministerial waggon, I think he will receive me,
 “*Lydia*, as one who designs to serve his country.

“This

"This neglect of the *Indian* prince may have a
 "more pernicious effect than he may probably ima-
 "gine."

THE next day the earl waited on the great man, and being admitted, he told him the reason of his coming, and explained to him the necessity there seemed to be of sending him away well satisfied with his reception. "The *Indian* nations, my lord, will be all against you otherwise." They "have no votes in p—t; no votes in p—t; have they, my lord?" says the great man. "No," says the earl smiling, "they have no votes in p—t; but they have votes in their own nation, which will probably incline that part of the world to join and assist the *French*, unless you receive this prince as he ought to be." "Nothing to me, nothing to me," replied the great man, "parliamentary interest, mind nothing but parliamentary interest. What will you do for us, my lord, if I send him back as you mention?"

"Do for you," says the earl, "what every honest man can in honour do for another."

"WILL you vote for the *German* subsidies?" says the great man.

"MY lord, must I prostitute my honour, and renounce the welfare of my country, to prevail on you to do justice, and serve your king and nation? Pray, mylord, from what part of my conduct

“could you suggest me capable of such base dishonourable actions?”

“IT is our way,—our way, my lord, always ask what they can do for us,” says the great man, “before we grant favours.”

“THUS then,” replied the earl, “to serve you, to ruin our country, and obtain favour at your hands, are the same things. Believe me, my lord, my interest, indeed it is but small, shall be constantly exerted to oppose your ad—n, which is so avowedly open and destructive to the welfare of this kingdom.” Saying this, he left the great man, who paid no great attention to the expression, being sure of a majority in all he should design, and as much at ease about what should befall his country, as about a revolution in the inhabitants of Saturn, or the coming of the next comet.

C H A P. XCVI.

Cannassatego's distress relieved by lord and lady Liberal; he describes his reception at the great man's; recovers spirits; is presented with gifts for Yarico. Lady Susan Overstay's inclination, conversation, and disappointment; all in a short time laid before the reader.

THE earl then being fully satisfied with the designs, knowledge, and ministerial capacity of the great man, entertaining the highest indignation

dignation for such a soul, and such behaviour, endeavoured to soothe *Cannassatego* into the best opinion that he possibly could of the *English* nation. He presented him with all he liked, in dress and arms; and the countess, who was no stranger to the influence of love on the human heart, from what she felt on her own, prepared a thousand presents for *Yarico*.

SHE then brought them to the *Indian* prince, and said, "My friend, my dear deliverer, it is impossible, for any thing that I can do, to make you amends, or express the gratitude I owe you. As a mark of everlasting esteem, I desire you will present, in my name, these habits, and these ornaments, to your lovely *Yarico*. Let these adorn her person, her soul from your description needs no ornament, the day she makes you the happiest of men."

SHE then gave the *Indian* chief great variety of ornamental presents, amongst which was his own picture in miniature, which lady *Liberal* had procured a person to paint without *Cannassatego's* being acquainted with it. This mounted, and united to a bracelet, the countess presented him, in saying, "This as the most acceptable of all gifts, which I can offer her you love, I desire you will present to *Yarico*, and beseech her to wear it for my sake, in grateful remembrance of him

“ who preserved me from what I dread worse than
“ death.”

CANNASSATEGO looking on his own image, and hearing these words, enraptured with the gratitude of the countess, and the thoughts of love and *Yarico*, exclaimed, “ I do not yet repent my voyage
“ to this land! *Probit* and *Lydia* have crazed my
“ anguish! will ye teach your virtues to this people? For your sakes I will endeavour to moderate that resentment which burns within my bosom against them.” Then taking the countess’s hand, and looking with all possible gratitude in her face, he said, “ If ever my feet again shall tread
“ the *Onnondagan* soil, beside the silver stream,
“ beneath the hollowed rock, once the abode of
“ bliss, sweet shelter to my love and me, whilst
“ on the top-most branches of the pine, which
“ wave and murmur to the gentle winds, stock-doves and turtles cooing through the grove,
“ there will I count to *Yarico* the love, the virtue,
“ of the happiest pair which dwells on *European*
“ lands.”

CANNASSATEGO, being thus treated and distinguished, and the time of his return settled, seemed to enjoy new life: gay as the mounting lark that sings his grateful matins to the power that tunes the voice of nature.

DURING this time of his abode with the earl, there was a female visiter known by the name of
lady

lady *Susan Overstay*. She had always, contrary to the opinion of most, (being deceived by the glass of self-love, which she constantly carried about her, and only consulted) considered herself as a beauty of the highest rank. This had induced her to stay too long at market, by which means, being a little fly-blown, she remained upon hands.

HER education had been entirely according to the present modish taste, being kept with the strictest attention during her youth to the study of cards, learning to speak a little *French* and adorning her own person. Her conversation consisted of play-knowledge: after every hand at cards was disposed of, she constantly shewed how it might have been played better by her partner, a circumstance of no small solace to those who generate spleen, and love to vent it against strangers, rather than be idle, and unentertained. Which consideration has undoubtedly made this past-time extremely acceptable to old maids, who love to amuse themselves in the practice of that politeness.

LADY *Susan*, disappointed of a husband who answered to her expectations, notwithstanding determined that her pride should not get the better of her pleasure. She therefore being past the danger of betraying at the end of nine months the frolic she had been committing in the beginning, had, with great prudence and secrecy, spared to some particular humble friends, what she sorely lamented the

having so long preserved. Maidenheads, like mince-pies, being apt to grow musty by keeping. This lady, being a distant relation of lord *Liberal's*, sometimes visited his countess.

IT happened one day, being at the earl's, lady *Susan* cast her eyes rather a little too wagishly on the person of the *Indian* prince. She observed, with some satisfaction, the elegant form of his limbs, and that activity and vigor with which they were animated. At which time a thought slipped into her bosom not very unnatural at the sight of a handsome fellow, which was no less than that of making experiments on the difference of nations in feats of love; and who can blame this propensity to natural philosophy, so rarely found in the female part of our sex?

THE devil an inch of her was grown old in desire, her passion rather increasing with her wrinkles. And whatever she wanted in beauty, by the roses falling from her cheeks, nipt by the hoar-frost of St. *Bartholomew*, she happily supplied by the sublimest of all inventions the true *Parisian* rouge.

THIS lady, influenced by the person of the *Indian* prince, fell into conversation, and expressed a desire of seeing him at her house.

THE earl of *Liberal*, who overheard this overture of lady *Susan*, and guessed at her intention, being also perfectly convinced of *Cannassatego's* chastity, encouraged him to visit lady *Susan*. He
imagined

imagined a scene not a little diverting might be the consequence of this invitation.

THE prince being prevailed on by the earl, waited on this lady whom we have just mentioned; and sending up his name, found an easy admittance and chearful reception, though she was then at her toilet.

CANNASSATEGO entering the room, lady Susan from her toilet, cried, "Bon jour mon prince." concluding he understood *French* because he was a foreigner.

WHEN recollecting, after receiving no answer, that an *Indian* might possibly be a *German* prince, and not speak *French*, and that he spoke *English*, she bid them put a chair, and said, "Good morning to your royal highness; I ask pardon," says lady Susan, "but at first I thought you understood *French*, as I imagined *India* lay in *France*, till upon recollection I remember it lies in *Germany*. One sees the news-papers eternally cramm ed with stuff about our disputes in the *Indies*, which made me conclude it lies in *Germany*, as the *German* interest has lately taken up all our attention, as my lord Steaditon acquaints me; I never mind politics myself."

"BUT pray is not your royal highness prince of *Wales* in *India*?"

"No, madam," answered Cannassatego, I am not."

“YOUR royal highness is not the eldest son of your father then perhaps?” says lady *Susan*.

“YES, madam, I am.”

“How is that then?” she replied, “the eldest son of a king” (for she imagined his father was a crowned-head) “not prince of *Wales!* in *England* the eldest son is born prince of *Wales*.”

“MADAM,” says the *Indian*, “no man can be born a prince in our country; courage and wisdom, the love of our families and country, and the service we render them; virtues of the mind, and powers of the body, create princes in our nations. These only give us authority and esteem amongst *Indians*.”

“WHAT no consideration to the greatest families, and best blood?” says lady *Susan*, “You never chuse a king from the rabble, surely?”

“MADAM, family creates no distinction but by its acts of wisdom and valour; the son, unequal to the father’s glory, sinks to disgrace, and blood knows no honours but what virtue bequeaths it. High and low, noble and ignoble, find no distinction from birth. Where mental and bodily qualities are found superior, that man gains authority over our hearts, the good he does his country is rewarded by glory and esteem. Such are our *Indian* manners and ideas.”

“INDEED,” says lady *Susan*, “they are extremely strange, the quite contrary is the thing

"thing in *England*, we all depend upon blood.
"We mind nothing but birth. But pray will
"your royal highness have the goodness to tell
"me whether the ladies at your court use hard or
"soft pomatum, or whether grey powder is yet
"in fashion amongst them when they dress; I
"fancy they know nothing of it." This she
said, surveying herself in the glass, whilst her
abigail was employed in dressing her hair.

"WE know nothing of either, madam, our
"women anoint their hair with bear's-grease
"only," says the *Indian* prince.

"BEAR'S grease, O——h hideous," with a
shriek and an air, "Ladies of the court wear
"bear's-grease, pray will their gallants come near
"them when they smell of bear's-grease? but your
"royal highness rallies me, it is impossible that
"ladies of quality can go to operas, plays, ridot-
"tos, routs, and courts, with their heads daubed
"with bear's-grease." Then without stopping
for an answer, "Are your father's subjects fond
"of these entertainments?"

"No, madam, we know nothing of them,
"war and hunting make the study and exercise
"of our youth: wisdom and virtue those of old
"age. Our wise men recount the actions and
"observations of themselves and their fore-fathers,
"the young listen, admire, and improve.

“OUR women are busied in domestic affairs, or employed in suckling or sustaining their progeny,” says the *Indian*.

“OH fye! ladies of quality nurse their own children, why does it not absolutely spoil their necks? We never suckle our children, in *England*. And no cards,” says lady *Susan*, “how is it possible to live without cards?” Then to her woman, looking in the glass, “*Whitelock* you have put on my egret awry—so, very well—how do I look to-day?” “Charmingly, madam,” says the truth-telling Mrs. *Whitelock*. “Pray have the *Indian* ladies fine complexions?” continued lady *Susan* to the chief.

“INDEED,” replied the prince, “your ladyship approaches the nearest of all the ladies I have seen in *England* to the complexion of our *Indian* women.”

THIS answer was received very courteously by lady *Susan*, and replied to, by saying, “Your royal highness is extremely polite.”

INDEED what *Cannassatego* had said was very true also, lady *Susan* being a very olive beauty, if she was a beauty at all.

THUS in tittle-tattle an hour passed away with lady *Susan Overstay*, when being dressed, and her woman withdrawn, she asked if the court of his father was much addicted to gallantry, smiling in the *Indian*’s face with a lascivious leer. Throwing herself

herself on the sofa; and desiring the prince to sit near her.

"No, madam," answered *Cannassatego*, "love being uninfluenced by the pernicious esteem amongst our nations, which is given to gold in this, in this we chuse from the pure dictates of nature, where souls correspond to souls, and live happy in each others arms."

"THAT is, your royal highness means the common people do. But your great men and ladies of quality have not such odd ideas I presume; they surely have intrigues amongst them. I dare say many of the maids of honour of your queen-mother have been happily carressed in those fine arms of yours," says lady *Susan*, "have they not?" taking him by the hand.

CANNASSATEGO then looking upon her with contempt, told her he had never yet violated his chastity. His whole heart had been, and should be ever reserved for his lovely *Yarico*; "Absent or present I am her's alone."

"Poor man," says lady *Susan*, "I warrant you would not go to bed to a fine lady, lest *Yarico* should know it, hah, hah, hah," squeezing his hand in the laugh, and looking amourossly upon him.

"No, madam, beauty has no powers on me. Adieu." At which words, drawing away his hand suddenly, he left her in great indignation.

When lady *Susan* for her soul could not conceive what was come over the man; "Surely" says she, "he can be no prince, he knows so little of the manners of the best of company."

CANNASSATEGO returned to the earl's, when recounting what had passed between him and lady *Susan* with much resentment, he afforded no little diversion to the earl; lady *Liberal*, drooping her head, was ashamed that nature had made such women.

C H A P. XCVII.

Introduces an old acquaintance to our readers, who has more zeal than breeding. Earl and lady Liberal's friendship for Mac Valor; he obtains a man of war: a letter of that captain's: and an adventure by way of surprize upon Jack Sprisel.

THE next morning at breakfast, the prince, the earl, and countess being together in a parlour adjoining to the hall, a person at the door was heard to say, "Well now, my dear, and is Mr. *Probit* at home?"

"No such person lives here," replied the porter.

"WELL then," says the voice, "who does?"

"The earl of *Liberal*," replied the porter.

"THAT is the same thing now. Is not *Probit* earl

"earl of *Liberal*? Shew me where he is now," ready to advance.

LET me know your name, sir," answered the porter, "and I'll let his lordship know you are here?"

THE countess listening, cried out, "*Mac Valor*, upon my word I am sure it is his voice." "It is indeed, *Lydy*," says the earl. When starting from his seat, he stepped to the door, and opening it, honest *Mac Valor* rushed into his arms. "The devil burn me, but are you there *Probit*?" "I am after being glad to see you." "And I you, indeed, my old friend," answered his lordship.

WHEN entering, her ladyship came and saluted him. "Miss *Lydia*, upon my shoul, and *Cannasfatego* by *Jasus*, my old *Indian* too, and are all three of you after being well together?" says *Mac Valor*.

"Yes," says the countess, "and at your service from our souls."

"WELL, *Probit*, now you are a lord, will you get me a ship?" says *Mac Valor*, who was no mincer of matters.

"My best powers shall not be wanting to obtain what you deserve. In the mean while my house is your own." And then taking a bank-bill of fifty pounds from his pocket, "Pray let me oblige you with this little sum till you are in the way

“ way of doing what our nation wants, and you
“ are ready to perform ?”

“ THE devil burn me but I’ll be after
“ doing well enough in your house without this,
“ and I’ll send it my wife and children. They
“ may want it more than I,” says *Mac Valor*,
with difficulty keeping his tears from running down
his cheeks. “ Do so,” says lady *Liberal*, “ my
“ dear friend,” touched by the honest heart of
Mac Valor.

THIS note was accordingly sent to *Ireland*, and
lady *Liberal* made him a present of another of
equal value.

MANY circumstances being recounted which
had passed since the separation of these friends,
Mack Valor swore, that seeing in the papers that
Bounce was come home, he was come over to
make his body shine through the sun : “ For the
“ devil burn me, I and my wife and children are
“ all starved to death, and by *Jasus* we will live
“ so no longer.”

“ WELL, be calm ; have you any news from
“ *Ireland* ? How go affairs at *Dublin* ?” says the
earl.

“ UPON my conscience,” says *Mac Valor*, the
“ patriots have almost drunk the P—e-out of the
“ kingdom ; the devil burn me but the nation is
“ very unwell of the stone, and they will have
“ him out by *Jasus*. And he is as uneasy as a
“ bad

“bad conscience in a leaky ship, he fears he shall go to the bottom every minute.”

MAC VALOR having been some days in town, and to speak in his own phrase, new rigged, looked well, and like an honest brave seaman. The earl then invited some of the lords of the admiralty to dine at his house; at which time he presented *Mac Valor* to them, saying, “This gentleman I know to be a brave man, and an able sailor; when he brings dishonour on the *British* flag, my life shall answer for it.” “And mine too, by *Jasus*,” says *Mac Valor*. Which last words spread a simper over the face of the company.

He then acquainted them how he had been used by captain *Bounce*, and his cowardice, which was now very publicly divulged since the *Ranelagh* affair, swearing he would take vengeance wherever he met him. This he was desired not to do because of *Bounce*’s being a known coward, and beneath a brave man’s notice.

“AND upon my shoul he is a villain as well as a coward, that he will not be after letting me kill him; arrah but I owe him a death, and he shall pay me.”

HOWEVER, being persuaded that it would hurt his interest, and contaminate his honour, he declined the design. In a few days he was put in commission, and had a sixty gun ship given him.

MR.

MR. *Mac Valor* being filled with gratitude at this unexpected success, took the earl into his arms, then embraced the countess, and the *Indian* prince. "Now upon my shoul," he cried, "I shall be happy all the days of my life if I die to-morrow."

HE then wrote a letter to his wife, to whom he was an excellent husband, which was as follows :

" My dearest *Peggy*,

" **T**HE devil burn me but the earl and countess of *Liberal* are better than a father and mother to you and my dear children ; he has already gotten me a sixty-gun ship ; wherefore I have no more to do than to fight till I die for the honour of old *England* ; take a good prize or two, and then come home and enjoy life happily in thy arms ; so no more at present from

" *Your loving husband,*

" *Till death,*

" **PHELIM MAC VALOR,**

" P. S. My blessing to my father and mother, love to my children."

THE next day it was put in the papers that Mr. *Mac Valor* was commissioned to command the

*****. At this time it happened that *Jack Sprisel*, a lieutenant of a man of war, the son of a returning officer in a country borough, an insolent fellow, the consequence of mean birth and interest in promoting himself, was sitting at the admiralty coffee-house, when *Mac Valor* unknown, was there also, seated opposite to him.

"DAMME," says *Jack*, "who is this *Mac Valor* that has got the *****? That family of the *Macs* is very numerous. I thought they had been all hanged at *Tyburn* long since; by—! it is endless, I suppose this is one of the same family."

AT which words *Mac Valor* stretching his hand across the table, took hold of his nose immediately, saying at the same time, "You son of a whore, I am that *Mac Valor* you abuse, and by *Jasus* I will make your body shine through the sun this minute; will you be after abusing me because you thought I did not know you?"

THIS salute, which had almost carried off the nose with its vehemence, had a wonderful effect upon *Jack Sprisel*; it seems the nerves of his nose were disposed in a manner peculiar to those who talk much, and let off their courage through the mouth, instead of running to the heart as they do in brave men, and rousing them to arms; these run to the stomach, and destroy all appetite for fighting.

THIS

THIS nose, and this warrior being thus constructed, the tweag which *Mac Valor* gave both of them produced a sudden change of countenance, and most direful dilemma in the lieutenant. "Sir," says *Jack Sprisel*, "I did not imagine you were so near, or upon my honour I should not have said what I did; it was designed but as a jest."

"ARRAH, by *Jasus*, and so you will say to my face what you will not say behind my back, you son of a whore, will you?" says *Mac Valor*. "Is hanging a jest?"

THIS dialogue drew the company about these two disputants; when a gentleman, who knew captain *Mac Valor*, spoke to him aside, and desired him to make it up. "*Jack Sprisel* shall ask your pardon, I am sure he never intended to affront you."

"UPON my honour," clapping his hand to his heart, "I did not," says *Jack*, which was extremely true.

AT which assertion honest *Mac Valor* grew pacified, and bid him be sure to know people before he spoke ill of them to their faces. Thus ends the quarrel and the ninety-seventh Chapter.

C H A P. XCVIII.

Letters from Yarico to Cannassatego ; from Cannassatego to Yarico. The Indian prince takes leave with more tokens of true gratitude than are to be found in many a European.

DURING the time that *Cannassatego* the Indian chief had been in *England*, he had received several letters from his amiable *Yarico*. Love, the auspicious power, inspired her attempts, and a few months application taught her the *English* language, and the art of writing it, with the assistance of the *English* missionary ; these *Cannassatego* had constantly answered. We shall therefore give our readers a sample of each out of that number which would fill a volume.

Yarico to Cannassatego.

“ **O**H ! how dejected is my soul in longing for thy presence ! Alas ! shall these eyes, worn out with weeping, never more behold thee ! Every grove, every sequestered scene, the bubbling brook, the plaintive dove, the whole face of nature, those scenes of former transport, are now but melancholy remembrances of thee ! My soul ! my *Cannassatego* !

“ T E N

“TEN thousand ways have I devised to wear
“away the time betwixt thy going and return. I
“have formed the bracelets to adorn thy arms; a
“casque with every various plumage to decorate
“thy head; the vest of ermine, the mantle lined
“with choicest furs; works of my hands await
“their coming master.

“THESE I fondly said shall grace the bravest
“man alive. He comes! he comes! Alas! my
“heart, wearied with hoping, no longer now can
“find delusion in these objects! the weighty hand
“of grief hangs heavily upon me! I pine, de-
“jected, faded, like the lily by autumnal blasts!
“I am no more the *Yarico* you left me!

“SOMETIMES, forgive the weakness, this
“thought like death shoots through my heart,
“some *English* dame possesses him I love. I yield,
“I faint beneath the dread suspicion, till recalling
“thy worth, thy truth, I feel I am mistaken; I
“know that thou art constant to thy vows and
“*Yarico*.

“OH! baneful power of glory that tore thee
“from my arms! Why am I alone made wretched
“by its power? *Samilla*, *Mexicalia* are happy with
“their paramours in mutual love, I widowed and
“forlorn.

“SOMETIMES I imagine thee drowned amidst
“the boisterous waters, or slain by barbarous
“hands,

“ hands, till my heart shrinks from the thought,
“ and starts at her own imagery of horror.

“ AGAIN, at happier moments, I fancy thee
“ returned, thy head reclined upon my bosom, re-
“ counting all the tales of what thy eyes have seen
“ beyond the rising sun; then sighing, cry, when
“ will the blissful minute come?

“ THY faithful dog seems conscious of my dis-
“ tress, and feigns ten thousand gambols to chase
“ despair from my fond bosom; my inseparable
“ companion, whose head I often pat and caress;
“ When will thy master come, I sighing say, to
“ thee and *Yarico*?

“ OH! make make haste my love, save me
“ from my grief, and bless the maid that dies for
“ thy return!

Cannassatego to Yarico.

“ AFTER so many tedious moons of despair,
“ THE sun of joy has broken through the
“ cloud of affliction, *Cannassatego* shall again be-
“ hold his adored *Yarico*.

“ THE Great Spirit has inspired him with whom
“ I sailed from *Onondaga*, to send me back to thy
“ arms. With what rapture shall I quit these
“ faithless shores, the land of falsehood and disho-
“ nour!

“ OH *Yarico*, thy *Cannassatego*, whose right
“ arm hath so often fought the battles of this na-
“ tion

"tion, indignant usage! has been refused admit-
 "tance to the great king; him for whom I have
 "so often bled, so often ventured life! Denied to
 "smoke the calumet of peace, and brighten up
 "the chain of friendship with our nation; why
 "did I pass the seas from thee and love?

"WE have been deceived, my dear, with ly-
 "ing tales of warriors in this land. Can men,
 "whose whole employment is the care of dress, whose
 "locks curled with art, the daily toil of three long
 "hours, nursed in effeminacy, pampered in riot,
 "borne by slaves in little houses, to screen their
 "heads from winds and rain, trembling with fear
 "lest the cold earth should touch the silken co-
 "verings of their legs; can these be warriors
 "formed to support the inclemency of seasons, to
 "sleep in wintry dews, the skies their only cover-
 "ing, and wage war with *Indians in America*?
 "We have been deceived; it cannot be.

"THE very God which they tell us they wor-
 "ship, seems to to be forgotten amongst them.
 "The image of the king, made on bits of yellow
 "metal, is the sole power which they adore. To
 "this their vows are all addressed, this rules
 "their actions, for this they daily renounce their
 "former god, and despise his power. This image
 "alone communicates all virtues. These bits
 "of metal, according to the number each man
 "possesses, makes him brave, honest, just, hu-
 "mane,

" mane, and wise; this creates sachems and war-
 " riors, the excellences of heart and head find no
 " reception or preeminence, the faculties are ba-
 " nished before the influence of this pernicious
 " dross. Strength and valour yield to weakness;
 " the wise man obeys the fool's dictates, the brave
 " follows the coward's conduct: judge then, my
 " *Yarico*, what can be expected from such men,
 " and such manners, in favour of *Indian* nations?

" UNLIKE the happy land which you tread,
 " where sachems, kings, and chieftains, distin-
 " guished by the Great Spirit with bravery, wis-
 " dom, and humanity, signalize themselves, by
 " giving all to others. Here avarice, detested vice,
 " is engaged in one eternal pillage; virtue in want
 " labours for pampered idleness, the great give no-
 " thing.

" EVEN, what must seem impossible to your
 " conception, thy sex, the tender woman, for
 " this yellow dross, weds the man she detests,
 " and meets the bosom of him her heart loaths
 " embrace. Perverted nature! degenerate race of
 " mortal beings! who sacrifice the purest joy to
 " such infamous considerations! Hence the heart,
 " unbound by love, debased by such actions;
 " seeks the adulterous bed, devoid of all fide-
 " lity.

" TIME is on the wing; I come, my *Yarico*! my
 " soul's delight! my darling treasure! blow propi-
 tioufly

“tiously, ye winds, and waft me to her arms;
 “be smooth, ye seas, and yield a willing way. Oh
 “bear me to my love, Great Spirit! Adieu, per-
 “fidious land; farewell, degenerate race, fare-
 “wel.”

CANNASSATEGO was now preparing for his voyage, the earl and countess had provided him with every thing which could be agreeable for such a passage, and loaded him with more presents for *Yarico*. The moment for his taking leave was at hand. His breast was divided with a double passion, gratitude to this lord and lady, joy at thinking to revisit his native land and *Yarico*: the parting moment was piercing to his bosom; he had determined to make a long speech of thanks for all the friendship which he had received from this happy pair; when beginning, “If heaven restore me to the arms of her I love, my vows—” Then bursting into tears, his voice suspended, he eagerly embraced the earl, and cried, “Imagine what I would express, from what I suffer in parting from you, though to return to all I love.” Then saluting the countess, “My friend, my next in love to *Yarico*, adieu; may ye be for ever happy.” Saying this, he left the house choaked with tears, the earl and countess weeping abundantly as he walked away. At length, “Go, generous man, and meet in joy thy lovely *Yarico*!” escaped from the lady’s lips.

C H A P.

C H A P. XCIX.

In which surgeon Macpherson, disappointed of his treatise on the nature of gun-shot wounds, begins reading lectures on midwifry.

WE must now turn our eyes to surgeon *Macpherson*, whom we have formerly related to have proceeded on a second cruize with the honourable captain *Charles Bounce*. But, alas ! such was the hard fate of this man, he could by no means get together a sufficient number of observations to complete a treatise on gun-shot wounds : so cautious were the *French* of meeting this captain *Bounce*. Wherefore being tired of the seas, and as during the last voyage, he had an excellent opportunity for studying the practical part on-board ship, he prepared himself thoroughly for midwifry, and coming to *London* sent to *Aberdeen* for a diploma of doctor. This being granted, he began a school for the reading lectures on that subject, which was attended with great success, being much encouraged by his own countrymen ; a laudable example for the *English*.

C H A P. C.

Lady Liberal resolves to leave London, for reasons which ladies generally keep private at first: her grateful heart thinks on little Tommy Clinch; he receives the effects of her tenderness. Frank preserves lady Liberal's life at the risque of his own. Lady Liberal arrives at Exeter, where our readers are made acquainted with Miss Oldcastle, and her virtues.

LADY *Liberal* began now to perceive what the earl had long wished to know, the symptoms of her being pregnant. She therefore determined to go to the country-seat of the earl in *Devonshire*, and attend the happy hour of her delivery. Lord *Liberal* would have persuaded her to tarry in *London*. "No, my dear," says she, "the country is my choice; there the dear child which I hope to bring you, the heir of your estate and virtues, the last may heavengrant! will be much more likely to live than in this city. The air is purer, and I shall be more at ease, being determined to make my nursery the only pleasure, besides what I must ever find in you. This will be less interrupted, and I shall be happier in the country than any thing can make me in *London*." The earl, moved by this tenderness, kissed

kissed her, saying, "My *Lydy* is too good." Pressing her to his bosom.

"My dear," says the countess, "I will then pay my visits to those I chuse to see before I leave *London*, and retire as fast as possible to *Probit-castle*."

THIS his lordship said would be agreeable to him. "You know, my *Lydy*, I can have no pleasure which contradicts your's."

ONE day then, as they were visiting, passing before the door where the countess had lodged with Mrs. *Clench*, the thought of her change came strongly into her mind. She sighed, and without speaking, kissed the earl in the coach, pressing his hand between her's. "Hey day, what is this sigh, followed by so emphatic a kiss, for?" says his lordship.

"My soul," says the countess, "I thought of what misery I have known in this house, and how much I am, and ever must be, indebted to you for the deliverance, my generous benefactor!"

"You silly girl, am not I the gainer by all I have done? Who else could have made me happy but you?"

THE house being shut up, lady *Liberal* pulled the string, and the coach stopping, she asked what was become of Mrs. *Clench*. The person who answered told her she was dead. And

pray what is become of little *Tommy*? He is gone
“to some relation, who uses him ill, poor child!”
says the woman.

LADY *Liberal* then proceeded to her visits, recounting, as she passed along, the behaviour of the child to her, how tender and amiable he had been; when before his lordship could answer, or she finish her discourse, the coach stopped, and the lady being at home, they descended to enter the house.

THIS opportunity his lordship took of sending his servant back to know where the child was. Which being discovered, he immediately sent for him to his own house, where, at his return, presenting him to lady *Liberal*, “Here, my dear,” says he, “is your friend *Tommy*.”

“My dear boy,” says lady *Liberal*, kissing him, and then running to the earl, “I am afraid of this
“debt of goodness which you are constantly heaping upon me: how shall I pay it?”

“Kiss me again, and discharge it all,” says his lordship smiling, which was done with rapture. The little boy from that time was taken all possible care of, and educated as he ought.

Mrs. *Fairchild* was vastly delighted to see the child, and with the earl’s behaviour to her dear daughter. But now a new anxiety began to grow in her bosom on account of the countess’s pregnancy. Her heart was scarce ever at ease about
the

the moment of approaching peril, and yet transported with her being pregnant at the same time.

"MY child," says she, "pray excuse yourself the pain of visiting me every night after I am in bed; and every morning before I rise. You require ease, let me intreat you to forbear needless duty."

"MADAM," says lady *Liberal*, "why must the pleasure of hoping to be soon a parent divest me of the duty of being a child? When it is a pain to me I will tell you."

"YOUR duty will defer it too long," says the venerable parent, "I fear, my child."

IT was now known through the house that the countess was breeding; and next to the earl, and Mrs. *Fairchild*, no one's heart felt greater joy than *Frank's*, her ladyship's servant, whose uniform and duteous behaviour had made him dear to his lord and lady, and much so to Mrs. *Fairchild*.

ONE evening then, as her ladyship was returning from a visit in a chair preceded by *Frank* alone, the other servant being sent on a message, a street-robber in *Berkeley-square* presenting a pistol to *Frank*, bid him stop; when *Frank* instantly thinking of his lady's condition, without answering, dashed his link in the villain's face, and bade the chairman go on. By this action the rosin flying in the fellow's eyes, *Frank* seized him; and her ladyship thinking the link was put out by some

accident only, was carried home unknowing what had happened. Thus *Frank*, by his quickness of thought and laudable resolution, probably preserved the life of his lady.

THE next day when it was known, lord *Liberal* asked *Frank* how he came to have resolution to strike a robber with a pistol in his hand. The servant replied, "I never thought of myself, I only considered my lady's condition, and the danger which her being terrified might prove to her. I imagined if I thought any thing, that this would confound him, and then during the struggle my lady might be carried away safe."

"FRANK," says the earl, "thou art a generous and noble creature," giving him a bank-bill of a hundred pounds from his pocket-book. "Thou art worthy my friendship, and shalt feel it to thy advantage." "My lord," says *Frank*, "I hope you do not think me a mercenary man," taking the bill reluctantly. "No, *Frank*, the most generous of men." *Frank* bowed with respect and pleasure.

LADY *Liberal* being acquainted with this affair, made *Frank* a present also; expressing infinite gratitude to this servant, who was rendered immortal by being so deservedly carested.

"My lord," says lady *Liberal*, "I think I have nothing more to do than write a letter to lady

"*Flimsy*

“*Flimsy* before we leave *London*, and invite her
“ladyship into *Devonshire*.” “Pray do, my
“dear; and at the same time I will desire Mr.
“*Sweetwood*’s company also; it will be a vast ad-
“dition to our happiness if they will spend the
“summer with us at *Probit-castle*.”

THIS then was accordingly done, and an answer returned, which gave them a promise of seeing them at his lordship’s seat. The time was now come which was to begin the journey, when the earl and countess proceeded by gentle stages to his seat. At *Exeter*, it being the time of the assizes, his lordship intended staying a week. This is a season of gaiety at that city, where every thing which this island affords is to be had in the greatest perfection. The heart-felt pleasure of shewing to the company what a lovely creature he had married, contributed not a little to that design in his lordship.

LADY *Liberal* being pleased with the face of the country, and expressing herself in that manner, it was then told her by her parent that her father had been a native of *Devonshire*, and left that part of *England* very young. “Would to
“heaven he was still alive to taste the bliss
“which I this day feel,” says her ladyship.

“My child,” says the mother, her words attended with a tear, “he is, if virtue ever had its
“reward,

“reward, where happiness is eternally increasing.”

HER ladyship being dressed, appeared at the ball ; and as she was not far advanced in her pregnancy, looked as charming as an angel, even amongst the women of that country where beauty is no uncommon appearance.

EVERY eye was upon her, and every tongue of the male part of the company was lavish in her praise. The females commended her beauty with great good-nature, one excepted, who (being the daughter of an old baronet, a maiden lady, and a miss, as those dames are always styled who are not entered into the holy state of matrimony) was a little sarcastic on her ladyship.

It seems lady *Liberal* refused to dance on account of her being pregnant. This was immediately attributed to her want of education.

“I THINK,” says Miss *Oldcastle*, “no one can avoid discerning by her face that new fangled lady is of no family ; and you see of no education, she cannot dance a minuet. “To be sure,” says Mrs. *Followclose*, who was this maiden lady’s companion, “she must have had a fine education indeed ! I wonder lords will be looking out for, and taking up with, wives in other places, when there are so many young ladies of beauty, family, and fortune in their own country ;” looking with a smile on Miss *Oldcastle*.

castle. "You are right, Mrs. *Followclose*," says miss, bridling and holding up her head, "it is a shame for them."

Now that our readers may not be led into a puzzle who this miss *Oldcastle* was, we shall give a small description of her person and qualifications, which perhaps may not be unentertaining to mere city readers, who have never voyaged beyond the bills of mortality.

THIS miss *Oldcastle* was a maiden lady, her father, having been a baronet of one thousand a year, of a very ancient family, whose only child she was, had bred her to no one earthly thing, but tracing the pedigree of her family from the ancient Britons down to the present time.

SCARCE was there a reign before the *Norman* conquest in which some of her predecessors have not held great places at court, according to her legend; the men being all statesmen or generals, and the ladies maids of honour. Since that time she said her family thought it beneath them to be much at court. And she sometimes insinuated, that king *Alfred* with all his wisdom, whilst he was in the west, had been the gallant of a female of her family; reckoning fornication no sin, provided it is committed with people of high blood.

SHE knew the marriages and inter-marriages of all the great families in *England*, particularly in

that part of it in which she lived. "I am surprised," says she, "at the insolence of some folks, whose ancestors, in the time of *Henry the second*, had not the least bit of land; nay, some of those who purchased our family's estate in *Henry the seventh's* time, pretend to be people of family. God knows where this pretension will end. We shall see those, who are no older than the revolution, pretend to be gentlefolks by-and-by, and surely family will come to nothing."

"INDEED, madam, you are right," says Mrs. *Fellowcluse*, "it is amazing how some folks pretend to be some-body."

Miss *Oldcastle* being no more than fifty-two, vigorous, of a corpulent habit, and ruddy complexion, her locks inclining to the carrot, it seems had still preserved her colt's teeth, and had entertained an ambition of mending her title, though she could not her blood, and hoped to have wedded the earl of *Liberal*.

Now though this may seem a little strange, that fifty-two should dare to marry thirty-three; yet it is a true remark, that most ladies of that age think themselves a match for the youngest man in *England*, and will venture to engage him stark-naked, without arms to defend themselves: a mark that feminine valour, and the race of

Bradica,

Boadicea, are not yet totally worn out of the kingdom.

THIS virgin lady had managed affairs as well as maids in her station could do. Behaving like those accustomed to dine early, who are to dine latter than usual on certain occasions, she had taken a bit of *John*, the favourite servant out of livery, by way of stay-stomach for a husband.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, she was a lady of a most severe virtue, being so unbiaised in her opinion, that she never spoke well of any one, lest she should seem to be partial by preferring one to another.

SHE was always talking of charity, and the works of charity. But so prudent in, and fearful of, bestowing it upon wrong objects, she fed nothing but dogs, cats, parrots, and monkeys.

So chaste that she could not bear a lady who wore a pair of white stockings. She protested she thought them the most immodest things upon earth, and therefore, her legs being rather large, she always wore blue.

CONSTANT at church, and so attentive to her duty, that when she came home she could recount the dress of all the farmers' wives and daughters, and preach upon the wicked effects of finery, and the impudence of those who wore it, better than the divine perhaps who served the congregation.

THIS

THIS maiden was very severe on lady *Flimsy*. The morning after the ball she visited lady *Hearty*, hoping she did not intend contracting an acquaintance with such an ill-bred creature as lady *Liberal*.

"ILL-bred, madam," says lady *Hearty*, "I have never seen a sweeter or more polite woman; by the little conversation I had, after being introduced to her last night, she must be the most amiable of her sex. Sir *Oliver* and I accompanied with Sir *William Worthy* and his lady, who are with us on a visit, intend seeing them the first week after the assizes."

"WHAT visit a girl of the town, because she is married to a nobleman?" radding all the former falsehoods relating to the countess, and affirming them as so many truths, "I shiver to think of it."

"MADAM," says lady *Hearty*, who knew miss *Oldcastle*'s disposition, "I am sorry you shiver at what every one ought to love; be persuaded these tales are falsehoods, which malice invents to depreciate the success of beauty and virtue."

THUS ended this conversation; and this virtuous maiden, miss *Oldcastle*, whose soul was so righteously disposed, spread every where with the utmost alertness all the falsehood that malice can invent to depreciate virtue.

C H A P.

C H A P. CI.

Probit-castle described. Lady Liberal's danger, and Frank's dispatch for a physician; the first, happily over, introduces universal joy.

THE assizes being finished, lady *Liberal* pursued her journey to *Probit-castle*. This venerable old seat, where hospitality and partial virtue have dwelt for many ages, is situated in a most agreeable part of *England*; on the south side of *Devonshire*, facing the ocean, at two miles distance. The mansion is old, yet in excellent repair, and communicates an air of grandeur to all around it. It is seated on a rising hill, before which are extended meadows reaching to the sea. On the right-hand of which waves along the decline of a gentle hill, the venerable oak in all its beauty, stocked with wild turkeys, and *Guinea* fowls that dwell amongst the branches. Beneath this wood flows, in many windings, a small river, which, transparent as the crystal, falls from rock to rock in murmuring sounds, replete with trout, and other river-fish. A park stocked with deer forms the object on the left hand side, which being planted with shrubs diversifies the prospect. On the lawns below wander innumerable flocks of
sheep,



L Y D I A.

sheep, and herds of cattle; goats also browse upon the hills, which being a picturesque animal, adds life and variety to the landscape; whilst the ships, which are pursuing their different voyages round the world, complete a picture scarce to be paralleled in *England*.

THE gardens, which furnish the dainties of the table, are the most prolific of all in this kingdom. The grape and the fig scarce desire a better soil, or finer climate. The nectarine blushes to the sun, the peach sheds its perfumes, almost bursting with ripeness. Orchards, teeming with golden apples, pour profusion of that liquor, which scarce yields to the *Burgundian* juice, or rarer wine of famed *Tokay*.

OH! native soil! when shall these eyes again behold thee? will heaven, propitious to my vows, waft me at length to this delicious land of bliss, there to behold the setting sun of life go down in brightness and tranquillity upon grey hairs and ease?

THIS seat, so situated, was extremely agreeable to lady *Liberal*. "My lord," says she, "you will with difficulty get me from this place I believe. *London* can have no charms for me. I shall become a mere rustic dame, and talk of my dairy and hatching geese and turkeys as well as the best country-farmer's wife in *Devonshire*."

"AND

“AND must I go alone, *Lydy*, to *London* to attend parliament?” says the earl. “Indeed that is an unlucky circumstance,” replies the countess, “that will try me I own.”

SIR *Oliver Hearty* and his lady, Sir *William Worthby* and lady *Worthby*, came to visit this happy pair of new-comers; and as their souls were congenial, a friendship of the most benign and lasting kind was commenced between these three families.

AT length the hour drew near when lady *Liberal* expected to give the *Probit* family an heir. The care and tenderness of the earl was unspeakable. He scarce quitted her a moment, and slept in a separate bed in the same chamber, being assured no one could be so interested in her welfare as himself. The midwife was present in the house to attend the happy minute.

AT length the moment came, and, there being apprehensions of danger; some better assistance was required. *Exeter* was the nearest place to procure it. The earl bid his groom ride with all possible speed to call a physician, when *Frank* appearing ready booted, “My lord, let me go I beseech you,” says he, “the desire of preserving my lady’s life will make me fly faster than another.” He mounted immediately.

INDEED *Frank* foresaw, that, grooms in general loving horses better than human creatures, this fellow

fellow might have spared the beast in preference to his lady. Wherefore this honest and sensible servant determined to have no object but his lady's life in this journey, and accordingly had desired that this message might be trusted to his care,

THOUGH the danger was not small, the alarm was infinitely greater. Lord *Liberal* at every fainting fit which his lady underwent during her pain, ran from her chamber beat his breast, crying, "My *Lydia* is dead! She is no more! Oh! wretched man! doomed to survive this loveliest of women!"

MRS. *Fairchild*, as if assisted by new strength, ran to his lordship at each recovery of the countess, "She revives, my lord, she is not dead, there is less danger than you apprehend; let me intreat you to compose yourself?" When he would sigh, and rise from the couch on which he had thrown himself, "Must I part with all I love?" he said.

AFTER every recovery from these faintings, lady *Liberal's* first words were, "Where is my life? These pangs will kill him!" Feeling yet more for the earl than for herself.

FRANK, having performed the journey in a time almost incredibly little, came back with the physician, who having prescribed her some medicine, she was by the midwife happily delivered of an heir to the *Probit* family.

THE

THE news was spread; the earl fainted with ecstasy; *Frank* seemed like a man distracted with pleasure; the whole family, whose concern during the danger, from the lowest to the highest, was expressed visibly in their faces, shouted with rapture; the parish was all an evening's festival; so much had the goodness of that family influenced on the heart of every neighbour, poor and rich.

No village within ten miles but blazed with an evening's bonfire at the first news of this event; and the bells were rung whole days together, to express the public joy for the birth of this heir to earl *Liberal*, he being the last of the name.

THUS having brought a young nobleman to the world, we withdraw to make room for better company.

C H A P. CII.

General joy at the birth of an heir. Frank's delirium; recovers and enjoys his desire.

THIS great joy was not uninterrupted in his lordship's bosom, though his lady was as well as possible in such circumstances. His son was the finest child that could be seen, and which his lordship came to visit a thousand times a day, kissing that and the dear mother. "*Lydy*," says his lordship,

lordship, "it is your picture to the utmost resemblance." "Indeed, my lord, it is more like you than me, it has your nose and eyes, and every feature; has it not, madam?" to her mother. "I think so indeed," answered Mrs. *Fairchild*, who scarce ever deserted the room of her dear daughter. "Well," says the earl, pleased with his countess's inclination, "let it be so, I must yield in opposition to two."

THE interruption to their joy was not from this quarter. It seems poor *Frank*, with the speed he had made in fetching the physician, had heated himself into a fever. The same physician attended him also: he was delirious, and in great danger.

EVERY moment he cried "Is my lady delivered;—she shall not die—begone—take me—will not that satisfy you?—I see you—give me the pistols—who dares say she is dead?—my lord shall have an heir—a fine boy—a young lord—I will rock the cradle—hush—hush—my young lord is a-sleep—tread softly—no noise—bye—bye—baby—bye."—These incoherent expressions, uttered in delirium, transfixed the heart of the earl, who came frequently to see him. He perceived his whole soul was engaged in no other idea than that of lady *Liberal*, and his happiness. "Honest fellow! heaven grant he may recover!" says his lordship.

At

At length the crisis determined in favour of his life, and he recovered by slow degrees. The earl never failed seeing him once a day, and asking him if there was any thing he would chuse to have, desired him to mention it, and it should be immediately procured.

"THERE is one thing," says *Frank*, but I am "afraid to ask your lordship." Tell me "replied the earl, "if in my power you shall have it with pleasure." Says *Frank*, "If I could but see my "young lord, I should be quite at ease, and recover faster." "That you shall to be sure," says the earl, pleased with the request. Accordingly the story being told to the countess, who had been extremely anxious for him since she had known he was ill, said, "Generous creature! wrap up the "child, and carry it to him instantly." Which being done, *Frank* kissed it with excessive joy, and lying down, said, "Heaven bless this babe! I am "now contented."

A FEW days perfected the cure, and *Frank* was permitted the happiness of going to the nursery whenever he pleased, to gaze on his young master.

LADY *Liberal* herself thanking him for the great care he had shewn in serving her, added, "You needed not to have made such vast haste to "risque your life, my danger was not so great,"

"WHAT

"WHAT is my life, compared to your ladyship's, and my young lord's? besides, I felt something at my heart which would not permit me to go slower," answered the servant.

"THIS behaviour, *Frank*, shall not pass unrewarded," says her ladyship. "I am rewarded, my lady, by your recovery, and the birth of my young master." Saying this, he withdrew.

CH A P. CIII.

Lady Flimsy and Mr. Sweetwood, on the road to Probit-castle, meet an odd adventure of cuckoldom and horns, contrived by a landlord and two damned chambermaids at an inn. The soldier's wrath appeased as easily as excited.

THE news of this heir being born, was immediately sent to lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*. In answer to which the most polite letter of genuine joy and congratulation was returned from that happy pair, whose mutual pleasure was every day increasing. They then prepared for their visit, and proceeded to *Probit-castle* to stand sponsors to this welcome child.

ONE evening on the road Mr. *Sweetwood* observing a great number of officers in the inn, asked how it happened that so many soldiers were in so small a town? his landlord answered, that as they were chusing

L Y D I A.

chusing a member of parliament at * * * * * in the room of one that had lately taken a place, and was strongly opposed by an honest country gentleman in his re-election, these military men were all sent out to eat him up.

“DAMN them, they have all their kept-mistresses; here are four young ensigns and lieutenants, with each his whore: these fellows will certainly come to good, and make special soldiers when war is declared !”

“You are no friend to the military, landlord, I find,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*. Yes, Sir, I am; I think a soldier an honourable and useful member as any in society; but I do not conceive a red coat, impertinence, and rakery, make that character; or that such are likely to face their enemies with that resolution which becomes gentlemen.”

“I BELIEVE you are not much deceived in that opinion; but you will allow there are many of another stamp,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*. “Indeed, I do,” says the landlord; “but they are drinking success to the placeman’s election, and their ladies keep them company in that article also.”

“EGOD, sir, my chambermaids, the unlucky jades! have a mind at my instigation to play them a trick to-night. You must know, sir, all these women pass for the wives of these officers



L Y D I A.

“ cers to keep them in countenance, otherwise no
“ one in the country would let them lodge in their
“ houses. But my drawer lived last winter at the
“ *Shakespeare's-Head* in *Covent-Garden*, and remem-
“ bers the faces of them all. Now if their damsels
“ retire before the gentlemen, and these get fuddled,
“ as they most certainly will do, the chamber-
“ maids shall light the warriors to the beds of one
“ another's mistresses, by which means we shall
“ have the pleasure of making them all cuckolds
“ in the eyes of the country: or make them discard
“ their ladies, and disavow their marriages, which
“ will be no small diversion to the gentlemen who
“ are in opposit-on to the placeman for their coun-
“ try's good, and who are my friends?”

“ IF you are sure there are none of the company
“ married, I think the thing would not be amiss;
“ otherwise I think it should not be done by any
“ means.”

“ DEPEND on it, sir, there is not one married
“ person amongst them. I would not dare such an
“ action, unless I were convinced of the truth, of
“ what I am saying, for the whole world.”

THE glass was circulated with great freedom,
and these jolly young gentlemen waxing very drunk
the ladies retired to bed, and their paramours re-
mained to swallow the other bottle. When news
being brought that * * * * *, esq. by dint of
bribery, had carried his re-election, these bold
sons

sons of *Mars* gave another shout, and relolved on another bottle to drink the member's health.

THIS news determined the landlord, who received it with great compunction, to put his project in execution. Accordingly these gentlemen being most egregiously drunk, were each put to bed to a lady that did not strictly belong to him. The females also having taken an anodyne were wrapt in slumber at their coming to bed.

THE night was a night of sleep. When these sons of valour waking, each found himself in bed with a wrong paramour. The surprize was not a little to the ladies. But as they had been long accustomed like inns upon the road to receive all comers, they were easily reconciled to the exchange. Being then all dressed, they met to breakfast, where the gentlemen looked a little queer on this damned mistake; and one of them, less prudent than the rest, swore he would send for the landlord up, and kill the dog, being assured that he was the cause of this affront.

THE landlord being come into the room, "You, sir," says this impetuous young gentleman, "how came it that we were put to bed last night to one another's wives? I imagine this was your doing, rascal!"

THE landlord, falling into a loud laugh, answered, "I never put people to bed; did not you know

“know your own wives and chambers? Sir, I
“make no cuckolds in my house.”

“CUCKOLDS! you dog,” replied two of them,
stepping up to him, “I will kick you to hell.”

“INDEED you will not,” replied the landlord,
“a red coat has no terror to me, I assure you.”
Which being pronounced with a firmness of voice,
and resolute countenance, gave them reason to be-
lieve mine host of the *Fountain* would not be pas-
sive in such an adventure.

THIS being said, he left the room. And as these
war-like men were immediately to leave the place,
and return to * * * * *, the election being fi-
nished, my landlord was resolved to entertain them
with a serenade and procession before they departed.
Accordingly four fellows dressed in red coats, with
each a pair of ox's-horns upon his head, began
their march, preceded by the sow-gelder, and an
old drummer, followed by all the people of the
village. They then being arrived before the inn-
door, gave three shouts. This noise being heard
by these sons of *Bellona*, they ran to the window,
and there, horrible to the eyes of valour, beheld
the public triumph of their own disgrace.

THUNDER is no comparison to the rage of these
gentlemen. They stamped and swore they would
put the landlord to death; so did their ladies, the
true *Covent-Garden* spirit being let loose. But it
unluckily happened, they swore so long at this slan-
derous

derous procession, that like a gun with too large a touch-hole which loses its powder, the whole charge was lost through the aperture of their mouths; so that when they came down, and saw the crowd about the door, notwithstanding the sow-gelder's horn and old drum sounded to battle, there did not remain powder enough in the barrel to let the bullet of their courage off into action. They therefore mounted their horses, male and female, and road to * * * * * with all possible expedition, cursing the fatal mistake for being discovered. Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* beheld this whole affair with immoderate laughing.

THIS rendered these gentlemen the frequent object of a pair of fingers, applied to the forehead like horns by a hundred persons of the losing party at the town of the election; and their ladies, being now disqualified from appearing in the streets, were dismissed back to the purlieus of *Covent-Garden*. And thus concludes this adventure.

C H A P. CIV.

Lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood converse on the alterations to be made at Probit-castle. A lucky thought of Mr. Sweetwood's.

WE shall pass over the other part of the journey of lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*, and land them safe at *Probit-castle*; where their recep-

tion was such as sincere friendship mutually gives, and receives from all who are truly animated with that divine passion,

LADY *Liberal* was perfectly recovered and determined to suckle the child herself: the earl would have dissuaded her from it, in complaisance to the reigning mode, though he secretly wished his lady would refuse him. "*Lydy*," says he, "this great boy, I am afraid, will hurt your health, if you suckle him. Let us look for some healthy woman who has lately had a child, and let that care be given to her?"

"My lord," says the countess, "will you deprive me of the greatest pleasure I can know next to your love for me? Shall I be denied looking down with affection on this babe hanging at my bosom, and lose the greatest delight of being a mother? Do you imagine I consider myself as a machine only to bring children into the world, and then desert them? No, no, my dear babe shall reap the advantage which nature designed, and my constitution can afford him. This bosom shall pour forth its milky stores for his sustenance and health."

THIS delivered with spirit, pleased the earl, who taking her in his arms, kissed her with rapture. "You are determined then to excel in mother as well as in wife, *Lydy*; I find you must be indulged."

This

This was pronounced with a self-satisfying delight visible in the earl's countenance.

THE time which lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* tarried at *Probit-castle*, was one continued scene of pleasure, such as reason must approve. Not of that tumultuous sort which is generally miscalled by that name, but of the smooth, delicious, complacent kind, which continues constant and delightful.

THE two gentlemen were engaged in planning out his lordship's woods and waters. "In this place, by this river, which runs amidst the rocks in murmuring falls beneath this little wood, I intend an *Anchorite's* cell: it shall be made of stone only, rendered venerable by the marks of time. The wood shall be kept cleanly weeded, as it is but small; and some very large stones shall be placed where the path shall wind round them to give it the air of being kept in order by one man only, the supposed inhabitant of the cell, who has not strength sufficient to remove them. Across the stream a bridge of great apparent antiquity shall lead to a little garden in the meadows, planted with flowers which require little skill, and with pulse, and culinary plants.

"THIS is charmingly imagined," says Mr. *Sweetwood*. "I believe it is," says the earl, "because I assure you *Lydy* had a greater hand in it than I. Pray Mr. *Sweetwood*, what would you have

“ terminate the long avenue which I intend to
 “ make through the great wood to that cliff which
 “ stands so boldly to the ocean ?”

“ THE temple of fortitude will be a very pro-
 “ per building,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*. “ It shall
 “ be so, and built of rough unhewn moor-stone,”
 “ answered the earl. That is an addition to its
 “ character which I did not conceive at the time of
 “ my making the proposal,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

“ BUT who shall be its inhabitant? What hero
 “ shall we chuse to place in it?” says the earl.
 “ None,” replied Mr. *Sweetwood*, “ the goddess
 “ herself in a statue, of which *Rysbrack* shall be the
 “ sculptor, and carved after that woman who tru-
 “ ly deserves the honour, *Lydia* countess of *Lite-*
 “ *ral*.”

“ SWEETWOOD,” says the earl, the tear start-
 ing, “ you have touched my heart so intimately
 “ with this thought, it shall be immediately put
 “ in execution. Her picture in *London*, which re-
 “ sembles her so much, by our countryman *Rey-*
 “ *nolds*, will serve for the model, and it may be
 “ finished without her knowing it till it is put up.
 “ She would not permit it if she knew my design.

“ IN this place, which is so sheltered from the
 “ winds, so snug and retired, where home-felt
 “ quiet and pastoral delight seem to have made
 “ their abode, I intend building a little thatched-
 “ house. Here *Lydia* and I shall frequently retire

for

“ for a day or two with the little boy, and other
“ children, when heaven pleases to send them to
“ our wishes, and taste a different kind of pleasure
“ from what attends numerous servants, pomp and
“ parade; this will diversify our manner of living,
“ and make us return to the castle with the pleasure
“ of variety at least,” says the earl.

“ AN excellent thought, which will be an im-
“ provement to the happiness of lady *Flimsy*, and
“ myself; I shall undoubtedly follow your example
“ in this building at my abode.”

“ As the situation of the castle is grand, the
“ views and country laid out by nature in the same
“ taste, it would be ill judged to erect a variety of
“ buildings, which, frequently making nought but
“ so many little distinct objects, destroy the idea of
“ one great whole. Pieces of water also would be
“ ridiculous where one sees the ocean so near.
“ Plantations of all the trees which heaven has
“ created, disposed with the best propriety and taste
“ I am capable of exerting, I think will make this
“ seat as agreeable as it can be says the earl.
“ This shall employ the hands of my poor country
“ neighbours, and give them bread, when labour
“ at some times of the year is scarce. The oldest
“ man shall be as well paid as the most vigorous
“ and healthy, and age not feel, in diminished re-
“ ward, that deficiency of support when it stands
“ most in need of it.”

THIS conversation finishing the morning's walk, finishes the chapter.

C H A P. CV.

Miss Oldcastle falls from the mount of happiness to the vale of disappointment. The discovery of the blue stocking; an epistle from a baronet; and a wedding with an old approved servant, are to be found in this chapter.

MISS Oldcastle, whose pride and ancient pedigree would not permit her to visit lady Liberal, was notwithstanding as much acquainted with all her past life as even the countess herself: if regard was to be paid to the conversation of that maiden lady.

SHE was astonished, she said, at the racket which was made about a son of such a creature as *Lydia Fairchild*. "Indeed, and so am I," says "Mrs. Fellsvelose, here's a-to-do indeed about a brat's being born of a woman of no family. But the mob, miss, loves to signalize the birth of the mob. I will engage when you are married, there will not be so much fuss about an heir to the Oldcastle estate,"

"To be sure," says miss, approving mightily the stroke about her having an heir; though probably, like *Sarah*, she smiled internally at the thought

thought of having a son; the time being pretty well advanced which put an end to that expectation.

WHATEVER might be the expectation of heirs, that of a husband, however, was now in a more promising way than she had for a long while expected.

SIR *Simon Trueblood*, baronet, of the *Lands-end*, a gentleman of sixty, hale, and of good constitution, whose purple countenance spoke him of princely dye, had buckled on his sword, and was arrived at *Oldcastle-hill* to make love to this maiden of ancient family. Happily sir *Simon* could trace his pedigree from the *British* race, and prove that neither *Saxons*, *Danes*, or *Normans*, had ever penetrated to his mansion-seat, or mixed their base blood with his family. His estate was such as justified him in making love to this lady.

HE was as much possessed with the idea of ancient family, as Miss *Oldcastle* herself; and preserved his descent on a large parchment with as much care as a miser does an *East-India* bond.

AFTER some weeks of service very humbly offered, the pedigree being proved to the fair lady's satisfaction, proposals were offered, and accepted. The writings were drawing; the wedding-cloaths were making; and all things proceeding in the primrose path of dalliance, as *Shakespeare* elegantly expresses it, even to the fixing of the nuptial day.

NOTWITHSTANDING this situation of affairs, master *John*, the favourite servant, was still in great esteem, and to be reserved as a kind of a second. This sometimes does as well in marriage as in duels, especially where the husband, being a little advanced in life, may be supposed to have lost part of his activity.

MASTER *John* was a kind of domestic steward, who was fond of the chace. The baronet therefore one day resolved to amuse himself with hunting a pack of beagles, which many a sly farmer hinted were kept by the mistress for the amusement of the man.

THEIR intention was to rise before the sun, and proceed at some distance to hunt on a part of the country which was more open, and fitter for pursuing their game. Master *John* was to be companion in the chace.

THIS night, the preceding night, oh ! fatal night ! miss *Oldcastle's* business required the attendance of master *John* in her bed-chamber. The transaction was of a private nature. The night was past. The business done. The hour was come. The clock struck five. Darkness still covered the hemisphere. Master *John* then rose and dressed himself ; the circumstance of being in this chamber not permitting him the use of a light.

DOWN

DOWN he came. He drew on his hunting boots, then mounting his horse, he rode forth before the dawning of the day, accompanied with *Sir Simon*.

THRICE did his horse stumble, which was never accustomed to make a false step. Thrice the sinister raven croaked on the hollow tree as he passed along. He took no warning, still all attentive to pursue his sport. The sun rising through the grey morning. *Sir Simon* surveying *Mr. John* and his horse, beheld one blue stocking peeping above the boot, the other russet.

LIKE *Hamlet*, or *Mr. Garrick* in presence with the queen at the ghost's appearance, this object pierced to the very heart of *sir Simon*. He who never feared the stoutest man in wrestling, of all the masters of the *Cornish* hug, was struck with faintness at the apparition of a blue stocking. He perceived it was of finest worsted. His soul suggested it could not be or *Sal's* or *Susan's*, the dairy maid's or cook's. His honour felt a mortal wound; his mind recoiled upon his pedigree; he deserted the chace; returned to *Oldcastle-hill*, prepared for his immediate departure; and without taking leave retired towards his own home. The consternation was great on this account in the heart of miss *Oldcastle*, till the baronet stopping at a neighbouring inn, sent back his servant with

the following epistle, which cleared up the mystery.

He then proceeded to the *Lands end*, and recounted at least once a day the history of the blue stocking to his last moments. The letter was in these words:

“ To Miss *Oldcastle*,

“ THESE

“ Present.

“ MADAM,

“ **A** S I never intend riding in another man’s boots, so I am determined no man shall ride in the stockings of the lady I purpose to marry; your man *John* will tell you more of this after he has looked on his right leg.

“ I am,

“ Your most humble Servant,

“ SIMON TRUEBLOOD.”

ALAS! it seems fortune, that jilting jade, being determined on mischief, had directed master *John* in-dressing himself in the morning (disastrous mistake!) to put on one of his mistress’s blue stockings for his own. The match was spoiled; the stolen sweets discovered; the tale was spread; the lover gone; and miss *Oldcastle* with *John* only

ly for her consolation; being fallen from the summit of her high and virtuous pretensions, to become the joke of country milkmaids, and hard-handed ploughmen, resolved to wed this very master *John*, whose skill and fidelity she had so often experienced. Thus terminated the external and visible maiden state of miss *Oldcastle*, whose pride had refused many a gentleman in her youth, because their families were not ancient enough, to marry her servant. Hence, ye people of high blood, learn to pity the slips of those of low. Set not too great a value upon the antiquity of your family-stem, lest being grown infirm with old age, it breaks, and lets you fall, as it did Miss *Oldcastle*.

AND thus, like an old ballad, we conclude this chapter with a moral.

C H A P. CVI.

Parson Pugh resolves to see lady Liberal: his christian virtue of patience, and his worldly one of valour, are both shewn in an exemplary manner. The adventure of the players, and the Tudors, with the parson's black eye, together with miss Trudgeit's mistake, and revival of old acquaintance make the variety of this chapter.

WE must now cross the channel which divides *England* from *Wales*, and pay our attention to parson *Pugh*. This gentleman come
back

back from *London* to his wife and family, (with the money for which he had sold his chaplainship in his pocket) had returned to his old vocations of keeping school, and being a curate; he dropt the other parts of selling ale, and playing on the harp, unless for his own diversion.

THIS gentleman observing in the papers, that such a day *Lydia* countess of *Liberal* was happily delivered of an heir to that illustrious family in *Devonshire*, began, "Cot pless hur, wife here is
 "prave news indeed, miss *Lyty* whas now a laty,
 "aye faithe, and prought to bed of a fine poy,
 "look you; Cot damochée hur has creat mind
 "to sent a letter on the shoyfull occashon, or
 "faithe to co hurself name O cot."

"THAT was prave toings indeed," says Mrs. *Pugh*, "leave your wife and shiltrens to co to the
 "tesil knows where to see a laty that whill not
 "know hur when hur toes come?"

"NOT know hur," says the parson, "by Cot
 "hur was know hur, and kive hur a penefice too,
 "whill tell you that."

THE wife opposed; the parson persisted; words grew loud on the side of mistress; so difficult it is for divinity or philosophy to stop the tongues of railing women, preach they patience never so wisely, from the days of *Socrates* to parson *Pugh*. But christianity prevailing in the divine, he greatly suffered; and tarrying till his boots were new-tapped,

tapped, he mounted his little keffil (*anglicé*, a horse) and proceeded to *Swansea*. Here embarking himself, and sending back his beast, he happily arrived with a fair wind at the port of *Bideford*.

AT this town, pleasantly seated on the side of a hill facing the rising sun, and looking on a river as wide as the *Thames*, over whose full tide twice twelve strong arches form a noble bridge, there was at that time a company of strolling players. This troop had most judiciously pitched upon a large slaughter-house for their theatre, the place the best adapted in the world for the executing comedies and tragedies in their manner.

THE troop indeed was small, consisting of five men and three women; but then it made amends in goodness for what was wanting in number. All of them were geniuses in the dramatic way, not one of the whole set, male or female, but what was universal in their profession. They were not like your *London* players confined to a few particular parts only, each performed every character with equal perfection. The men from king *Lear* *Hamlet*, and *Otello*, to the grave-digger, liſtor, or executioner in tragedy; and, in comedy, either lord *Foppington*, ſir *John Falſtaff*, or *Abel Drugger*, made no difference. The ladies also in tragedy and comedy dropt from *Belvidera* to *Nell*, from the Fair Penitent to miſtreſs *Abigail* in
the

the *Drummer* ; and all this in so excellent a way, that the nicest judge could not decide which part was best played : a circumstance very rarely to be found on any stage.

THEIR wardrobe indeed was but slender, the fate of merit : yet showy for the quantity. The suits of men's apparel were extremely well laced with gilt leather : which being disposed with taste and utility, a union so rarely to be met with in the same person, at once by most excellent contrivance covered holes, and displayed finery. One coat besides, which had been formerly black, and was still mistaken for that colour by night, together with tye-wigs and bags, daggers made of oyster-knives, swords whose rage no scabbard could contain, together with an old blanket died blue, to be spread for information to the audience that some death was approaching, and to receive the falling lover, made the play-house stock, besides one set of scenes adapted to all plays. The ladies' dress indeed should claim a separate description, but as it answered in full justice to that of the gentlemen, we shall omit them. Their dressing-room may be seen in Mr. *Hogarth's* print of that subject, better than I can describe.

THESE deficiencies in outward appearances, were amply supplied by the good-will of the young gentlemen of the town. *Juba* never wanted a banyan to make him an *African* prince, nor *Cato*
and

and his senate good night-gowns besitting the dignity of *Roman* senators, besides clean shirts, which were frequently of no little advantage when the idle laundress had forgotten to bring home in the evening the linen, which was delivered in the morning; so that the stock of shirts being large, almost every man having one at the washing, and the other on, it could not be for want of linen, but of clean linen, that sometimes these heroes, like *Harry* the fourth of *France*, were distressed for a clean shirt.

THE ladies were all born of very good families, rendered unhappy by love, turned out to the world by some cruel parents or guardian, left orphans without support, or by some other blameless misfortune, which had forced them, contrary to their natural inclinations on the stage. For being bred gentlewomen, they knew not how to work, yet still of most severe chastity.

THIS was a life, however, they were most heartily tired of, as appeared from their conversation in every town they played, particularly towards the approach of a benefit-night: for which reason they never failed most humbly to intreat the favour of the town, on this particular occasion, to honour them with their company, and enable them to quit that wretched life, and to return to some distant relation who had promised to receive them:

them: thus moving the compassion of all kind hearts, and unhackneyed heads.

THIS night was to be played *The earl of Essex*, or *The Unhappy Favourite*, for the joint benefit of Mr. Cook, who was to perform the part of *Essex*, and miss *Trudgett*, who represented the queen; for it seems this gentleman, though he was preferred to all others by Mr. Rich, was so unlucky as not to please the town. On this account, and on the death of that patentee, as Mr. Cook was no singer, he was discarded by Mr. Rich's successor, who was as much a friend to sing song, as his father had been to pantomimes. Such being his fate, he had listed in a strolling company and becoming the *Alexander* of the troop had sought that honour in his native land which he found not in *London*; and what is more singular, in this land he received it.

INDEED the unhappiness of the earl manifestly appeared in all his dress at first sight; so well was it adapted to his circumstances. He was dressed in that mournful suit, which had been black, and was now of a sadder colour; his blue ribband, which crossed him from shoulder to flank, was composed of two greasy top-knots, a child's pewter watch, well lacquered, making the *George* at the end of it; and that which surrounded his leg was in the literal sense a garter; his action perfectly

fectly expressed his misfortune in being in that situation.

THE queen herself, with a splendid crown of latten richly embossed, and laquered, was dressed in a magnificent paper ruff, and a robe of black baize, which, by the candle-light of that theatre, peculiarly adapted to shew black to the best advantage, did not look muck unlike velvet to an incurious eye : particularly as the page behind her, with powdered hair hanging down his back, dressed in a green silk waistcoat, borrowed of master *Jacky* * * * * * (I hope I may be excused for my prudence in not telling the name) for that occasion, was constantly employed to display the train with much ostentation. This parade almost took off all suspicion that it could be less than velvet.

THE other parts were all dressed to the like advantage.

PARSON *Pugh* then being without company on the evening of his arrival, and particularly as he had never seen a play, imagined that he might innocently amuse himself with this entertainment, as his profession of divinity was not known in that town, and his dress could give no just reason to suspect it.

THE house was crouded at the benefit of these favourite players, and the parson who had never seen a tragedy before, was totally engaged in attending

tending the performance. When the piece proceeding, and the queen coming to that part where she strikes the earl of *Essex*, the divine abstracted from the company, pleased with this behaviour, cried, "There is *Tudor* for you : there is a queen
" of *Welch* blood, look you : shew me such now
" if you dare ; Cot damochée there is the plood of
" *Owen Tudor* for you." The audience was surprised, the play was for a moment suspended, and every eye was turned on the divine, who lost in the joy of *Tudor*'s resolution, was above being abashed by thus expressing himself. The tragedy then went on, and parson *Pugh* gave no other vocal approbation of the performance.

AFTER the play was ended, the divine had a great inclination to have some discourse with this lady, who to his apprehension, had performed so exquisitely well the part queen *Elizabeth*, and done so much honour to the race of *Owen Tudor*.

HE therefore finding that she lodged in the inn adjoining, where he did also, repaired thither ; and desired to speak with the lady who performed the part of queen *Elizabeth*. This was readily complied with, and the divine, parson *Pugh*, was introduced to miss *Trudgeit*. On such an important occasion this gentleman supposed it absolutely necessary to make a speech.

" MA-

“MATAM,” he begins bowing, “the hexcellent and creat manner in which you did perform the creat and hexcellent character of that creat and hexcellent queen *Elizapeth*, and to shuffise to the descentant of *Owen Tudor*, whas maak me tesire tohase a little conversashons with you.”

THIS was as politely returned by miss *Trudgeit*, and the conversation begun.

THE parson expressed himself in great rapture on the whole of her performance, particularly the box of the ear. “Let me tell you, matam, it was telivered in a princely manner. I whonter how it whas possiple for a lathy, not born a princess, to pehase in so princely a manner.” Miss *Trudgeit*, who now perfectly comprehended the worldly knowledge of the divine, told him her mother was a *Welsh* lady, descended from the *Tudors*; and thence she believed that all her actions so much resembled those of a princess.

“HUR tid peliese so. Aye faithe there whas creat reasons, ant causes, ant intucements to peliese hur whas tescented from the line of *Owen Tudor*, look you.” A bottle of wine being then called for by the divine, he desired the lady to honour him with taking a glafs, which she did for two reasons, both which our readers may guess if they can.

DURING

DURING this potation, the parson was mightily taken with the behaviour of Miss *Trudgeit*, who was grown wise like *Ulysses* from having seen many cities, known many men, and much different manners. She therefore, by a soft insinuating wheedle, took possession of the divine's good opinion; and was enjoying the conversation, and the wine, attending a pork-griskin which the parson had also ordered for their suppers, being determined to have what was elegant, and of easy digestion for a lady of such great blood.

DURING this time Mr. *Cock* was employed in reckoning the income of the house: when, to his displeasure, he found that there were several more people in the theatre than there was money to answer for their admission, and to the number of tickets which Miss *Trudgeit* had declared upon her honour she had disposed of.

THIS circumstance of deficiency in cash, therefore, being a penetrating affair, had reached the heart of Mr. *Cook*, and stirring it with some violence, had sent him to the apartment of Miss *Trudgeit* in no little commotion.

"MADAM," says this gentleman, in bursting into the room where the *Welch* divine, and the descendant of the line of *Tudor*, were sitting in conversation together, "do you say you have accounted for all the tickets you have disposed of?" "Sir," replied Miss *Trudgeit*, rising in wrath, "do you doubt my honour?"

"DAMN

“DAMN your honour, you brimstone, do you
“talk of honour who have cheated me in the part
“of my benefit?” says *Cook*.

AND in truth, which secret we never would have
discovered had she been of the true *Tudor* extrac-
tion; this lady, who, in the eyes of parson *Pugh*,
resembled so much the manners of a princess (strange
is the mixture of human nature!) had filched some
of that money which belonged to the earl of *Essex*.

“DAMN you, you b—,” says *Cook*, “give me
“the money, or I’ll kick you to hell.”

“COOT worts, coot worts,” says the parson,
rising in wrath, “to you consiter to whom you
“whas taaking, look you?”

“To whom I am talking? to as great a w—e
“as ever travelled the rounds of *Covent-Garden*.
“The money, madam, or the kicking, give me
“the first, or take the last.”

“PUPPY,” says she, “you half-starved rascal,
“who would not have had a shirt to play in if you
“had not borrowed it of Mr. * * * * *: Did not
“I lend you two top-knots to make you a blue-
“ribband, and a red one to go round your leg to
“make you a knight of the garter; you kick, you
“kiss——.”

THIS speech was instantly answered by a kick.
When parson *Pugh*, no longer able to restrain his
resentment at seeing a descendant of the line of *Tu-*
dor treated in so indignant a manner, dealt the play-
er

er a blow: which being artfully returned, there ensued a most terrible battle. The parson being the best wrestler, closed as soon as he could, and threw the player a horrible fall, which bruised, and sickened him to the heart; yet not till the player, being best skilled in boxing, to talk in technical terms, had darkened one of the divine's *day-lights*, given him a damned *drive in the bread-basket*, and almost *cracked his knowledge-box*.

THE noise alarming the company in the next room, they hurried in, and parted the two combatants: each having rather to much, than enough of it. And thus the battle hung in equilibrio, and no side could boast a victory, *Jove* not having had time enough to set up his great scales to weigh the merits of the combatants.

DURING this scuffle, and the fall, some money escaped from the pocket of parson *Pugh*, about five shillings in silver, which Miss *Trudgeit* picked up, and secured, lest the player should lay claim to it, which was the only thing she engaged in during the fray: because to be sure she would not lessen her hero's honour by suffering the other to say they were two to one.

MR. *Cook* being departed, the parson had his handkerchief tied about his eye, and sat down with the descendant of *Owen Tudor* to complete his supper, and the potation.

THE

THE evening was spent by this lady in thanks to parson *Pugh* for defending her honour: and in answers by the parson, that it was his duty to defend every branch of the *Tudors*. The hour of repose being arrived, the parson, who slept in the same inn, desired to withdraw, and left Miss *Trudgeit* to seek her apartment.

Now it came into the head of this lady fair, that the parson could have espoused her cause in this manner with no other design than that of being her bed-fellow: and which she apprehended the battle and blows of Mr. *Trudgeit* had driven out of his head.

SHE therefore being of a benign heart, was willing to supply, by her own memory, what was deficient in her champion's, and repay his generous behaviour for defending her honour, with her charms, as knights-errant ever wish to be repaid by their *Dulcineas*. She determined therefore to steal to the parson's room, and tenderly console him whilst he lay waking with the anguish of his eye,

THE rooms in this inn followed one another in a long gallery, in two of which the divine and Miss *Trudgeit* lay. This damsel then stoutly resolving to seek her paramour, left her own bed in the dark, and strayed to the next chamber-door, when opening it very gently, she said, "Sir, sir, are you a-sleep?" to which a voice equally soft replied,
"No,

"No, madam, no, come in." Accordingly, in obedience to this invitation, she entered the same bed, when consoling the parson for his sufferings, she wondered he did not answer. "Pray sir, are you sleepy?" "No," says this person aloud, in his own voice. "Oh! lord," says Miss *Trudgeit*, "where am I? who are you? I am undone! tell me Sir?" pretending great hurry to be going. "Stop, stop," says her bedfellow, "you must tarry here, now you are here: it is too late to make another journey to night;" which with some gentle persuasion, she did. It seems she had mistaken, or did not perfectly know, in what room the divine was lodged, and had gone to another.

THE day appearing, who should be in the same bed together, visible to one another, but Mr. *Goodfellow* the *London* rider, who had come to that inn late that night much tired, and his old friend *Charlotte*, whom we have described at the *George* at *Hounslow* in another labour of ours, when almost unhappy disaster beset them.

IT seems this lady, being worn out as a girl upon the town, and discarded by those of the partnership *quadrupartite*, who had her alternately for three months, was now turned strolling player, and having in some sense deserted the character of a whore, had modestly taken to those of queens and princesses.

THE

THE surprize was not a little it may be believed, on this renewing of old acquaintance. *Mum* was the word; the secret was kept on both sides; and here we end this chapter for novelty-sake, being the first concluded in the morning.

C H A P. CVII.

The parson shows a good heart rather than much knowledge of the world; assisted by a countryman, after Miss Trudgeit, professing vast friendship, refuses him the loan of a crown, he proceeds to Probit-castle.

THE parson having passed a sleepless night from the anguish of his eye, and other bruises, was visited by *Miss Trudgeit*; who, admonished by what had happened in the night, manners changing in ladies frequently with light and darkness, gently rapt at his chamber-door. Being bid to enter, she came, and with a curtsy, desired to know how he had slept, expressing much sensibility and pain for his suffering on her account.

THE parson answered he felt nothing, when he considered for whom he had fought. "Cot dam-
"ochée there is nesefer a *Tudor* shall pe apuset whilst
"parson *Pugh* can resent hur, look you: it is the
"tuty of every *Welchman* to die for the clory of
"the *Tudors*."

THIS kindness being returned with much civility by the lady, the divine rose, and came down to breakfast. It seems, notwithstanding this beating was pretended not to be felt by the stoic part of his soul, it was very sorely so by his body. His black eye also gave him some pain mentally when he saw it in the glass, and considered that that mark was no great recommendation to a parson who was going to visit a noble friend, in quest of a living. He determined therefore to tarry at *Bideford* till the blackness should be worn away from his eye, during which time Miss *Trudgeit* did him the honour to breakfast, dine, and sup with him daily, pretending great apprehensions of her being ill treated by *Cook* when he was gone; and protesting that nothing in her power should be wanting; till the last hour of her life, to shew her gratitude for such a friend. Then putting on a tragedy air, and taking the parson in her arms, she cried out, being a little mandlin,

Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in madness love thee:

Though my distracted senses should for sake me,

I would find some intervals when my poor heart

Should swage itself, and be let loose to thine.

THIS the divine, deeply struck with the power of these words, said, was too much. "Matam,
" it is too much, I to not telerse all this friendship
" from

"from you." However, he was extremely sensible of, and greatly affected with this goodness, and constantly employed in singing the praises of Miss *Trudgeit*, to the no little diversion of the other actors.

At length the time was come when the parson's personal appearance might be safely made at *Probit-castle*, without the dread reproach of having broken the peace. He then called for his bill from his landlord; when, lo! it exceeded the length of his purse by full five shillings, which sum the parson also found deficient in his stock, without being able to explain by what means it could come to pass.

THIS difficulty was immediately gotten over by Miss *Trudgeit*, who said, she believed she could safely swear that it dropt from his pocket in his scuffle with *Cook*, and she did not doubt but he had stolen it.

THE divine then, with many apologies, requested this lady to favour him with the loan of five shillings to ballance his account with his host. "Miss," says he, "it shall be most faithfully repaid you, look you." "Do you think I doubt it?" says Miss *Trudgeit*: "my misfortune is, unhappy woman that I am, that my powers cannot answer to the generosity of my soul. Oh! what pain to this heart, which beats with gratitude, not to be able to supply so good a friend, so worthy a man! Sir, it is impossible to express what

“grief I feel on this occasion! My bosom bleeds! “It is here, it is here,” placing her hand on her heart theatrically, “it will not be at rest.” And all this emphatic speech was spoken whilst the parson’s crown and her benefit-money, lay snug in her pocket.

THE divine, in this dilemma, believing every word she uttered, and as much afflicted for the lady as for himself, gave her great thanks for the intended goodness, begging her not to be in so much pain on his account. “Oh! Sir, you know not “how it grieves me,” she cried, pronouncing it with a sigh, and great pathos.

IN this distress parson *Pugh* applied to *Jenkin Williams*, a master of a *Welsh* coal-bark at the *Quay*, who lent him the money he was indebted; and wherewithal to carry him to *Probit-castle* without hesitating a moment. Such base hypocrisy attends imitating the great, and such friendship being but the little.

THE parson then having discharged his bill, and taken a tender leave of miss *Trudgeit*, who was by no means behind hand in pathetic reply, mounted on horseback for the seat of lord *Liberal*, the race of *Tudor* smiling internally at the simplicity of the divine, who in that was surpassed by none of the fathers, and at the ease with which she had duped him to her purposes for more than a week.

C H A P.

C H A P. CVIII.

Parson Pugh arrives at Probit-castle; his reception. Lady Liberal's opinion of that divine, which concludes in the parson's getting a living, and a prayer for that noble family, in which that divine does not resemble every bishop.

THE divine, after a long day's journey, arrived safe at *Probit-castle*, where he was most cordially received. During the road he had studied a speech to make at first being introduced to the earl and countess. This he had settled to his mind, and repeated a thousand times on the way. Being then introduced, he bowed, and the earl coming towards him to receive him, he cried, "Stop a little, look you, hur whas make "hur speech." He then begun, "My lort and "laty, I whas come to whish your lortship, and "latyship, and your young heir, long life and "prosperity; and that the young nobleman may "be as prave as his laty mother, ant as hant- "some as his father. Amen! pray Cot. A- "men, I say, for the honour and clory of olt "Englant."

THIS did very well, notwithstanding the mistake in bravery and beauty; and the parson was well contented with his speech.

HE then gave an account of his tarrying at *Bideford*, and the cause of it. His heart was too replete with honesty to let the concealment of any thing remain long in it. This story diverted the whole family extremely.

STRICT orders were given to the servants not to let the least seeming disrespect escape from them towards this stranger, at whose nativity the leek was in the ascendant; a constellation of great choler to those who are born under it.

THIS cordial reception gave this old friend great satisfaction, and communicated extreme cheerfulness to his behaviour; which was no little delight to the happy pair whom he was come to visit. Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* were much pleased with him. And as he really felt and expressed the greatest veneration and esteem for the lady and lord of the house, and their newborn son, he was a great favourite of Mrs. *Fairchild*.

THE day was come when lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* were to return to *Worcestershire*; at which time was seen a phenomenon that is not so frequently found as talked of, symptoms of sincere friendship. The parting was painful, very painful on both sides, to those who left the castle and to those who were left in it. Notwithstanding these guests had sojourned there almost six months, and the old adage says, "Friends should
" never

"never be more than a week together." The promise of seeing at *Fairland-court*, my lord and lady *Liberal*, was the great comfort which remained between them.

PARSON *Pugh* being cordially received, wrote a letter to his wife of his good reception, and was perhaps too much at ease to about his flock to stand a scrupulous enquiry. Whereas she, good woman, not being in so plentiful a situation, got a neighbour who could write, to tell him in a letter, that he was in danger of losing his curacy.

THE parson then surveyed this letter with no benign aspect. The sojourning at *Probit-castle* was above any thing he had ever tasted in life; which circumstance inclined him much to stay there, and officiate as chaplain. This being observed by the earl, whose humanity was boundless, "My *Lydy*, I think," says he, "We must make this old deserving friend our chaplain, and give him the living of this parish, as soon as the present very infirm incumbent shall die."

"I should have no objection to this, my dear lord, but that Mr. *Pugh* will be more unhappy, and the parish less religious by that means," says her ladyship.

"How so, *Lydy*, he is a very good man?" "What cause have you for this apprehension?"

"I CONFESS he is a very good man," says lady *Liberal*, "but his accent is so strong in the *Welsh* pronunciation that the audience cannot refrain from laughing at him. This must, of necessity, make him unhapy: as he is by nature choleric, and apt to resent. And the people not separating the doctrine and duty from the man which delivers and enforces them, will contract a habit of thinking lightly of these essential things, because of the ridicule in which they will appear from his lips."

"THENCE, my dear, will it not prove true that all parties will be losers by your design?"

"You saucy philosopher, pray where did you get this knowledge?" says the earl.

"FROM your lips, my constant instructor; from those lips which never spoke what I have not attended to with pleasure."

"VERY polite, indeed, madam, you deserve a kiss for that: but how shall we serve him, *Lydy*? sure you would not have me leave your old advocate unprovided?"

"BY no means, my dear, purchase him a living in his own country, where he will be be loved, honoured, and at ease, being in that country what no understanding can make him appear to be in this part of the world, on the

"ac-

“account of his pronounciation only, a man of
“sense.”

“You have judged extremely right, my dear
“*Lydy*: this shall be done.” Accordingly the
divine was desired to look out for some living in
Wales; when luckily, that on which he was a
curate, being to be purchased, it was bought and
presented him. The news of this happy acquisition
was beyond expressing by the divine; he re-
turned his thanks with the utmost gratitude to
his noble patrons; after which leaving *Probit-castle*
loaded with presents for Mrs. *Pugh*, and his fa-
mily, he retired to *Wales*, and spent a happy old
age, never failing to mention in his prayer before
sermon, whether in *Welch* or *English*, the names
of the earl, countess, young nobleman, and all
the family, as they increased in children after that
time; and imploring a benediction of heaven upon
them, with a sincerity which would not be amiss
in many a bishop when he bequeathes what the le-
gatee sometimes never receives, his blessing. A
circumstance which may create a doubt in some
minds, whether his lordship always gives it or
not.

C H A P. CIX.

Frank receives the reward of his benefity, in being made steward.

THE steward of lord *Literal*, who had been long superannuated, was now dead at his own house near *Prabit-castle*. Immediately the earl and countess sent for *Frank* to attend them. The moment he entered the room, "*Frank*," says my lord, "your duty and friendship to lady *Literal*, and myself, obliges me, with great pleasure, to give you the place of my steward. I reserved it in my mind during the decline of this honest man, who is now no more."

Frank bowing, was going to express his great thanks, and at the same time his apprehensions of being unequal to the task; when my lord stopt him, saying, "I will instruct you. Therefore, you are now to quit your livery, and take the duty upon you for mine and lady *Literal*'s sake. Where shall I find a man in whom I can so perfectly confide?" Lady *Literal* adding, "*Frank*, you will not refuse me this request, when you can be so useful to us and your young master."

"My lady," says *Frank*, imagining he was, like the other steward, to live in a separate house,
"but

“but I shall lose, by this advancement, the happiness of seeing your ladyship, my lord, and young lord, twenty times a day. I must live where Mr. *Trueman* dwelt, what can make me amends for that loss? I know none, but what you are pleased to mention, the serving you more effectually.”

“You mistake,” says lord *Liberal*, that apartment, which I have new fitted up, was designed for you, on purpose to keep you where I know you will be with most pleasure to me, yourself and lady *Liberal*.”

THIS reconciling all parties, *Frank* entered upon his duty of steward, and applying with attention, soon made himself master of the business, to the great satisfaction of his lord and lady, who, now his condition was altered, had the pleasure of treating him with more equality and freedom.

HE was now become Mr. *Lovegood*, and the name of *Frank* dropped by all the family. And, what is yet not a little surprizing, there was not a fellow-servant who surveyed this rise with pain or envy. They all sincerely acknowledged his deserving it, and wished him accordingly. His behaviour continued the same; without pride, affect, or overhearing; the best of servants.

CHAP. CX.

A visit to Fairland-court, together with a small stay at Bristol, where lady Liberal remembers what most ladies are apt to forget.

LORD and lady *Liberal* were now preparing to visit Mr. *Sweetwood* and lady *Flimsy*. In their road they intended passing through *Bristol*. This lady *Liberal* had purposely desired, to pay a visit to the gentleman who had so sincerely commiserated her distress, and been her friend, when she was formerly with lady *Flimsy* in that city.

BESIDES this, in conversation with lady *Flimsy*, she had understood, that the ten guineas which that gentleman had given her, when she left *Bristol*, had not been from lady *Flimsy*'s order, as she imagined for a long while; but from the generous motive of his own tender heart. She was, for that reason, determined to stay one day in *Bristol*, to thank that gentleman for his beneficence.

BEING arrived at that city, this noble pair sent their compliments to the gentleman whom we have just mentioned; who, in consequence of this message, immediately waited upon them.

AT

AT his coming into the room, lady *Liberal* rose from her seat, and advancing to meet him, with all the tokens of grateful truth in her face, said: "Sir, I am come to thank you for that humane friendship which you manifested in my distress. I have but lately understood that the ten guineas which you presented me, at leaving this town, was from your generosity, otherwise I should have thanked you long since by a letter, and have only omitted it with design to wait upon you in person."

"My lady, I am sorry you remember the little pleasure I did myself by that action. I hoped you had lost all remembrance of that injury which was the cause of it," answered the gentleman.

"No, Sir, that I never can; that would rob me of thinking of you," she replied.

THE earl then thanked him with the same politeness; when the gentleman desired lord and lady *Liberal* to sleep at his house; which they accepted, and were received with a countenance which gives pleasure to the best entertainment. During her stay, lady *Liberal* found an opportunity of making the eldest young lady amongst that gentleman's daughters, a present, which she had designedly prepared. The morning before she began to proceed on her journey, the countess took an enamelled snuff-box from her pocket, which

which the eldest lady who presided in the house (for this gentleman is a widower) much admired. "Miss," says lady *Liberal*, "will you give me leave to present it to you? It will give me much pleasure if you will accept it." The young lady genteely accepted it. "But then," says lady *Liberal*, "I must insist upon your not seeing the inside till I am gone."

To this the gentleman's daughter politely replied, "Her ladyship should be obeyed," and the box was given it to her hands.

PLEASED with their entertainment, and with the paternal affection which this worthy father and friend had shewn to his lovely family; my lord and lady *Liberal* took leave, desiring to see him and them at *Probit-castle*.

THE coach was driven from the door. The gentleman and his children returned to the parlour, when the second young lady said, "Pray sister see what is in your box." When opening it, there was found a pair of diamond earrings, with a bit of paper, signifying that the friendship of her father had made her that present. "The genteel way in which this present is made me, is even more agreeable than the gift itself," says the young lady.

C H A P. CXI.

The arrival of lord and lady Liberal to Fairland-court. The birth of a daughter. Mr. Sweetwood made member of parliament. A small disquisition on a lady more talked of than known.

TO describe the reception at *Fairland-court*, is but to make another picture of what passed at *Probit-castle*, at the coming of lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* into that country. Sir *Timothy Laugbloud*, who had been a former admirer of lady *Flimsy*, visited Mr. *Sweetwood* soon after his marriage, and wished him joy. “’Sblood,” says the *Baronet*, “because I cannot marry lady *Flimsy* myself, must I be unacquainted and angry with him who does?—Not at a l.” The *Baronet* then, the general election for members of parliament coming on, told Mr. *Sweetwood*, he would give him his interest, and then *Beef* and *Juvenile* may whistle and be damned, after the county, if they will.

ACCORDINGLY the union of their interests carried the election in favour of Mr. *Sweetwood*, Lord *Liberal* persuading him much to represent the county. “I shall then be more sure of seeing you in *London* in winter.” A little before this time lady *Flimsy* had presented Mr. *Sweetwood*

wood with a lovely little girl, to which the earl and countess stood sponsors. "This is, as I wish it," says the countess, "a little wife for my son." "True, *Lydy*," says the earl. "If the consequence prove in that manner," says lady *Flinfy*, "I shall scarce repent its not being a boy." "It shall be a match," says the earl. "Yes, if they love each other," said the two ladies, "not otherwise."

DURING the time this noble pair tarried at *Fairland-court*, lady *Flinfy*, amongst other conversation, said one day, "Lady *Liberal* you cannot conceive how I have been treated for speaking in favour of lady * * * *, by the wives of those gentlemen, who are in the opposite interest to Mr. *Sweetwood*; the reason of it is this: It seems the lady I have just mentioned, at present lives with a gentleman in a neighbouring county; this has created some satyrical conversation amongst many who condemn her, rather from the motive of keeping the eyes of other people from examining them, than from any real offence which she gives them."

"It seems this viscountess, a widow at eighteen, who had but lately lost the man she loved to excess; with a beauty, the superiority of which, no one has ever denied; a grace and gentility which can be hardly equalled; and a mind fitted for the reception of all that is delicate

“cate in love; was urged by her father to marry
“a nobleman, whose aspect and behaviour vin-
“dicates aversion in woman. So strong was her
“parent’s injunction on that head, that abso-
“lute dismissal from his care and favour was to
“be the consequence of a refusal. Urged by filial
“duty, and having reaped nothing from the first
“marriage, but infinite affliction for the death
“of him she adored, to whom her behaviour
“and fidelity had been irreproachable; in this
“distress she was fatally prevailed upon to marry
“her second lord; the natural consequence of
“which was aversion, and at last a resolution to
“desert him, for another man whom she loved.
“What bosom can resist the double power of
“hatred, forcing a woman from the object of
“aversion, and desire drawing her to that of
“love? This action, however, I do not at all
“defend; yet when I recollect what my soul felt
“when linked to lord *Fluffy*, I rather pity than
“condemn this woman. Various has been her
“life since that time, frequently trying to force
“her soul against all her feelings and sensations,
“she has returned to her lord, struggling with
“nature for the approbation of the world. Again
“his strange behaviour has driven her abroad, to
“that temper which is insupportable. Hard
“is her fate, and to be pitied; with a generous
“humanity which would become an empress, an
“understanding

“understanding that does honour to her sex, with
 “all the accomplishments so rare in woman, had
 “she been as happy in the second as the first lord,
 “she must have been the most adored and envied
 “of all the nobility; this that fatal marriage abso-
 “lutely destroyed.

“YET, setting aside all this consideration of that
 “violation which was offered to her soul in her se-
 “cond marriage, methinks it is the strangest thing
 “on earth, that this lady, who has deserted her
 “lord’s bed, though she lives with another, should
 “be more disesteemed than women without the first
 “excuse, who living still with their families, dai-
 “ly commit the act of adultery, and rise reeking
 “from the arms of their gallants, to return to those
 “of their husbands. Certainly, in a true judg-
 “ment of this affair, those who leave their lords,
 “are less culpable, and less indelicate, than those
 “who continue with them in the above manner;
 “and yet numbers of the latter, known to offend,
 “see and receive the best company, whilst the
 “others are neither visited by, nor visit, any peo-
 “ple of rank at all.”

“INDEED,” says lady *Liberal*, “I am of your
 “opinion.” “And yet having once declared mine
 “in this manner,” says lady *Flimsy*, “I have been
 “since treated as a defender of those women whom
 “all chaste ladies should be ashamed to name.”

“BUT,

“BUT, I fancy, the leavin husbands will soon
 “become so common, that it will be as little sin-
 “gular as living with them; for this new law
 “putting children in the power of parents and guar-
 “dians to marry them to whom they please, will
 “naturally improve that fashion, by wedding them
 “to their destruction which seems to be the chief
 “design of its being made.”

C H A P. CXII.

*The manner in which Lady Liberal and lady Flimsy
 pass some of their time in London. Some observa-
 tions of lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood, on the
 behaviour of numbers and individuals, left to the
 reader's decision.*

THE visit being passed, lord and lady *Liberal* returned to *Probit-castle*, friendship in each family improving by acquaintance; a literary correspondence was constantly kept up on each side, by both the gentlemen and ladies.

It was remarkable, that the two families resembled each other extremely. In each the servants pressed who should first obey the summons of their masters and ladies. Duty was their delight, and that was always repaid by approbation in their superiors. They knew the consequence of quarrels
 and

and misbehaviour, was instant dismissal; for which reason all was peace and tranquillity. The manners of the heads of these families were transfused through all below, and happiness reigned every where.

THE winter approaching, lord *Liberal* and his lady prepared to return to *London*. The heart of the countess was in piteous taking at the leaving her dear little *Arthur*, which was her son's name. However, she could not think of taking him with her, nor of being so long absent from her dear lord *Liberal*. A day or two before she was leaving the country, she was playing with him in her arms, admiring all those charms which the fond eyes of parents discover in their own offspring, asking her lord, who was looking on with infinite delight, if he was not a fine boy? "As ever was born," replied the earl. At which words, the countess pressing him to her lips, the earl perceived the tear stealing down her face. "What can be the occasion of this weeping, *Lydy*?" says he in surprize. "I was thinking if I should never behold this dear Being again," she answered. What ingenuity are you practising to torment yourself? says the earl. Mrs. *Fairchild* adding, "my child, I think this distrust is criminal."

THE day came, and after a million of kisses, the fondness of parents left this charming child chiefly to the care of Mrs. *Fairchild*, and Mr. *Lovegood*,
and

and began their journey to *London*; at which place being arrived in safety, the next day brought lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*. A rural life was the delight of these old-fashioned two pair of people; cards seldom made a part of their pastime; they therefore set about considering how to spend their hours in *London*, more agreeably than in routs, drums, hurricanes, and tempests.

PEOPLE of fortune have it in their power to chuse what company they please. Lord *Liberal*, since his title and estate were fallen to him, had studied the constitution of his country, and entertained himself with polite literature. He had created also a great passion for the latter in lady *Liberal*; her taste was just and elegant, yet she never spoke her opinion but with diffidence, and never interfered in reading or deciding of writings, which by their nature require much application to understand. Lady *Flimsy* was of the same disposition; only sometimes carrying her opinion a little farther, imagined that women were as good judges as men in all works of literature, if they would read and apply. Mr. *Sweetwood* used frequently to railly her on this occasion. This gentleman, we have said, was bred a scholar.

THE resolution then of these ladies, with the approbation of their husbands was this, that each house, once in the week, should entertain a set of men of good sense and learning with a concert

cert for two hours. Which being finished, the productions of the winter, as they came out, should be critically examined. From this method, the faults and excellencies of every piece would be truly known, as some would be approving, and others disliking particular parts and passages, and its real desert would certainly be discovered at last.

THIS design put into execution, was a pleasing entertainment, where the ladies presiding, gave an air of decency, which nothing but the company of women can impart to that of men. It became the mode so much, that three ladies of quality absolutely dismissed all thoughts of having routs, and began assemblies of this kind: but unluckily their lords being of the modern education of lord *Flimsy*, could cut no great figure in that way of life; wherefore, growing tired of good sense, the men of learning were refused admittance, and sharpers, pimps, and gamesters, again took possession of their lordships, their houses, and their money.

DECENT theatrical representations made a great part of their pleasure in *London*; but the complaint was almost universal, that even the inimitable *Shakespeare* became tiresome by frequent repetitions, as they knew every motion and gesture

ture of the actor before he pronounced a word.

THE time was now arrived when the national assembly was to meet and deliberate on the most material considerations of the public weal. Mr. *Sweetwood* was a new member, strenuous in his country's interest; lord *Liberal* had distinguished himself in the same manner.

THESE gentlemen always compared their sentiments upon the subjects which were to come before them, and became good speakers in public.

MR. *Sweetwood* was more in the diffuse and flowery style of speaking, with elegance and propriety.

THE earl short, succinct, and clear.

EACH of them listened to, and much applauded for the integrity and truth which appeared in their speeches, and then immediately opposed by those very men, in favour of a m — r, and in contradiction to the public welfare.

ONE day lord *Liberal* sitting with Mr. *Sweetwood*, and conversing on the subject of national affairs, observed how strange the effects of a number of men, united in one cause, appeared to be to him. "I believe," says he, "I can always tell the division on any question before it is put, and it is remarkable, that the nature of the debate makes but little difference in the number of

th

" those who approve or disapprove the question.
 " The very nature of those votes which each
 " man gives, thus combined, without difficulty,
 " would intimidate any one of them from daring
 " to give them singly. Pray is not the sense of
 " shame, like the fear of death, diminished by num-
 " bers? The coward loses his timidity in pro-
 " portion to the army in which he is engaged;
 " and the member of parliament his shame in pro-
 " portion to the numbers which appear with him
 " in the same cause. Otherwise, it appears in-
 " conceivable how men, who have voted to the
 " destruction of their country in the morning,
 " can expect the esteem of their fellow-subjects
 " after noon, and yet this is an every day's ob-
 " ject. Perhaps the frequent repetition of the
 " same thing has eradicated the sense which ori-
 " ginally attends it.

" M E T H I N K S a man who has publicly vio-
 " lated his honour, like a woman who has prosti-
 " tuted her chastity, should be shunned by all ho-
 " nest men of his sex, as the females are by all
 " virtuous of their own. This public chastise-
 " ment of their corrupted hearts would render
 " them more cautious in their m——l obedience;
 " this stigma would teach them to proceed at least
 " with more circumspection."

" M Y lord, your judgement one would imagine
 " should be right, and in nations where honour is

in

“ in esteem, and virtue cherished, it must be so.

“ But unhappily all those, a few excepted, who

“ should look on and despise, secretly approve the

“ barter of integrity for money, and laugh at

“ those whose consciences prevent them from

“ pawning their souls for the interest of their

“ bodies, secretly wishing for the like opportu-

“ nity.”

“ I AM afraid what you say, Sir, is too true,”

replied the earl, “ yet I shall preserve my old way

“ of thinking, and give that advice which I believe

“ my country stands in need of; let the sin be at

“ the door of those who reject it.” Mr. *Sweetwood*

professed the same manner of proceeding. Saying

this, they went in the same coach to their respective

duties.

C H A P. CXIII.

Foolish behaviour of two fond mothers, with respect to their children. Lady Liberal's presents to the girls, and her lord's to the young men, of the parish; perhaps as well worth imitating as lady Di's Cap, or lady Betty's new negligee. Contrary to all appearance, lord Liberal supports three kept-mistresses; the jealousy of his lady, and the consequences of it fully explained; ends better than expected; festivity and gratitude.

THE winter season was passed, and the happy hour arrived which was to carry back their families to their dear little-ones. Lady *Liberal* and lady *Flimsy's* hearts panted with joy at the thoughts of soon seeing their dear little boy and girl.

THE journeys being finished, the children were presented to the arms of their fond mothers, who kissed them with excessive rapture, their fathers almost struggling to get in a kiss. Then lady *Liberal*, turning to Mrs. *Fairchild*, embraced her with all possible duty; at the same time thanking her for the care she had shewn to her son. "My child" says the venerable mother, "is it not my son as well as your? I am convinced I love him as well as you can." And indeed the fondness of this good woman was inexpressible towards the grandchild: she
never

never forsook him but a few hours at a time, and then with pain.

THE chief delight of this pair was to communicate the happiness they felt to all who lived in any sense dependant on them. The farmers who rented his lordship's estates, who were most diligent and industrious, were his greatest favourites. He therefore, to promote their happiness, told Mr. *Lovegood*, "that wherever an industrious man seemed
"to want sufficient stock on his estate, to lend him
"money. There are particular times when grass
"is in greater plenty than usual; at these times money
"must be useful to buy cattle or sheep to eat
"that which would be otherwise uselessly wasted;
"therefore, Mr. *Lovegood*, lend them money, at
"that time, to purchase what they want. By these
"means they will be more at ease, and grow rich,
"a circumstance in which I much desire to see all
"my tenants.

THIS being observed, all of them thrived under their lord, and blessed his footsteps wherever he went. Not a man on his estates who would not have ventured his life freely in his service.

LADY *Liberal* every spring gave two linen gowns to two servant maids, who were well spoken of by their masters and mistresses; or to two farmer's daughters, whose characters were most esteemed. His lordship also presented two new coats to the farmers sons, or servants, whose skill in

husbandry, and good behaviour were most eminent. These little presents excited such an emulation in all who dwelt in his parish, that no one servant of bad reputation dared to seek service in that place. Accordingly, the best coming there only, the whole parish soon became a regular and good family; and in a few years, all the men had coats, and the servant maids gowns, from the lord and lady of the *Castle*, which was as great an honour as a title, or a blue ribband, in their opinion, and as virtuously obtained.

By these means those who married together were such kind of people who promised most to succeed in the world; and when their family increased very fast, lady *Liberal* assisted in providing for their little ones.

IN the whole parish there was not a single man or woman who received pay as a poor person. There were three old women whose labour was past, whose industry had been great, and brought up large families. These his lordship placed in one house, to assist each other, and took care that they should want nothing necessary to make their lives as happy as possible. These three old women his lordship called his kept mistresses, and frequently stopped to ask how they did, smiling when he returned; and kissed his lady, saying, “*Lydy*, what a hypocrite I am to kiss thee with such fondness, when
“ I am but just come from visiting my three kept
“ mistresses.”

“ INDEED,

"INDEED, my lord, I shall be jealous if you go on this way: I cannot suffer it. I hope, however, I am your favourite *Sultana*."

"INDEED you are," replied the earl.

"THEN I must be content, and endeavour to preserve myself in that situation," returned his lady. In truth, notwithstanding these three women were such dangerous rivals to her ladyship, she generously forgave them, and paid them as frequent visits as his lordship, never shewing the least mark of jealousy.

THE incumbent had been some time dead, and the son of the late steward presented to the living.

AT the time of doing this, the earl said, "Sir, I give you this living in consideration of the merits of your father; and I believe you will deserve it by your own. In my opinion, much more depends on the behaviour of a divine, than is generally imagined; therefore, to complete the design I have put in execution, to make this parish happy, I must request that you make the whole duty of your profession your practice. that the church be duly served, and the parishioners, during sickness, strictly visited; the mind at ease is more likely to permit the body to recover health than when it is not so; and my three old ladies must not be forgotten some times."

THIS was well received by Mr. *Trueman*, and constantly observed, by means of which this parish

was the happiest in the nation; and this lord's esteem and influence irresistible in the county.

IN the *Christmas* holidays there was two days festivity in the *Castle* for all the parish. The farmers and their children were united the first day, and three days after their servants. Their entertainment was equal, and the earl and countess each day sat at their tables, in company with their guests. Perhaps no object could offer, to a grateful mind, a more pleasing entertainment, than to behold these people enthusiastic in expressions of their love to this truly noble pair. What grateful joy appeared in their countenances, when his lordship and lady *Liberal*, after a glass of wine or two to their healths, dinner being finished, left them to enjoy themselves as they pleased! What fervent thanks, and earnest blessings, burst from the lips of young and old as they passed along!

SUCH continued the happiness of this lord and lady, their family increasing in a most beautiful progeny, as did that of lady *Flimsy*, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, at *Fairland-court*. Every winter these families met in town, and every summer alternately visited each other: this with the company of Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his lady, Sir *William* and lady *Worthy*, and many other deserving families visiting at *Probit-castle*, made that abode a perfect paradise.

CHAP.

C H A P. CXIV.

A voyage back to America, made on purpose for Cannassatego, in which the reader sails safely without danger of drowning. A joyful meeting of returning lovers, in which a small touch of a faithful dog is introduced for variety's sake.

WE must now take our readers a-cross the great *Atlantic* ocean, to follow the *Indian* prince, whose voyage being swift and propitious, will, we hope, be no displeasing account to our humane readers. He was landed at the city of *New-York*, where he did not tarry two hours after he had brought his presents on shore; but finding some of his own nation, who were returning to the town in which *Decaneffora* resided, he intreated their assistance in carrying home what he had brought to that place. Here he was received with transport, by these his fellow-country-men, who gave him the pleasing relation, that *Yarico* was yet living, waiting the happy minute of his return with fond impatience.

THIS intelligence gave fresh vigour to the soul of *Cannassatego*, and animated his steps as he walked along the forest. *Yarico*, not knowing from what cause the sudden change proceeded, felt unusual pleasure at the thoughts of *Cannassatego*.

tego. That gloom which had so long hung upon her bosom was dissipated; she visited the wonted places of their resort with delight; and one day, the gaiety which revelled at her heart, urged the song from her lips which had forgotten that usage since *Cannassatego* left her, unknowing what she did. Such alteration this undiscovered something had produced in her bosom, like the returning spring to birds, whose warblings have been frozen through the long inclement winter. It opened her throat to melody.

THE change did not pass unobserved, though the cause was only suggested. She said, "He comes, my lover comes, it is his approach imparts this pleasure! Alas! I fear; yet why — he comes, my heart forebodes his wished arrival!"

THE *Indian* chief being now near the dwelling of *Decanessora*, spoke to his companions, and intreated one of them to go before, and with gentle terms to open his return to *Yarico*; "Perhaps her bosom may not bear the flood of joy with which my sudden presence may overwhelm it."

THIS was done, and the moment *Yarico* received the intelligence, swift as the mountain roe she fled to meet him. Her open arms, her voice proclaimed her coming; at sight of which the chief ran to meet her, when rushing into each other's

other's arms, excessive joy held them mute, the others gazing on.

AT length, recovering, "Art thou returned?" she cried, "Do I hold thee to my heart?" "I am, and thine, my soul, my every bliss," replied the prince. They then proceeded to *Decanessora's* abode, gazing on each other with ineffable delight. *Decanessora* received him with true friendship. "Welcome, my friend, now thou hast proved thyself thy country's friend, first of thy nation in daring enterprize."

THE following day was spent between *Cannasfatego* and *Yarico*, whilst messengers were sent to the six nations to summon their Sachems to attend the report of his voyage.

IN the morning this happy pair of *Indian* lovers retired to the rock which she had often visited during his absence: here the chief related what he had seen during the voyage, whilst *Yarico* listened with attentive pleasure to the various tales. He then displayed the presents which he had brought her, and described the character of the lovely pair which presented them to her. She was amazed at the picture, and pressed it to her lips a thousand times; saying, "It is the very image which dwelt in my heart during your absence." Amongst the many welcomes to his country which he received, the expressive joy which his faithful dog manifested at his return,

must not be forgotten. This creature frisked from place to place with inexpressible delight, leaped up to his master with caressing motions, then ran to *Yarico* in the same manner, to tell her his joy at her lover's return; which fondness was much admired and rewarded by these lovers: during the time of *Cannassatego's* absence, he had been her constant companion in all her walks, as if conscious of her dejection, and as her guardian in her solitary retirements.

THE Sachems of the nations were now assembled, and *Cannassatego* present to relate the result of his voyage; a solemn silence reigned through the whole assembly. He began:

“ SACHEMS and warriors of the *Indian* nations,
“ behold me returned from beyond the rising sun;
“ the voyage of many moons is at length accomplished: great was the toil! Would that the result had answered to the undertaking!

“ ALAS! such as this land nurtures, such faithless men inhabit in those regions whence I come.
“ In vain I sought that Sachem who rules the councils of the great king; his words were all
“ one tale of falsehood. He listened not to the distress of *Onnondagan* or *Cayugan*; nor have
“ these eyes once beheld the great king; slighted, neglected, you and your welfare; what have
“ we but to turn our arms against them, and vindicate

“ dicate the lands which the Great Spirit has given
“ us ?

“ NOR is this to me a wonder; I, who be-
“ held the sachems of the people chosen for yel-
“ low dirt; they are no longer free. A nation
“ of voluntary slaves, who sell themselves and their
“ country to those who bid the highest. Wis-
“ dom is rejected for this ore. Nor in their coun-
“ cils only does this take place; their warriors
“ even are chosen from this possession: Thus
“ valour and prudence being excluded by dirt
“ alone, what can we expect from such hireling
“ souls, and men unequal to the task of conduct-
“ ing armies ?

“ DID you behold their warriors, with timorous
“ step, tread the cold earth, aghast whilst the
“ bleak winds are whistling round their heads,
“ you would smile at the threats they pronounce
“ against our *Indian* nations. Their very arro-
“ gance will lead them to destruction, if they
“ come. Their way of combating will be their
“ own defeat; the very incumbrances of houses
“ and equipages, with which they march to bat-
“ tle, will be instrumental to their undoing, in
“ the woods of *America*. Can the pampered sons
“ of ease, whose limbs are nightly inclosed in the
“ soft folds of linen, to shield them from inclemen-
“ cy, bear the cold earth like *Indian* bosoms,
“ who shiver not at snows or tempests, covered
“ by

“ by the skies alone, or trees that spread their
“ branches round them?

“ IN me, and my treatment, you are despised.
“ Revenge the insult. Let these invaders see that
“ *Indian* nations have yet the power of vengeance.
“ The chain is broken. Let the war-kettle be
“ boiled, and arm yourselves to your defence and
“ honour.”

THIS speech being finished, the Sachems thanked *Cannassatego* for the great perils he had undergone in the service of his country. He then told them his design of wedding *Yarico*; when immediately the best house in the town was given him, and all the nation thronged to present him with what is necessary to furnish it in that country.

THE next day made him happy in the arms of *Yarico*, where mutual bliss reigned during their lives; he, the most renowned for war and wisdom, she, for domestic management and beauty.

C H A P. CXV.

Honest Mac Valor shews that his heart is better than his speeches: a short chapter well worth remembering.

IT was now the winter season, when lord and lady *Liberal* were in *London*; captain *Mac Valor* had been on a cruise, and behaved like a gallant

lant commander. He had taken, after an obstinate resistance, a *French* man of war of superior force to himself.

BESIDES this true proof of his courage, he had taken considerable prizes, and was become rich. The first day he returned to *London*, he came to visit the earl *Liberal*. "Now," says he, "my dear lord you were my friend when I had not a shilling to eat. Will you let me give you five thousand pounds? it is half I have; and by my shalvashon I would give you all, and more too; but *Peggy* and the children must have the rest, you know." The earl smiled, and thanked him for his generous return; but told him he would by no means lessen the reward of his valour; "I have all I wish, and not a little additional joy in seeing you thus happy." *Mac Valor*, however, gave him his picture set in diamonds; which was readily accepted. He then persisted to serve his king and country in beating their enemies, and increasing his honour, till, growing old, he returned and finished his days with *Peggy*, in his native land. Thus ends this chapter, and the history of *Mac Valor*.

C H A P. CXVI.

Lord Liberal's illness; his lady's affection and duty; the fear of his friends, tenants, and servants, for his life; to which is added, his lordship's return of thanks for his deliverance, and theirs also; including the parson and clerk. The education of children, in which the heart is not neglected for the sake of the head; an observation not altogether useless, we hope, for the good of many others.

TEN thousand circumstances must be passed over in this history to hasten to the conclusion. Every year resembled the preceding in love and tenderness. The earl, at last, was seized with a fever, which threatened him with great danger. During this time, lady *Liberal* scarce deserted his bed. Parental and filial love were almost banished from her bosom. Her tender hand supplied his wants; her careful eye watched every motion; her bleeding soul sympathized with every pain, and restless hour: nor did she quit him, but to ease her full heart with weeping, when it was impossible to refrain from it. These overflowing tears afforded her a little ease, and enabled her to return with some seeming cheerfulness. The house, the parish, the neighbourhood, for miles around, were all

all united in one general prayer for his preservation. During his illness, eternal inquiries were made after his situation; and consternation dwelt on every face. At length, heaven, in pity to mankind, restored him to his lovely countess, his family, his friends, the rich and poor. Declare this joy, you that were witnesses to the genuine expressions of artless hearts enraptured at his returning health!

WHEN he came abroad to thank the God of his salvation for his recovery, the whole parish, and numbers who came on purpose from other parts, standing in a double row, wept with tears of joy at the sight of him as he walked between them; blessing heaven for the mercy, as he passed along.

THE clergyman, in a sermon, shewed his thankfulness to heaven for his recovery; and the honest clerk adapted and sung his psalm, joined by the congregation, with tears of joy. Even the earl, his lady, and Mrs. *Fairchild*, could not refrain from weeping on this occasion. Such was the sensation of this happy pair on this occasion, that they have often declared that no moment of their lives was ever filled with more heartfelt raptures than these of beholding their tenants, servants, and neighbours, thus, lost in joy, pouring forth their grateful vows to heaven for his lordship's recovery.

THEIR

THEIR children were now become the greatest happiness of their lives. The fond grandmother, whose increasing years began to bend her down towards the earth, had been chiefly employed in teaching them the rudiments of letters. The troop consisted of three boys, and two girls, beauteous, as health, grace, symmetry, and complexion, can make the human being; their shining eyes pronouncing their souls within of celestial origin.

THE earl himself also, and his countess, were not inattentive to the care of their education. The preceptor, who was now taken into the house, was carefully instructing the sons in the learned and modern languages, and history of their own country; when the earl, one day said, in company with his countess, "I am determined, *Lydy*, "these children shall begin to learn geography; "that as the eldest are now reading the *Greek* "and *Roman* historians, they may have some idea "of those parts to which the generals and armies "marched; their fleets sailed, and of other material circumstances contained in ancient authors, which can never be well understood without knowing geography."

"My dear," says he, "it is amazing how "men of sense, in both houses, betray their want "of knowledge in these things. One, in a speech, "talks of the island of *Pennsylvania*; and the other

“ other of the continent of *Newfoundland*, which
“ throw a ridicule upon all they have to say.”

ACCORDINGLY maps of the ancient geography were provided, and tables formed to be learned ; whereby, in a very little time, the eldest were able to tell by heart how every country in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*, mentioned in classic authors, were bounded, and what cities they contained ; and then to trace them in the maps, and point instantly to every city, river, mountain, or other place of note, as well as describe and shew all the seas and islands which are included in them. Thus, in a very little time, they were perfectly acquainted with ancient geography, and being indulged with a pair of globes, they soon became proficient in modern. The very little ones, by being delighted with the globes, and in seeing their brothers, had learned half what is necessary to be known of this useful part of science almost as soon as their letters.

DURING this time of their being instructed, lady *Liberal* forbade any person to insinuate that they knew more than other children, yet always commended them for doing well : nor was it ever to be mentioned before them in conversation, that they knew what others of their age were unacquainted with.

“ I have observed,” says the countess “ that children who are more forward than others, are
“ fre-

“ frequently spoiled by their being acquainted
“ with it. Being praised by their parents and re-
“ lations, they grow self-sufficient ; and, despising
“ the capacities of their school-fellows, generally
“ know, at fourteen, as much as at forty : in
“ consequence of this presumption of superior
“ qualifications, they neglect all means of ad-
“ vancing their knowledge, and the most promif-
“ ing boy at twelve, is often the most complete
“ coxcomb when a man ; whereas those of less
“ brilliant parts in youth, shine much in complete
“ manhood.”

“ WELL observed, *Lydy*,” says the earl, “ you
“ will make an excellent school-mistress, I pro-
“ test.”

“ UNDER so great a master, how can I fail ?”
replied the countess with a smile.

In the mean time, whilst the understandings of these children were improving, the earl by no means omitted instructing their hearts. He was a great admirer of *Xenophon* and the *Persian* education described in the works of that most elegant author.

WITH this view he instilled into his progeny the principles of justice, honour, integrity, love of religion, and of truth. He often feigned little circumstances of theft, fraud, malediction, and falsehood, and heard their sentiments on these matters ; then fixed their notions of them as they
ought

ought to be. He frequently invited the children in the neighbourhood to play with his little troop, and watched the emotions of their young hearts, in order to discover whether love of power or equality, humanity, or insensibility to distress, anger, revenge, pride, or other passions seemed to have in nature the ascendant in their constitutions. Thus by the budding leaves he discovered what flower the plant would bear. Information, or unjust accusation, were inevitably punished amongst them. The fear of shame was the grand penal law which was instituted to hang over their heads.

THOSE crimes, to which in most kingdoms legislators have affixed no infiction, were severely punished by this legislative father. Ingratitude was held as the most debasing act of human nature; because all observation has confirmed, that minds tinctured with this vice are irreverent to their God and parents, unfeeling for their friends and country; besides which, impudence is ever found the inseparable inmate of ungrateful souls. This of all other crimes seems most effectually to lead to every kind of ignominious action.

AMONGST the virtues, temperance was held in great esteem; because it had been observed by his lordship, that nothing depreciates human nature so effectually as the sordid vice of gluttony and debauch.

HONOUR,

HONOUR, the contempt of riches, and patrial love, were strenuously inculcated into their tender bosoms; and a profound reverence for these objects was so deeply engraven on their minds, that no interested consideration was able to erase the impression. Such was the instruction and education of this noble family.

C H A P CXVII.

Mrs. Fairchild behaves with that resolution which christianity imparts to the human heart, not the name, but the reality, at the hour of dissolution; her last words as good as Baxter's, though she never speaks any more.

THE stealing steps of dissolution had now crept far on Mrs. Fairchild. The countess saw it with infinite concern; not with that violent explosive grief which speaks the danger of a child in sickness, where nature seems to be violated by death, according to the original design of providence, and as it appears to the eyes of a fond parent; but with that benumbing anguish which hangs heavily on the heart, when the event is foreseen to be inevitable, and according to the decrees of nature. The earl himself beheld her approaching end with much pain, on the account of his real affection for this venerable woman, and of that

that affliction which he knew it must give his dearest *Lydia*.

MRS. *Fairchild* herself was no stranger to her state, and beheld it but with one pain only, that which it must impart to her daughter and the earl.

AT length she beheld the countess, who was scarce absent from her one hour in the day, to grow pale with pining on her account. "My dear child," says this best of women, who saw her approaching dissolution with the utmost tranquillity, through the clear medium of a virtuous life, "why does your bosom feel such anguish at my approaching end? I am now leaving you, it is true; but I leave you as happy as this earth can make a mortal being. I have lived a long time, and to see what I once despaired of, my dearest child, her progeny and myself happy. what I am yet to pass is no more than the short duration of a few minutes, from this happiness to eternal; filled with hope, from infelicitous quiet, suffer me to expire without a tear, if possible, as you will find I shall without a groan."

THESE words conveyed unspeakable anguish to the heart of lady *Liberal*, whilst tears ran down her cheeks and stopped her answer.

IT was now clearly perceived by Mrs. *Fairchild*, that a few minutes must put an end to her continuance

nuance in this world. She, therefore, desired to see the dear children once more ; who were immediately brought to her bed-side. She kissed each, and said to the sons : “ May all gracious “ heaven shower down its blessings upon you ! “ May you resemble, in your lives, the best of “ men, whose children it must be your honour to “ have been born ! And you,” she added, to the little girls, “ May you resemble the dear mother “ who brought you to the world, in every virtue.” The eldest withdrew in a profusion of tears for their grandmamma, whom they greatly loved ; the youngest in silence at their sorrow.

THEN, speaking to the countess, “ My dear “ child, I thank you for all that profusion of “ duty with which you have ever behaved to me : “ your children, and heaven, can only repay this “ goodness.”

“ My lord, I return you all possible gratitude “ for that filial distinction with which you have “ treated me as your parent ; and more, if possible, “ for that tenderest affection with which you have “ fondly cherished my dear daughter : Let my “ lips take their parting kiss.” The earl and countess having performed that office, dissolved in tears ; she then continued, “ I die the happiest woman upon earth, leaving all I love, in “ perfect earthly felicity, to enjoy, myself, that “ which only can exceed it ; because eternal ! “ Adieu !

“Adieu! Heaven still continue its blessings on
“you!” Saying these words, she reclined her
head upon her pillow, and gently expired without
one sigh or groan.

C H A P. CXVIII.

*Lord Liberal's tenderness to his lady. Some beginning
symptoms of love throb in the bosom of lord
Probit, and the eldest miss Sweetwood. A mar-
riage between this pair. Lord and lady Libe-
ral's advice to their son on this occasion not amiss
to be read by young people who enter upon that
state.*

L O R D Liberal neglected no amusement
which could alleviate the affliction of his
lady on this event, or chase the sadness which
hung upon her heart. Amongst other things, he
wrote a letter to lady *Flimsy*, and Mr. *Sweetwood*,
desiring their company at *Probt-castle*: but before
that epistle came to hand, this friendly gentleman
and lady were set out for *Devonshire*, with that
intent: and with them, for the first time, came
the eldmis *Sweetwood*.

If ever their company was at one time more
agreeable than another, it was at this. Indeed, such
was the friendship of these families for each other,
every

every meeting was dearer than the former, and every parting more painful.

THE eldest son, lord *Probit*, was now eighteen years old, and miss *Sweetwood* seventeen. Many days had passed at *Probit-castle* before it was visible, by the peculiar pleasure which each of these young people manifested at the appearance of the other, that a new passion was springing in their bosoms. Artless, and unacquainted with the cause, his young lordship selected for miss *Sweetwood* every fairest fruit, and gathered every finest flower, contriving infinite ways to give her pleasure. He was restless and uneasy when absent from this young lady. One day it happened that the earl was prevented from attending lady *Flinisy*, lady *Liberal*, Mr. *Sweetwood*, and miss, on a visit to Sir *Oliver Hearty's*. For this reason lord *Probit* did not make one of the company.

NOTHING was more restless than his behaviour this whole day. He complained of illness; sighed, and was disquieted. At all which symptoms the earl smiled internally, perceiving that his son was caught by that magic passion, which converts the human soul into a thousand different appearances.

THE evening brought the family home, when at the sight of miss *Sweetwood* he became alert and gay again, and sang like a goldfinch to his former sensations. Indeed miss *Sweetwood* had felt

felt a damp upon her mind all that day, which did not pass unnoticed by the company.

DURING the six months which Mr. *Sweetwood*, and lady *Flimsy* tarried at *Probit-castle*, the souls of these young lovers became totally amalgamated.

THIS being perfectly perceived by the parents on each side, it was agreed, that they should marry as soon as lord *Probit* was of age, provided their passion continued. The time between was to be passed as much together as possible; which only improved their affection for each other. At length the long-wished for day of their happiness arriving, they were given to each other's arms, and his lordship made his abode two miles from the earl, in a very good old seat repaired for that purpose.

I PASS by all the joy on this occasion, manifested by the tenants and friends of this family, almost adored in the country; and shall only mention, that the day after lord *Probit* was married, lady *Liberal* took occasion to speak to him in the following manner: "My dear son, you
"are now to appear in the world detached from
"your dear father. You have considered, I doubt
"not, that the eyes of all men will be upon you;
"and how difficult a part you have to act. The
"reputation and esteem which lord *Liberal* has
"so deservedly obtained, amongst his countrymen,
"places you in a most conspicuous point of view.

VOL. II.

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"To

“ To be less worthy than your father, is to lose
“ honour and to be more so impossible : therefore
“ exert every endeavour to tread in that path
“ which your sire has walked before you ; and
“ surely never a child had a more illustrious ex-
“ ample. Thus shall no tongue have just cause
“ to say you degenerate from the glory of your
“ ancestors.”

HIS lordship bowed with tender thanks, promising to fulfil this advice, a resolution of which he had before taken.

ONE day the father and the son walking together, the earl said, “ My son, I see with pleasure, you are truly enamoured with that lady you have espoused. Indeed she deserves all the attention that woman can merit, being beautiful, of good sense, and sweet disposition. This, without doubt, is the best presage of your future felicity. Yet let me tell you, my lord, there is one secret which is almost the only one that is necessary to preserve it, where people are in affluence, and love each other : and without which, conjugal bliss can scarcely be supported. It is to make it your pleasure to oblige her you love, and she, in return, behaving in the same polite manner to you. By these means you please yourselves by pleasing each other : and then this habit prevailing, as it soon will, both are made happy, and no-
“ thing

“ thing can defeat your bliss. Whereas, in general, married pairs neglecting this observation, or chusing one another upon false motives, soon become sated with each other, for it is not worth while to be tied, for life, to one woman for the sake of that which can be found in all. Then each pursuing separate pleasures, without regarding the other, the duty which is due from a wife to a husband, being his expectation; and the love which husbands ought to shew the partners of their beds, being her's; each requiring much, and returning nothing, at last there arises a total distaste: and the idea only of being the objection and incumbrance to each other's joys, fills the imaginations of both sides. Thus rancour settles at the heart, and disputes shew it in their actions.

“ YOUR mother, that best of women, and I, added to that passion which possessed our souls at first, have had no other secret to preserve and enjoy a felicity which is tasted by few in this world. Lady *Flimsy*, who knows its value, and has proved it also, has acquainted lady *Probit* with this rule. My son, no father can wish a child happiness with more sincerity than I do you, and no father has more reason to wish it to a son.”

THIS counsel was received with great marks of duty, and strictly observed through the course of their life by lord and lady *Probit*.

C H A P CXIX.

The steward's gratitude received as it ought to be.

IT will be readily believed that Mr. *Lovegood*, who had been so solicitous for the life of this noble heir, had shewn great affection to him in his growing-up. He had carried him in his arms a thousand times, contrived unnumbered ways to divert him, and loved him as his child. This affection was repaid by the young nobleman with a sincere esteem for this faithful servant.

MR. *Lovegood* being now grown rich, having always lived in his lordship's house at no expence, was determined to shew some token of his affection to his young master. He had been often solicited to take a wife by lady *Liberal*, who distinguished him with great friendship; which proposition he had always declined to comply with. His lordship used to smile, and say, "Why, "*Lydy?* Mr. *Lovegood* has not yet gotten the "*better of his first love.*"

THIS deserving man then ordered a service of plate to be made secretly in *London*, and presented it to lord *Probit*. His lordship, astonished at this design, said, "Mr. *Lovegood*, I am now robbing you of that which no man ever more justly deserved, as the reward of integrity and faithful

"ful

“ful service; not only you but your relations.
 “It must not be. However, this mark of your
 “affection shall ever be remembered by me with
 “great pleasure.”

“MY lord,” replied the good man, “I have
 “no relation upon earth; let me intreat you to
 “accept this manifestation of what I owe my lord
 “*Liberal*; the best of fathers, best of husbands,
 “best of masters, and best of men.”

“UPON condition then that you have no rela-
 “tions, as you think, if hereafter it prove you
 “have, that I repay them the expence of it, I
 “accept it willingly.”

THIS act being related to the earl and countess,
 was extremely agreeable to them, as the matter
 was settled without injury to the relations of Mr.
Lovegood, if at any time it should appear that he
 had any.

C H A P. CXX.

*A visit from lord Nicknackerton to lord Liberal,
 in which the advantages of travelling are examin-
 ed by these two noblemen for the sake of all who
 incline to see foreign parts. A portrait of the tra-
 velled lord.*

THE autumnal blasts now shaking the leaves
 from the groves where all fall sooner or
 later, emblem of human nature, according to that

great master of it, the first of poets; lord and lady *Liberal* prepared for *London*, the former to attend his duty to his country.

BEING safely arrived, many friends of this family came to visit and compliment them on the marriage of their eldest son. Amongst the rest a nobleman, whose great passion was the love of *vertu* in all its branches, did them that honour.

THIS nobleman had travelled much. He had been at *Balbec* to measure the proportions of the various remains of architecture to be found in that city, and compare them with what is yet to be seen at *Rome* and *Athens*. He had made a large collection of medals, drawings, pictures, models, bronzes, intaglias, cameas, and antiques of all kinds; and in his own opinion, he had neither a copy nor a spurious piece in the whole number. In this opinion, however, many people did not entirely acquiesce. But envy is a very natural passion amongst men of *vertu*.

THIS nobleman, in conversation one day with the earl, began, "My lord, I am much surprized you did not send lord *Probit* to travel, and see the glorious remains of antiquity before he married. Nothing improves a nobleman, in my opinion, so much, or so eminently places one gentleman above another, as the knowledge of the imitative arts. It is without doubt
" the

“ the greatest pleasure, and the most distinguish-
“ ing characteristic of nobility and education.”

“ MY lord,” says the earl, “ I have not much
“ taste for these things myself, and did not ob-
“ serve there was a great propensity towards them
“ in my son. They may indeed be very agree-
“ able, where the taste is truly formed for such
“ pleasure : but I have observed it very frequently
“ creates a false one for these things, and renders
“ men sometimes open to imposition. For one
“ who has really a true discernment in these arts,
“ there are probably twenty who are the dupes
“ of their own credulity.”

“ THAT is true, my lord,” answered lord
Nicknackerton; “ there are but few noblemen who
“ have that true discernment you mention, but
“ setting that aside, it communicates a know-
“ ledge of the world to a young gentleman, which
“ cannot otherwise be attained.”

“ I HAVE observed,” says the earl, “ the know-
“ ledge which is obtained by young people’s tra-
“ velling, my lord, is generally at their return
“ no more than a belief that all men are rogues,
“ and women prostitutes; and generally their
“ behaviour after that time is a stronger prejudice
“ in favour of the manners of their own country,
“ than they truly deserve: or a contempt for them,
“ which is equally erroneous. In truth, the im-
“ formation which young people get by travel-

“ling, is, I am afraid, of little service. And
“they generally lose in the qualities of the heart,
“what is dearly purchased by the small improve-
“ment of their understanding. The good citi-
“zen suffers in the acquired knowledge of the
“man of the world.”

“If my lord could travel between thirty and
“forty, when he had previously fixed in his mind,
“the principles on which mankind proceed: and
“tarry long enough in the various countries of
“*Europe* to observe how all the objects of reli-
“gion and government operated on the minds
“of the inhabitants, I am of opinion nothing
“could be more beneficial or instructive. But
“to be led from state to state by a *Swiss*, or a
“*Scotchman*, gazed at in the different courts of
“*Europe* like an exotic, to learn the terms of the
“sublime arts, the catalogue of painters and
“statuaries, the affected rapture of *Italian* music,
“and all the long list of admiration, which gene-
“rally fills the minds of these travellers, are
“scarcely worth the pains of travelling to acquire.”

“SETTING aside the fashionable prejudice in
“favour of these things, is it worth the labour,
“my lord, of travelling to *Balbec* to discover that
“a cornice, freeze, or architrave, differs a quar-
“ter of an inch from what is to be found in *Greece*
“and *Rome* in the same orders? Ruins of all
“things in the same architecture are the most
“alike,

" alike, and the least worth running much risque
 " to visit, according to my unfashionable apprehension. Of what import is it to discover that
 " travellers have erred ten feet in the measure of
 " an *Ægyptian* pyramid; or in the inscription of
 " a tombstone erected to a centurion in the tenth
 " legion in some town in *Italy*, whether it be A,
 " or V turned upside down by mistake. What
 " head need be engraved with more skill, or how
 " can it be more elegantly set, than this in this
 " seal, which was done by Mr. *Rush*?" taking
 out his watch. " I can encourage the arts of
 " *England* without seeing *Rome*, and with pleasure;
 " particularly when the character of the
 " artist adds a value to the excellence of the work-
 " manship."

" My lord," says lord *Nicknackerton*, " to be
 " sure the thing is very well for a modern performance;
 " but you will permit me to say you do
 " not seem to enter into the true spirit of this
 " knowledge. There is a something, *a je ne sçai*
 " *quoi*, that is inexplicable to others, a sort of a
 " refined thinking, which runs through all a man's
 " conversation who is deep in these things, and
 " has travelled."

" It may be so," says the earl, " but I have
 " observed many gentlemen going good scholars
 " from their own country, who have visited the
 " villas of *Tully* and *Horace*, the tombs of *Virgil*
 " and

“and *Livy*, the porticos of the stoics, the academic groves, and temples at *Athens*, and yet they have lost in the voyage, the sentiments of these authors, whilst they were visiting the places they lived on.”

“It may be so, my lord, I cannot answer for that, every nobleman has his manner of thinking. My lord, your most obedient servant,” answered lord *Nicknackerton*, taking his leave of the earl, despising the confined notions of this nobleman, and pitying the state of his son, who was married, and fixed without having seen the world.

Now lord *Nicknackerton* was unlike the earl *Liberal* in every thing. He had dipped his estate to purchase trifles; harrassed his tenants to extort money; voted plumb with the minister against his country, for a pension; parted with his wife to live with a mistress; pulled down a good old house to build a bad new one; and created a universal contempt and hatred amongst all his neighbours, tenants, and dependants, to be followed by antiquarians and dealers in pictures. This was the nobleman who despised the honour, understanding, tenderness, fidelity, humanity, and generosity of lord *Liberal*, because he had not seen the pantheon at *Rome*, and parthenion at *Athens*.

C H A P, CXXI.

The earl resolves to leave London for ever; his lady, which is more wonderful, agrees in that resolution.

*A small history of lady Harriette * * * * *, and Lucy Sprightly; with lady Liberal's behaviour on a certain occasion, in which the effects of astrology, and Mr. Strange are brought to a happy issue.*

LONDON now became even more displeasing than ever to the earl. "My dear *Lydy*," says he, "I am at length, I think, resolved to take my last leave of this city, and live entirely in the country. My lord *Probit*, who will represent the county of *Devon*, I believe, next election, may have this house. I am weary of fruitless endeavours for the good of this poor exhausted kingdom, which has been so long the gold-mine of *Germany*, whilst we have been the slaves digging the ore for the little princes of that empire, under the soothing name of a free people. No man can upbraid me for appearing no more in public, when every hope of success is extinguished. We will, therefore, my dear, retire to the shades of *Probit-castle*, and there enjoy the remains of life in all that

"cheerful

“cheerful tranquillity which has ever attended
“us.”

“NOTHING can be more agreeable to me
“than this resolution,” lady *Liberal* replied.
“*London*, you know, my lord, has never been
“my favourite abode, and is now less agreeable
“than ever. I love more repose than is to be
“found in this place of distraction and hurry.”

DURING this time, however, an accident happened, which gave lady *Liberal* more pain than she had known for many years past.

It seems a young gentlewoman, whose name was *Lucy Sprightly*, had been bred up by a certain maiden lady, an acquaintance of lady *Liberal's*, and treated in the following manner:

SHE was the daughter of a worthy clergyman, who dying, left this child about six years old unprovided for. Lady *Harriette* * * * * *, in whose parish this divine officiated, had seen the child; and hearing of the condition in which it was left, sent for her, and supported her as her own. At this time lady *Harriette* was in all her bloom of beauty, about twenty-five,

As the child was very pretty, and of good understanding, she diverted her patroness, and won upon her heart exceedingly. She shewed her to all her visitants, talked of her with great fondness, and procured her masters in music, *French*, and dancing to make her an accomplished woman; taking

taking great pleasure in seeing the proficiency she made in these qualifications.

AT this time, lady *Harriette* was the toast of the town, and the reigning beauty. She had been honoured with being several times mobbed in the *Park*, the most striking proof of her superior charms. Many lovers paid their addresses to this dame of quality; but as her fortune was great, as well as her beauty, she was determined to wed a duke, or not to marry at all.

IN this resolution lady *Harriette* continued till time, who would neither stand still in obedience to her ladyship, nor bring her a duke for a lover; and a too frequent exhibition of her person, had damped the curiosity of gazing on her charms; and indeed the excellence of her beauty was not a little diminished by his power also.

DURING this time, whilst lady *Harriette* had been blowing in full charms, and now like the top carnation was fading and dropping off leaf by leaf, *Lucy Sprightly* was every day becoming more handsome, like the second flower on the same root, rising in beauty as the former decays. This growing beauty being observed by the male company, Miss *Lucy* was very often the subject of applause, which by no means sounded like the music of the spheres in the ears of lady *Harriette*. She felt the neglect, which this drew on her, with no little pain. No one stuck a pin so elegantly

as *Lucy* when she was young; which office she was daily employed to perform by lady *Harriette* as she sat before the glass, being vastly preferred to her ladyship's woman. But now, all of a sudden, she was become quite awkward in doing that office; and when lady *Harriette* saw her in the glass, together with herself, she said, as soon as she was withdrawn, "How this girl is altered! "She is grown as coarse as a dairy maid: do not you think so, *Pink*?" to her woman. "She is grown extremely coarse to be sure, my lady," says Mrs. *Pink*, who heard this with delight.

THE fading charms of the lady made the blooming ones of *Lucy* appear more conspicuous than otherwise they would have been.

HER presence therefore became offensive to lady *Harriette*, and Mrs. *Pink* was a much more agreeable companion. She therefore determined to get rid of this impertinent memento, which was ever reminding her of past beauty by the loss of it in herself, and the presence of it in *Lucy*.

To cover this design, therefore, she one day proposed to *Lucy* to settle her in the world, and marry her with her valet de chambre.

THIS *Lucy* did not at all relish, and modestly expostulating with her ladyship how unequal that marriage would be to the education she had so generously

generously given her; she humbly hoped that her ladyship would not think of so unequal a union, especially as Mr. *Thomas* was not a person with whom she chose to spend her life.

"You chuse to spend your life!" says her ladyship, "a girl whom I have bred from the cradle almost, and prevented, probably, from starving, to pretend to have a choice about a husband! Give me leave to tell you, Miss, that you must either wed *Thomas*, or leave me." "My lady," says *Lucy*, "I hope I shall not be obliged to either." "Indeed you shall," answered lady *Harriette*. Which resolution ended in *Lucy's* leaving the house of this lady, and in being received into that of lady *Liberal*, who knew the cause of her being thus dismissed, and whose very great favourite she had always been.

SHE had been with lady *Liberal* some time, and amongst the company who frequented the house, a young gentleman of twenty had paid great deference to *Lucy*; he had an estate of five hundred a year.

HE had secretly made love to this young woman, and knowing he could not marry her till he was of age, and that his guardian would not give consent, had urged her much to grant him that favour which maidens never should grant till they are married, This was all covered with vows, oaths, and imprecations, that he would
wed

wed her the moment he was of age. Uninfluenced by this, *Lucy* still persisted in behaving as she ought, resenting his daring to treat her in that illiberal manner. All this was again palliated by the protestations of his impatient passion, and sincerity of his soul; but in vain. No vows made the least impression on her inclination to yield to his solicitations; yet she loved him sincerely.

ONE day, in walking up *Ludgate Hill*, Mr. *Strange*, which was his name, had a paper put into his hand, importing, that in such a place lived one Mrs. *Sermon* at the sign of the *Blue-tall*, who resolved all questions in *astrology*, whether by land or sea. Having inquired what the meaning of this advertisement might be, he found that this female was a fortune-teller, to whom ladies particularly applied for information in love-affairs. He therefore conceived the thought of applying this discovery to his advantage in prevailing on Miss *Lucy*.

ACCORDINGLY one day having conversed with *Lucy*, and made her several proposals, and said a million of soft things, he went to the female-conjuror, and told her the whole conversation that passed between them. In the mean while he bribed a person, who was intimate with Miss *Lucy*, to propose their going to this cunning woman to know their fortunes.

THIS

THIS being agreed to, the young lady repaired to Mrs. *Sermon*, and there alone was told all the circumstances that passed at the last interview with Mr. *Strange*: describing his person, and adding, that though it was impossible he could marry her at present, yet that she might safely confide in his vows, because he was undoubtedly a man of honour. Wherefore she should not resist, and foolishly slight an occasion of making herself happy for life. That nothing but her misbehaviour could prevent this from coming to pass, because it was pre-ordained; and as a farther proof of the truth of what she had been relating, she should see the same person tomorrow in a blue suit of cloaths; and he would talk to her in such a manner, mentioning the particulars:

THIS relation of what had passed, had a wonderful effect on *Lucy*. She believed this woman had the power of looking into futurity, and was more than half overcome by what had been already related to her.

THE same evening young *Strange* came to the *Beldame*, and received an account of all that had passed. And in consequence of this information, he dressed himself and conversed the next day with *Lucy* in the manner Mrs. *Sermon* had predicted.

THIS singular conformity in dress and conversation, had a vast effect on her heart, and understanding: She began to give credit to all he said.

This

This inclination young *Strange* observing, he pressed her to yield to what she had hitherto refused, and thus enjoyed what he had long desired to possess.

REPEATED pleasures produced the common consequence of them. Till, at length, *Lucy* finding her displeasing situation, pressed him to marry her. He pleaded the old argument of not being of age, and the invalidity of the marriage if it was effected: however, still promising the performance of his vows at twenty-one, being not yet tired of her.

THE day, however, of his being of age was drawing on, and would, in all probability, arrive before *Lucy* lay in: wherefore, to avoid marrying, he shamefully deserted her, and forsook the house of lord *Liberal*.

THIS threw the poor girl into despair. She grew wan, and wasted by eternal sighing, and had several times resolved to end her life and woes together. This melancholy being observed by lady *Liberal*, she pressed her to know the cause of her disquietude, when being urged by all that was tender, she related the whole affair; and as *Strange* had given her an account of the way he succeeded, she mentioned that also.

"HAS he deserted you?" says lady *Liberal*. "Is he so abandoned?"

"THERE is too much reason to believe it," says the unhappy girl. "I have neither seen nor

“nor heard from him for several weeks, and he is
“now of age.”

“KEEP yourself in good spirits, *Lucy*,” says lady *Liberal*, “I will not forsake you, though he has.
“Believe me I pity your condition, and am convinced no woman could have resisted so much art
“in the man she loves.”

THIS revived the soul of the afflicted *Lucy*. Lady *Liberal* then sent for Mr. *Strange*, desiring to speak with him: but he refused to comply with the message. When determining to see him, she got him watched to his lodgings, and then driving directly to his apartments, insisted upon being admitted. The consternation in which she found him was inexpressible, no lark that sees the hawk hovering over its head, had half the timidity and trembling: such power has the appearance of virtue on the minds of the vicious.

HE approached her ladyship with infinite confusion. “Mr. *Strange*,” says she, “I imagine you
“know my business. You have ruined a very lovely girl unless you immediately make her amends,
“by marrying her.”

“MY lady,” says he, “it would be extremely
“inconvenient for me to marry miss *Lucy*, as she
“has no fortune; and I cannot afford to marry a
“woman without money.”

“BUT it seems, sir, you can conscientiously afford to ruin a girl who has no fortune, she deserves

“serves you as much as I can the earl of *Liberal*,
 “and he has never yet repented of his taking of me
 “to his bosom.”

“BUT, my lady, I shall be laughed at for wed-
 “ding the woman I have debauched.”

“LAUGH'D at, Sir, by whom? by no worthy
 “man, I am sure. Do you fear unjust ridicule
 “more than the terrors of a future punishment?
 “and prefer the false opinion of profligate men, to
 “the virtuous actions of a man of honour? Sir,
 “believe me, you will live to repent of this beha-
 “viour. Therefore, if you have yet remaining
 “any sense of the injury you have committed,
 “marry that deluded, lovely woman, whom your
 “cruel treatment has undone, without that repa-
 “ration. Believe me, Mr. *Strange*, she shall
 “not be thus treated without Lord *Liberal's* pur-
 “suing you by law. I am acquainted with your
 “whole combination, of conjurors, and others,
 “and shall at least endeavour at obtaining satis-
 “faction for the baseness.

“THEN which will give you most cause to be
 “ashamed, the marrying her you have infamously
 “betrayed; or the discovery of the methods by
 “which you obtained your ends?

“Doing justice, Sir, is a pleasure, perhaps, you
 “scarcely know. Saving the guiltless from the ruin
 “to which you have brought her, is a happiness
 “yet untasted; and fixing a woman to your ser-
 “vice,

“vice, by gratitude, who already loves you to
“excess, is another charm which will render all
“your life happy. Therefore behave as you
“ought, and like a gentleman; your father, sir,
“was he living, would oblige you to it.”

DURING this time *Strange* stood dumb with confusion: when being no longer able to resist the truth, and presence of lady *Liberal*, he consented to accompany her to the earl's, and that very day *Lucy* was married to Mr. *Strange*.

“MADAM,” says Mr. *Strange*, to the countess,
“I return you infinite thanks for thus influencing
“me to what is right; the false shame of the
“world alone prevented me from doing this un-
“solicited.

“I CANNOT avoid remarking how infinitely
“prejudicial this marriage act is to the chastity
“of young women. Young fellows of eighteen
“and under, follow girls of virtue, swearing
“marriage and eternal truth, which they recipro-
“cally in love listen to, when the very oppor-
“tunity of that time till they are of age, infallibly
“affords one unresisting minute, and all is over.

“MANY of these deluded girls, I know, are
“at present upon the town, who would have been
“married without that pernicious act: happy,
“perhaps, with some husband, who are now
“miserable as prostitutes.

“IT

“It is one of those fatal contrivances which
“must assist in eradicating every virtue from
“this nation.” Says the earl, “It enters strongly
“into that design, and makes part of that per-
“nicious plan, which has been too effectually
“carried on by those whose whole regard is
“the love of wealth, and mercenary consider-
“ation.

“I AM weary of seeing my poor country torn
“to pieces by the wickedness of those whose duty
“it is to preserve her. Wherefore, being tired
“of fruitless endeavours for her welfare, I will
“retire and lament that approaching fate, which
“seems impossible to be prevented.”

“MR. *Strange*,” continued the earl, “I foresee
“you will be happy in marriage: the woman you
“have wedded has every necessary requisite.
“Therefore cherish her, and you will live to
“thank lady *Liberal*, who has thus placed you
“in a way to felicity.

MR. *Strange*, and his consort, thanked his
lordship and lady *Liberal*, and then prepared for
retiring into *Devonshire*, and never more return
to the turbulence of *London*, where they are now
living in mutual happiness.

C H A P. CXXII.

The effects of a good character, and a bad, exhibited in an instance not unworthy M——'s attention in lord Liberal and Sir William Whipstitch.

PROBIT-CASTLE was now the constant abode of this noble family, unless when the earl and countess stole for a day to the little thatched house, which had been built under the wood. Here they frequently retired. The whole estate, by a long continued addition of plantations, and some buildings, was become one of the pleasantest, and best worth seeing, of all *England*. The sliding years passed on in mutual joy, and the children growing up, the eldest son of Mr. *Sweetwood* married the eldest daughter of the earl and countess; Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his lady having no surviving children but the heiress to their estate, the second son at *Probit-castle* married this lady, and young Sir *William Worth* married the remaining daughter of the earl and countess; as did the third son of the earl the eldest daughter of Sir *William* and lady *Worthy*.

THUS this happy pair had lived to see their sons and daughters united with those they wished, where love had directed them: and where conjugat

gal felicity was the happy consequence of a just education, grafted on good understandings and good hearts.

Lady *Liberal's* pleasure was now returning to the same which it had been when she was young: the increasing families of her children awakened that affection which is peculiar in women towards the infantine state.

ONE day the earl taking her by the hand, and pressing it to his lips, said, "My dear *Lydy*,
 "what a portion of happiness heaven has dealt
 "to me and thee! my sons and daughters, their
 "wives and husbands, are all such as I wish to
 "behold them. Not one of these men, but
 "represents his country in parliament; and not
 "one who has ever yet debased himself, by
 "giving one vote against his country's interest,
 "though places, titles, and every attempt have
 "been put in practice to seduce them from their
 "country's good.

"I SEE myself, and you, the favourite of
 "this county, the adoration of my tenants and
 "servants, and beloved by all good men: what
 "can add pleasure to this situation? And when
 "I look round, I am amazed how other men
 "have missed obtaining the same esteem. Many
 "have been at infinitely more expence than I
 "have, sunk their estates, and been universally
 "disliked: whilst I have increased my fortune
 "greatly,

“greatly, and obtained the good-will and friendship of all this part of *England*.”

“My lord,” says lady *Liberal*, “It is the integrity of your life; your scorn for mean actions, and supporting your country’s honour and your own, which has bequeathed you this bliss, and will bequeath it to your sons and daughters, and their progeny. Your fame shall live beyond your life, and be the joy of their’s.”

AT this time there were apprehensions of a *French* war, and an invasion designed by that nation somewhere on the coast of this island. Every county was zealous in manifesting its attachment to his majesty, and by their remonstrances exposed the danger they were in, and humbly requested that arms might be put into their hands, for the defence of their sovereign, themselves, and their country.

THIS was at length resolved upon. But the commissions of raising regiments were all given to the friends of the m——, and not one to those of their king and country. By which means Sir *William Whipstitch*, who in the p—— house was upon every occasion, to talk away the hours till a majority of votes appeared in favour of the m——, and prove that nonsense, like matter, was infinitely divisible, was placed at the head of that design in *Devonshire*.

THIS man then having obtained a commission to raise a regiment, was obliged to make officers out of the venal part of the corporation of T—— and H——n, and then none others chusing to join him, he could not prevail on a hundred men to follow him.

IN the mean while the gentlemen of *Devonshire* subscribed to the raising twenty thousand men; to be formed into regiments, to be commanded, in chief, by the earl *Liberal*: his three sons to be three colonels, amongst others of the best families. This proposition was rejected by the m—r, and the county left defenceless; because the inhabitants would not enlist under the baronet, whose whole life had been one continued scene of falsehood, deceit, licentiousness, corruption, and dishonour, and because they would not believe these qualifications were adapted to animate men in defence of their king and country.

THUS it is the fate of this nation to be eternally distressed by the designs of profligate m——rs, laid open to the invasion, devastation, fire, and sword of their enemies; because the consciousness of their nefarious intentions intimidates them from placing confidence in those only who deserve it; and giving arms into the hands of men of honour and probity, who would defend their country from all attacks.

C H A P. CXXII.

*A company as rarely met together as two black swans.
An observation of lady Liberal's, with more truth
than many people chuse to agree in, at least in their
expressions.*

LORD and lady *Liberal* were now favoured by the company of Mr. *Sweetwood*, and lady *Flimsy*. Mr. *Sweetwood*, who had married the eldest miss *Probit*, accompanied them with his lady also. During the time of their being with the earl, Sir *William* and lady *Worthy*, his son and consort, the honourable Mr. *Edward Probit* and his lady; Sir *Oliver* and lady *Hearty*, with the honourable Mr. *Henry Probit* and his consort, were all together at *Probit-Castle*. Never was there seen such a scene of joy as at this meeting. The whole company unenvying and unenvied: duty in children to their parents, was manifested in every look of chearfulness; affection from parents, to their offspring, shed reciprocally on them again; mutual desire to please producing mutual pleasure; it seemed a company of beings something more exalted than human nature produces.

At length lady *Liberal*, as they were seated at table, observed, that probably there had not been such an assembly for ages. "All," says she, "parents

“and children rendered happy by what the present
“manner of thinking esteems of no value; that
“antiquated passion of love. Has the marriage
“act, by heaping together mountains upon moun-
“tains of treasure, yet given so many instances
“of happy pairs, as are to be found in this
“house?”

“INDEED I am convinced not,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*; “I know where it has been extreme-
“ly fatal; and particularly in one family, where
“a misfortune of the most terrible nature has late-
“ly happened: indeed I would recount it to the
“company; but it must naturally sadden the
“hearts of every one present.”

“THEREFORE,” says lady *Liberal*, “if the
“company please, we will defer it till to-morrow,
“and let no one displeasing idea intervene, to
“introduce the sense of sorrow this day amongst
“us.”

THIS was agreed to, and the relation put off
till the next morning; the evening was spent in
joy that we cannot describe; and we are not a
little apprehensive it may not be comprehended,
by too many of our superior readers, who pre-
ferring the shining of a diamond, to the glance of
a lady's eye, cannot easily conceive the bliss which
an old man of seventy can take in pressing the
thrived hand, and gazing with delight on the
diminished beauty of a wife, after more than for-

ty years matrimony. A circumstance which happened many times that day to more than one married pair then present.

C H A P. CXXIII.

Exhibits a scene of that likeness which the manners of a father beget in a son; in which a brutal disposition, the arts of a step-mother, the easiness of a father, the misery of a daughter, and the ruin of a lover, are shewn by way of contrast to the former set at Probit-castle; in which people may see whether love or money makes the married state happiest.

THE next morning Mr. Sweetwood began:
 “ Lady *Liberal*, and my lord, you know
 “ the person who was my old rival, lord *Beef*,
 “ as he was always called. This man then married a lady of great fortune, a woman of much
 “ delicacy of sentiment, and beautiful. As he was
 “ perhaps the greatest brute on earth, he broke
 “ her heart in two years; however she had given
 “ him a son before that time.

“ THIS young gentleman participating of his
 “ father’s savage disposition, was bred up in contempt of all those qualifications which are esteemed honourable amongst men; indulged

“ with every unreasonable desire, and fostered in
 “ insolence to all mankind; his debaucheries were
 “ notorious; his acts of tyranny daily repeated;
 “ his violation of the poor and friendless virgin,
 “ was the great joy of his bestial father.

“ THIS child, however, to continue this fa-
 “ mily, so illustriously begun, being now one-and-
 “ twenty, was desired to marry a young lady, the
 “ daughter of a gentleman in *Warwickshire*, who
 “ had taken a second wife. This woman, pro-
 “ ving barren, had conceived an inveterate odium
 “ against all those who ever had had children, and
 “ entertained a mortal aversion against Miss *Maw-*
 “ *son*, the name of her daughter-in-law; chiefly
 “ because she was to inherit the estate of her
 “ father, which, if she brought a son to this gen-
 “ tleman, would have been the heir of it.

“ YOUNG *Beef*, it seems, had no inclination
 “ to marry so young. He therefore told his fa-
 “ ther he did not yet choose to tye himself up
 “ from a life of what he called pleasure, to that
 “ dulness called matrimony.

“ TYE yourself up from pleasure!” says his fa-
 “ ther, “ I do not mean you should. Marry this
 “ girl as I did your mother, because she must
 “ have a great fortune; and follow your inclina-
 “ tions as much then as before: who can hin-
 “ der a man of your fortune from doing what
 “ he pleases?

“ YOUNG

“ YOUNG *Beef* then made his addressee, and
“ was well received by the father, and more par-
“ ticularly so by the step-mother. She encour-
“ aged his suit, and instigated her husband to con-
“ clude the marriage, believing that this union
“ would soon break the heart of the young lady,
“ particularly as she was conscious there was a
“ young gentleman of inferior fortune in the
“ neighbourhood whom she secretly loved. By
“ these means she had entertained hopes of hav-
“ ing the estate given to her. And if her husband,
“ who was elder than herself, should speedily de-
“ part, she might set up for a second, and try her
“ fortune with a younger man.

“ Miss *Mawson* was of a tender soul, suscep-
“ tible of the most refined and sentimental pas-
“ sion; her lover was of the same cast in nature:
“ this she knew would weigh little with her fa-
“ ther, who being advanced in years, and in-
“ stigated by his wife, in whose power she was,
“ thought riches the only thing worth marrying
“ for in this world.

“ ACCORDINGLY Miss was commanded to re-
“ ceive young *Beef* as a man whom she intended
“ to wed. The remonstrances she made, the
“ thousand reasons for deferring the match, the
“ aversion she had for him, were all urged in
“ vain. Her step-mother knew that being but
“ eighteen, she could not marry without her fa-

“ther’s consent; this gave her a power of treating the unhappy young lady with the most atrocious behaviour.

“POSITIVE were the commands of Mr. *Mawson*, that she should marry young *Beef*; the day was appointed, when the lamb was to be led to the slaughter.

“ONE day Miss *Mawson* being alone with *Beef*, fell into tears, and intreated him, if compassion ever touched his soul, to have pity upon a wretched creature, and desist from intending to marry her. It is impossible I can love you, Sir,” says she, “my heart is already engaged; you may take me as by violence, but surely this cannot be agreeable to you, and must make me miserable: let me, therefore, implore you to relinquish the pursuit of what must end in mutual misery.

“MISS,” says *Beef*, “I do not propose marrying your heart, it is your estate I marry; and as to your heart, you may keep it, if you please.

“THIS brutal answer improved the aversion she had conceived against him. Yet such was the resolution of the father, and treatment of her step-mother that married she must be the following week. No tears, nor prayers, could avert the impending evil. Intelligence of this design she found means to convey to Mr. *Fealty*,
“whose

“ whose heart was bleeding at the resolution which
“ was taken.

“ AT the same time she appointed him a meet-
“ ing in the grove near the house, to which she
“ stole in the night, the silver moon lending her
“ beams to light her to her lover.

“ THE distress which each bosom felt on this
“ occasion, the pathetic expressions which burst
“ from them, the intermingling tears and kisses,
“ made it the most interesting scene that can be
“ imagined. Must I be wedded to this brute,”
she cried, “ devoid of all human feelings; doom-
“ ed to his detested arms, treated like an inani-
“ mate, and killed with cruelty?

“ No, my lovely *Nanny*,” answered *Fealty*;
“ this cruel usage will justify your flying with
“ me: resolve, and it shall be done. It shall be
“ resolved,” says the lovely creature, “ heaven
“ will protect me in this action, the world will
“ vindicate me; I see already the eyes of every
“ one pitying my sad fate.

“ IT was then determined that every thing
“ should be prepared by Mr. *Fealty* to rescue this
“ amiable creature whom he loved; and save her
“ from the violation of that marriage which was
“ to be accomplished between her and young
“ *Beef*.

“ THIS resolution the step-mother foresaw
“ might probably be taken. It induced her there-

“fore to keep a severe watch over her daughter-
“in-law, lest, after being carried away, the fa-
“ther should be softened by her persuasions, and
“consent to the happiness of that daughter whom
“she hated.

“THE night came. Miss *Mawson* was pre-
“pared. The horses were ready near the grove;
“and the young lover determined to risque every
“thing for her preservation. Young *Beef* was in
“the house, when the watchful step-mother was
“informed by Miss *Mawson*’s maid, whom she
“had corrupted to her interest, that her young
“lady was going to meet her lover, and had
“prepared for flight.

“THE moment she had left the house, the
“father, young *Beef*, and the servants, were in-
“stantly alarmed; and Miss being followed, was
“soon over-taken with her lover.

“MR. *Fealty*, with undaunted resolution, op-
“posed himself to the whole company of follow-
“ers, and endeavoured to protect her from being
“carried back. When at length, overpowered
“by numbers, he challenged young *Beef*. Vil-
“lain, give me satisfaction for this injury you
“intend to offer to her my soul adores: If you
“are a man, do me and yourself justice, coward,
“base degenerate coward; turn and give me sa-
“tisfaction, he uttered in rage.

“IN

“ IN vain; *Beef* only mocked his words with
“ insolence. He was therefore obliged to see his
“ dearest *Nanny* forced from his arms, and retire
“ lamenting to the hated abode of her step-
“ mother, to be wedded to the object of her aver-
“ sion.

“ THIS resolution of her flying with another
“ man, one would have imagined should have
“ erased all desire of wedding her, in the heart
“ of *Beef*. But, on the contrary, he was now
“ ten times more desirous of it than ever. Ty-
“ ranny being his delight, which he intended to
“ exercise in subduing the young lady; and spite,
“ which he should indulge by disappointing and
“ rendering *Fealty* miserable, were two very con-
“ siderable motives to this marriage.

“ THE next day, after having been most in-
“ humanly upbraided by her step-mother for this
“ resolution of attempting to save herself from
“ wedding what she detested, drowned in floods
“ of tears, and never making one response, she
“ was married to young *Beef*.

“ THE day of nuptial rites was a day of horror
“ to her soul. The evening came, when her
“ distress was infinitely increased. She could not
“ support the idea of being in the arms of him
“ she detested. The thoughts of his touch thrilled
“ her bosom with aversion. The hour of retir-
“ ing being come, she was inclosed in the same
“ bed

“ bed with *Beef*; but such was her behaviour,
“ the rising sun beheld the virgin she lay down.

“ DAMME, madam,” says *Beef*, “ are not
“ you my wife ?”

“ No, I am your slave, you are my master;
“ but my soul has never consented to be your
“ bride, nor ever shall.”

“ DAMME,” says *Beef*, “ I suppose *Fealty*
“ would not have been treated in this manner.”

“ NAME him not,” says she, “ he is all I
“ love, and you are all I detest.

“ ENRAGED with this answer, he swore he
“ would never sleep with her more.

“ HEAVEN preserve you in that resolution,” answered the lady.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING this promising beginning, she was obliged to retire with him to his
“ seat. Where he frequented almost a hundred
“ common girls under her eyes, which gave her
“ no pain, as he still kept himself from her.

“ THERE was in the neighbourhood a lady
“ with whom this new-married bride had commenced a strict friendship: here she often spent
“ her time, and frequently slept in the same bed
“ with her.

“ THIS had created a jealousy in the head of
“ *Beef*, that she met Mr. *Fealty* in this house,
“ than which nothing was less true. She had
“ never seen him since the detested hour of her
“ nuptials.

“ nuptials. In consequence of this imagination,
“ he had entertained a hope that he should, one
“ day, find them together in a guilty hour, then
“ get rid of them by assassination; and thus fate
“ his revenge on both at one time.

“ His lady then intending to make a visit, and
“ spend the night with her female friend, *Beef*,
“ inflamed with jealousy, was resolved to steal
“ upon her unawares, and do himself what he
“ called justice.

“ In order to execute this, he had bought the
“ servant of his friend to his design; he was to
“ let him into the house, when his mistress, and
“ her female guest were in bed.

“ THE servant was entirely a stranger to the
“ apprehensions of *Beef*, and did not conceive
“ that any injury would be offered to either of
“ the ladies, by the man who was the husband
“ to one of them. The night being advanced,
“ and the family in bed, *Beef* was let in, his ser-
“ vants staying armed without, when taking a
“ candle immediately, he repaired to the room
“ where these ladies were asleep in one bed; the
“ first object which struck his eyes on entering
“ the chamber, was a man's hat on the dressing
“ table. This confirming him in the opinion that
“ *Fealty* was in bed, he rushed to that place, and
“ plunged a hanger instantly into the bosom of his
“ sleeping wife; when attempting to stab her
“ friend

“ friend also, she, instantly waking, leaped from
“ the bed, and preserved herself.

“ VILLAIN ! she cried, what have your barba-
“ rous hands been perpetrating ? — You have
“ murdered all that is beautiful and virtuous.

“ WHEN, astonished at the mistake more than
“ regretting the action, he cried, Damn her, I
“ imagined she had been in bed with *Fealty*.

“ INHUMAN wretch ! — Cursed assassins ! — What
“ death hath horrors equal to this inhuman murder ?
“ — At which words he left the house, and taking
“ his horses, secured himself by flight, and retired
“ into *France* without the least sensibility of his sa-
“ vage actions.

“ It seems his lady had that day rode to this
“ house in a hat and black feather ; the latter not
“ being discovered in his hurry, he concluded that
“ it was Mr. *Fealty*’s, and that he was in bed with
“ his wife. This had been the chief cause of his
“ precipitate murder.

“ THE father of *Beef*, being informed of this
“ story, cursed the dead lady, and called her infam-
“ ous b— for having thus deprived him of his
“ son.

“ THIS inhuman act was soon brought to the
“ ears of Mr. *Fealty*. The anguish of his soul, on
“ such an occasion, will be difficultly expressed ;
“ he came to the house where the dead body lay,
“ and threw his arms around it ; pressing his lips to
“ her’s.

“ her’s. Cold and inanimate, he said, This no
“ brutal husband can refuse, nor virtue blame,
“ Then, looking on the wound, he cried, O beau-
“ teous bosom ! where all that truth and tenderness
“ inspires, dwelt in perfection ! — This wound !
“ This wound ! pleads thy righteous cause ; it cries,
“ thy virtuous love for me was fatal. And shall
“ thy murderer escape whilst I have hands to exe-
“ cute the vengeance which my soul conceives, and
“ justice calls for ? — No — Nor earth, nor seas,
“ shall hide him from my keen revengeful search !
“ Then, lifting up his hands and eyes, he cried,
“ Hear me, heaven ! May every curse the skies
“ can shower on man, fall on this head, if ever
“ my soul feel quiet, or feet shall find a resting
“ place, till I have sacrificed that villain, thy
“ husband ! — Detested name ! — That murderer !
“ to thy repose, and my revenge.

“ SAYING this, he returned home, and imme-
“ diately disposed of his affairs in a proper manner
“ for his journey. He then began his pursuit of
“ *Beef*. This brutal being was now arrived at *Pa-*
“ *ris* ; where, insensible to the horror of the act
“ which he had committed, and rejoiced at his
“ successful escape, he had taken a mistress, and
“ was living in the same profligate manner he had
“ done in *England*. Mr. *Falty*, arriving at *Paris*,
“ waited on his banker ; where, inquiring about
“ *Beef*, he found he was in that city ; that he had
“ not

“ not long since parted with him ; and that he was
“ gone to the theatre.

“ To this place Mr. *Fealty* immediately followed,
“ and, a box-door being opened for his admission,
“ he saw *Beef* himself, seated with his girl ; who,
“ turning about his head, at the noise of opening
“ the door, beheld the object, which of all the
“ creation, was the least he liked to see.

“ THE sensations of the minds of these two men
“ were as different as thought can conceive. *Beef*
“ trembled with fear at the imagination of Mr.
“ *Fealty's* design, his soul suggesting the true rea-
“ son of his voyage. The other was in an agony
“ of joy at the expectation of taking momentary
“ revenge, after the play. He therefore said to him
“ softly, Villain, have I found you ! This very
“ evening you shall do me justice, and atone for
“ her you have inhumanly murdered ; this even-
“ ing decides your fate or mine.

“ THIS being overheard by a gentleman in the
“ same box, who understood *English* ; seeing the
“ trepidation *Beef* was in also, he immediately
“ left the seat, and calling to some of the guards,
“ which are ordered to do duty at the theatre, bid
“ them to see each of these gentlemen to their re-
“ spective lodgings, telling them the reason for his
“ behaving in that manner.

“ THAT night *Beef* left *Paris*, and fled to *Aix*
“ in *Provence* ; from whence being again chased by
“ Mr.

“ Mr. *Fealty*, he fled through the different cities of
“ *Italy*, still pursued.

“ No toil abated the desire of vengeance, in his
“ pursuer; at *Rome* he found *Beef* again, when
“ having bribed the post-boys, to tell him the mo-
“ ment of his departure, he pursued, and over took
“ him on his road to *Naples*.

“ THE moment *Beef* perceived himself over-
“ taken, he was almost dead with fear: when *Feal-*
“ *ty* bidding the post-boy stop, he came to the
“ chaise, and cried, Villain, descend and give me in-
“ stant satisfaction.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING this brute had provided
“ himself with arms to make resistance, the spirit
“ and cause of Mr. *Fealty* almost deprived him of
“ all power to use them.

“ LEAVE your chaise, says *Fealty*, and take your
“ sword and pistols, or I will stab you in the place
“ you are. Nothing shall save you from my ven-
“ geance.

“ AT these words he came down, when shoot-
“ ing at each other, and missing, one trembling
“ with too much eagerness of killing, the other
“ through fear of being killed. *Fealty* drew his
“ sword, and though *Beef* was prepared to defend
“ himself, he run him through the heart the first
“ thrust. The villain falling, he again passed his
“ sword through his breast, saying, that for myself;
“ the

“ the beauteous bosom, which thy cruelty trans-
“ fixed, gave thee the first.

“ SAYING this he prepared for safety by flight,
“ when soon reaching the dominions of *Tuscany*,
“ flying through *Rome* without stopping; he there
“ rested a little while, and now wanders from place
“ to place, never at ease, continually lamenting the
“ fate of his murdered love.

“ SUCH are the consequences of compelled incli-
“ nations; such the effect of brutal education;
“ and such the fate of virtuous love, violated by
“ inhuman and unfeeling parents.”

THE story being ended, a sigh stole from every breast, and a tear of pity dropped from every eye.

THE bell then summoning them to dinner, they retired to their repast, happy in this thought, that felicity in life had been the consequence of each wedding the object of their free choice; a genuine passion, uncompelled by that unnatural power which the marriage-act has given to parents.

C H A P. CXXIV.

A strange phaenomenon in woman; lady Liberal refuses a present of jewels, and accepts the money to bestow it in charity. Mrs. Plastow, her diamonds, and herself, are now first brought forward; her husband in the back ground only. A visit from and to Probit-castle; together with a small touch of genteel satire, exhibited in a new light by the countess.

BESIDES the present company at Probit-castle, which had been rendered happy by the genuine effects of true love; lady *Liberal* had assisted in communicating felicity to many others, where that passion had begun, between people of inferior stations, amongst the farmers, servants. She had originally refused that present of jewels, which the earl would have presented her after his marriage, with some view of this kind. Accordingly the interest of as much money as would have furrounded the neck, dangled in the ears, or glittered uselessly in the hair, laid out in diamonds, she gave to young people who married in his lordship's estates, and were of good character. This provided them with the first necessities of life in a more comfortable way than they could otherwise have done: and gave them as much real content as, perhaps, can be known in any state. The tenderest mother, the most dutiful

ful wife, the cleanest house, and best management of the family, were sure to receive annual rewards from this lady's hands, in presents of cloathing to them and their children. Thus numbers were rendered happy by the application of the interest of that money which is generally wantoned away in luxury, and self-love of the meanest kind.

THIS joy was infinitely more heart-felt than blazing in profusion of gems. Can *Pit's* diamonds, can all those precious stones that adorned the throne at *Indostan*, with all their lustre, impart to the mind of woman that pleasure, which the shining eyes of a troop of grateful children, to whom she had afforded food and raiment, communicated to the bosom of lady *Liberal*?

THESE gave her ineffable delight, the genuine consequence of true humanity.

THE company now were thinking of returning to their several abodes; and as the happiness in being together was great, the pain was not less at parting, which was that week.

THERE was in the neighbourhood a new married lady, who had been lately brought into the country to her husband's seat. She was one of your modern true bred dames, whose temptation to marriage was the fine things which had been presented by her lover, not young, about forty, who preserved all the gaiety of fifteen; and with the help of pencil, black-lead, and rouge, made out a tolerable face
after

after two hours work in the morning. This lady had been lately married to this gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, a second wife ; whom the earl, though he never had any intimacy with him, yet sometimes visited in a ceremonious way.

THEIR coming into the country at this time required that complaisance of the earl and countess: they therefore appointed a day, and paid this necessary visit of politeness. This new lady was one of those whose tongues are incessantly in motion, learned in every tittle tattle of a *London* writer, absorbed in fashions and love of finery. She fancied that good humour was a prevailing induce ment to be well received in the country, and amongst the rest, her diamond neck-lace, and ear-rings, her bracelets and aigrette, were all shewn.

“ INDEED,” says she, “ my dear Mr. *Plastow* would give me these jewels, in spite of all I could say: few ladies amongst the nobility have finer. I know they envy them to me, I saw that by their looks at the *ridotta*. But why should I give myself pain upon that score, since my dear Mr. *Plastow* is determined to shew me the strongest marks of his affection, by the genteel presents he makes me. Has your ladyship seen many finer gems than these?” Taking her ear-rings in her hand, and shaking them to shew their brilliancy.

“ INDEED madam,” replied the countess, “ my own excepted, I know no one who has finer
“ gems ;

“ gems ; I shall shew mine when you honour me with a visit at *Probit-castle*.”

THE earl smiled at this answer, and the lady protested she should not be at ease till she saw her ladyship's diamonds. Accordingly, a few days improved this bride's impatience to so great a degree, that positively she must go to *Probit-castle*, to see lady *Liberal's* diamonds.

THE day was fixed, the guests arrived, when after some time Mrs. *Plastow* desired the favour of seeing her ladyship's jewels : this was readily granted, when repairing to a parlour, lady *Liberal* opened the door and said, “ There madam are my diamonds,” pointing to a long range of young people, from twenty, to three years old, whom she assisted in bringing up, and ordered to be at the castle that day. “ Those are the gems I boast of ; these are all I have ; do you not think many of them large and very fine ?”

“ I PROTEST, my lady, I do not understand you,” says Mrs. *Plastow*. Her ladyship then explained her meaning, as we have already drawn it up, and Mrs. *Plastow* said, “ It was really immensely droll, and a vast funny thought :” not in the least affected with the delicate touches of satire which this was designed to convey to a woman, whose vanity of being fine, was incommoding her husband's happiness, by running him in debt more than his estate would allow, in buying her bawbles.

C H A P. CXXV.

A stranger returns to Probit-castle; he discovers himself to be Mr. Clench, whom the earl and countess had educated. Time has not erased the friendship of the family, nor the gratitude of the guest.

NO T long after this time, a servant brought a message to the earl and countess, that a gentleman, a stranger, with two servants, in handsome liveries, was arrived at the castle, and desired to see his lordship and lady *Literal*.

“DESIRE him to walk in,” says the earl, “he has not waited long I hope.” “No, my lord,” says the servant.

THE gentleman being introduced, trembled with pleasure at the sight of this noble pair, whom age had changed from beautiful to venerable.

“MY lord and lady, I fancy,” says he, “you scarce remember me.”

“INDEED sir,” says lady *Literal*, and the earl, “I cannot recollect your face.”

“HAVE you no remembrance, my lady, of a poor boy whom your gracious commiseration took from wretchedness, and educated with much care and goodness?”

“YOU are not Mr. *Clench*, sure?” says the countess, “are you, sir?” “Yes, madam, I am that person
“son

“son come to return you all possible thanks for your
“care of me; to prove that your goodness for my
“distress has never been obliterated from heart, and
“that gratitude can dwell with pleasure in this bo-
“som.”

THE countess then saluting him, as did the earl with great tenderness and joy, told him they were extremely glad to see him, and that this visit was a real pleasure to them. “Methinks,” says the countess, my dear, I now begin to discover some remains of those features which he had when he was a little boy, and expressed such sweet compassion for my sufferings.”

“OH, madam mention not that, I beseech you,” says Mr. *Clench*, “Indeed I think he still preserves a likeness to what he was then,” says the earl; “but sir, I should never have found you out, because not having heard from you so long, I concluded you were dead.”

“I WROTE several letters, my lord, which I imagine never came to your hand,” said the gentleman. “Indeed they did not,” says the earl, “or I could not have neglected answering to a man I have always loved, and esteemed; *Lydy*, and I,” taking her hand, and smiling in her face, “have frequently lamented you as no more.” This was received with a grateful acknowledgment, and sensible delight, by Mr. *Clench*.

“BUT,

“BUT, pray fir,” says lady *Liberal*, what various fortune has detained you so long from your native land, and your friends? “Various indeed, my lady,” replied Mr. *Clench*, “and which I will relate to your ladyship and the earl, during the time I reside with you; for your ladyship will give me leave to claim the old privilege of this castle.” “With infinite pleasure, fir,” answered this lord and lady; “time has not abated our friendship, any more than it has your gratitude, fir; this shall now be your home as when you were a boy, and came hither from school to pass the time away.”

HE then, after thanking them for this goodness, desired to know what part of the family was alive, which he left at the castle. “All,” says the earl; “all married; all happy; their children numerous; and promising to be blessings to them, as their parents are to me, and my dear *Lydy*.”

“AND Mr. *Lovegood*?” says Mr. *Clench*. “He is living the same honest man you left him, and will be rejoiced to see you,” says the countess.

THE hour of dining being come, they repaired to table; and the conversation turned upon things which Mr. *Clench* remembered with pleasure, brought back fresh upon his mind by the objects around him.

THIS conversation, though attended with great delight to, those who are engaged in it, probably may not be so agreeable to our readers; we shall therefore omit it, and close this chapter.

CHAP. CXXVI.

In which Mr. Clench recounts the vicissitudes of his life since he left the castle. Africa, Europe, and Asia, make the scenes of his history. The end propitious, together with his reflection.

SOME days after his arrival, when Mr. Clench had recovered the fatigue of his journey, and been visited by the young family which he left behind him at his quitting the castle, now grown men and women, happy fathers and mothers, lady *Liberal* desired he would relate that diversity of fortune which he intimated to have befallen him since he left *England*.

“MY lady, I will recount it with pleasure,” he replied. “When by your goodness I had been educated a good scholar, lord *Liberal*, at my desire of going abroad, procured me a clerk’s place to a merchant in *Leghorn*; and having provided me with every thing in abundance, dismissed me with his good wishes, and promise of continued friendship. Your ladyship, I never can forget, kissed me tenderly; and wishing me all happiness, dropt a silent tear, which has since given me infinite delight by reflecting on what interest I had in your heart.

“SOON

“ Soon after embarking in the *Thames* on board
“ a ship, which was bound to *Leghorn*, we had scarce
“ passed the Straights of *Gibraltar*, when a storm,
“ (which our vessel was not able to resist,) drove
“ us on the coast of *Africa*. Here we were ship-
“ wrecked, and every human creature on board but
“ myself perished.”

“ THIS calamity we learnt, only with this diffe-
“ rence, that you were drowned also,” says lady
Liberal; “ since which time, looking upon you
“ as no more; and no account having been ever
“ received of your being saved from the storm, we
“ concluded, not without much affliction, that
“ you then left this world also.” “ Alas! my fate,
“ madam, was for many years infinitely more de-
“ plorable than those who perished in the waves.
“ Millions of times did I curse the hour of my pre-
“ servation; millions of times envy their happy
“ lot who perished in liberty. Yet I must own
“ at first when I perceived myself safe on shore,
“ the idea of preservation communicated a joy be-
“ yond all expression to my heart. This sensation
“ however, was soon banished from my bosom;
“ those men who took me, carried me to *Algiers*;
“ and there sold me as a slave. Here it was your
“ ladyship will believe that life soon became a tor-
“ ment; and the fate of those who were shipwreck-
“ ed, the constant envy of my soul.

“ MY labour was excessive, doomed to make
“ me carry burthens of mortar to those who were

“ building my master's house; my shoulders were
“ worn to bones. I frequently fainted with excess
“ of pain, and weakness; when without mercy I
“ was whipped to my toil again. Many times did I
“ resolve to end my miserable being; but something
“ still seemed to whisper to my heart that better
“ days were coming, and held my hand from the
“ rash act of suicide.

“ At length a servant of the house told me, that
“ the daughter of my master had seen my distress;
“ and in pity to my misery, would assist me
“ with woman's cloaths, and thus endeavour to
“ procure my escape. That I should learn at
“ what time an *English* ship was in the port, and
“ then she would provide me with this disguise, and
“ promote my flight.

“ JUDGE then what impression this account made
“ on my heart; I thanked her with infinite gra-
“ titude, protested that nothing but death should
“ efface the goodness she offered me: she then said
“ that love was the cause of this undertaking in her
“ young mistress; and she hoped, in gratitude to
“ this act, that she might expect to find some inte-
“ rest in my affections.

“ I ANSWERED, that no heart could be insensi-
“ ble to such celestial generosity, and that mine
“ should never suffer her image to be erased from it:
“ that if I succeeded, I would soon be there again con-
“ cealed in an *English* vessel, and find some means

“ to

“ to carry her away, when she should be my wife,
 “ and prove how much my grateful soul was capa-
 “ ble of loving, and returning this mercy. She was
 “ indeed beautiful, for I had seen her through the
 “ window, and frequently observed her with the
 “ face of compassion looking on my miseries as I
 “ laboured.

“ THERE was now an *English* ship in the port,
 “ and intelligence of this being given to my deli-
 “ verer, I was provided with the cloaths of a fe-
 “ male servant. When finding an opportunity to
 “ dress myself in this habit, I escaped unobserved
 “ through the people of their family. My soul
 “ trembled within me as I walked along; the port
 “ was in sight; the vessel before mine eyes: but,
 “ alas! such was my ill fortune, my absence was
 “ discovered; I was pursued, and taken.

“ JUDGE what was my horror at this moment
 “ of my being seized. I implored them to put me
 “ instantly to death, through dread of the coming
 “ torture: they dragged me back to my remorseless
 “ master, who demanding from whom I had th
 “ garments in which I was dressed, swore he would
 “ give me ten thousand strokes on the soles of my
 “ feet if I did not discover it.

“ BOUND by honour, by love, by gratitude, by
 “ all that is sacred, as I was, I obstinately refused
 “ to answer, and suffered this inexpressible punish-
 “ ment unrevealing who had conveyed this habit to
 S 3 “ me.

“ me. Good God ! what pains did I endure, com-
 “ pelled to work on these feet which had been beat-
 “ en to that degree, the only remission from tor-
 “ ture was, whilst I fainted with excess of it ; still
 “ I know not why, amidst my agonies when life
 “ was horror only, something suggested happier
 “ moments awaited me. Whether this be the com-
 “ mon effects of hope alone in man, I know not ;
 “ but I have been persuaded it was something more
 “ in my bosom.

“ I WAS now doomed to the galleys, and being
 “ chained to the oar with aking heart, imprecating
 “ vengeance, rowed the *Barbarians* to the attack
 “ of *European* ships. It was then the star of better
 “ fortune seemed to rise upon me : and I procured
 “ my release from this execrable situation. A
 “ *Spanish* ship, whom the *Moors* attacked, hap-
 “ pily proved too strong for us ; when the gally
 “ being taken, we were set free, and those who
 “ had been our tyrannic masters, were in their
 “ turn doomed to slavery. Judge of my joy at this
 “ release. Yet such was the anguish of my heart
 “ for what I had suffered, and the dread of falling
 “ again into that execrable state, I never closed
 “ my eyes till we were landed safe at *Cadiz*, where
 “ this ship was bound, and belonged to.

“ WHEN my feet first touched the earth, what
 “ transport did my soul conceive ! How did I pour
 “ my thanks to heaven for the deliverance ! Naked
 “ as I was, my soul was filled with rapture. De-
 “ stitute

"stitute of all things I seemed to want nothing.
 "Such were my sensations at touching the hospita-
 "ble shores of *Spain*. Yet for many years I never
 "closed my eyes without being haunted by the re-
 "turn of my past slavery. During the four years
 "of my captivity I had learnt, amongst my fellow-
 "slaves, who were *Spainards*, the language of
 "*Spain*, and spoke it well. At my landing at
 "*Cadiz*, the merchant who was owner of the
 "ship which delivered me from the hands of these
 "*Barbarians*, finding I had been well educated, and
 "that I understood merchants accounts, inclined
 "to take me into his business; particularly as I
 "should be useful to him in writing *English* let-
 "ters."

"AND why did not you write to me then," says
 lady *Liberal*. "Madam I cannot say," he answered.
 "You had some reasons sure," says the coun-
 "tess. I must tell you the truth; I had written
 "several letters from *Barbary*, and having received
 "no answer, I concluded you were dead; and,
 "therefore, declined that duty which I owed you.

"WITH this gentleman I lived happily, and in-
 "creased in esteem; he found me honest, and
 "gave me confidence. I would have revisited
 "*Algiers*, as I had promised my intended deliverer;
 "but had not means to effect it. Alas my mis-
 "fortunes had not yet reached the goal. *Don Lopez*
 "was old, and his wife was young; she had fre-
 "quently beheld me with an eye which signified

“ more than I desired to know. To shorten this
“ account, she loved me, and found means to de-
“ clare her passion for me.

“ THIS discovery was the cause of much real pain
“ to me; I had received such distinguished marks
“ of favour from my master, that none but a man,
“ lost to all sense of gratitude, could indulge a single
“ thought of injuring him in so essential a point as
“ that of violating his bed. I knew, at the same
“ time, his wife, who was beautiful, would never
“ bear the idea of her charms being neglected, and
“ the offers of her person contemned.

“ THESE affronts few women of any nation bear,
“ and the high spirited *Spanish* ladies the least of any.
“ However, I was resolved, let what would be the
“ event of it, not to injure the man who had treated
“ me with such excessive goodness. I therefore,
“ without rejecting the distinction which his lady in-
“ tended me, delayed the hour of assignation, and
“ positive answer.

“ NOTHING is so subtle as a *Spanish* woman's
“ soul: she instantly foresaw my design. She was
“ stung to the heart with this contempt of mine for
“ her beauty and affection; when the thought of
“ having laid herself open to my discovery, and the
“ dread of my revealing it, adding a farther incen-
“ tive; she herself began with informing my master,
“ that I had made overtures of love to her.

“ INRAGED as Don *Lopez* was on this occasion,
“ I met his anger with much firmness, and appa-
“ rent

“rent innocence. I assured him that this must
 “come from my enemies; and that his lady would
 “do me the justice to clear me from all intension of
 “that kind; and that his goodness to me would
 “never have permitted my heart to entertain an idea
 “of that base and criminal nature.

“THIS lady then finding I did not retaliate her
 “injustice, began to abate in the vigour of her pur-
 “suit, and resentment a little subsided. However,
 “it was impossible I could tarry with Don *Lopez*;
 “a *Spanish* heart, once touched with the livid co-
 “lour of jealousy, is never washed free from that
 “stain again: and I was determined not to destroy
 “his future peace by revealing his lady’s behaviour.
 “All my hopes of partnership in this house were
 “now expired, and my parting from it was resol-
 “ved. Notwithstanding which, not being dismiss-
 “ed on dishonest terms, Don *Lopez* recommended
 “me to Don *Antonio Perez*, who had vast dealings
 “in *Mexico*. This gentleman, who knew my
 “character, asked if I would settle in *New-Spain*,
 “there you may make your fortune in a few years,
 “as I believe no one will discover that you are not a
 “native of this country, by your manner of speaking
 “the language. That circumstance, however,
 “you must keep secret, or it will prove fatal to
 “you.

“THUS instructed I left *Spain*, and arrived safe
 “in *Mexico*, where being indulged with great com-

“missions from the gentleman who sent me, and
“from many others who approved of my conduct;
“I soon became rich, and thought of sending my
“effects, by degrees, to *Europe*, and return to
“*England*, to spend my remaining life in quiet.

“As I was busied in contriving the best method
“and entertaining my imagination with the thoughts
“of revisiting my native land in splendor; walking
“in the evening in an avenue which was divided
“from a garden walled round, I heard the most
“musical voice that had ever touched my ears, sing-
“ing a plaintive song, and by listening attentively,
“I perceived she was without company. The man-
“ner of the singing inclining me to be of that opi-
“nion, as it seemed more to ease a heart in solitary
“anxiety, than for the entertainment of company.

“I KNEW this was the garden of the vice-roy,
“belonging to a little house where he generally kept
“his most favourite mistress, to which he frequent-
“ly retired to pass away the evenings in her arms.

“NOTWITHSTANDING this, and the danger
“which attended it, such was the eagerness of my
“curiosity, I was determined to obtain a sight of this
“fair-one, though it could be only by moon-light,
“that luminary then rising with full orb.

“ACCORDINGLY I climbed that tree in the avenue
“which was nearest the arbour in which she was sit-
“ting, as I learnt from her voice, and there im-
“patlently

“patiently expected the moment when she would quit her seat.

“NOT many minutes gave her to my eyes, but what was my astonishment when I perceived her to be that very daughter of my tyrant in *Barbary*, who so mercifully intended my deliverance.

“HER hair was black! her eyes sparkling even by that light; her shape the easiest, and her motion the most graceful, as she walked along the grass.”

LADY *Liberal*, and the earl, smiled at this description. “Bless me,” says the countess, “how handsome I was once?”

“MY heart felt then the first influence of love, the former had been only gratitude; I spoke softly when she returned; fairest maid, oh! listen to the vows of one who dies for you! who conceives no danger great that can propose a probability of being blessed with your regard.

“THIS stopped her feet, and casting her eyes upon me though she knew me not at that time, she said, I am unhappy; but how will you relieve me? I am doomed to all I hate; but you have not power to extricate me from that difficulty.

“I THEN told her there was nothing I would not undertake for her deliverance. She then implored me to depart immediately, for nothing could preserve my life if I was discovered. I

“ withdrew, telling her that the next evening
“ should bring me there about midnight.

“ THE time came, and she told me that her
“ lover was constant in his visits to her every other
“ night: his jealousy, says she, is beyond all con-
“ ception. He knows I detest him, wherefore I
“ am never permitted to behold any creature, but
“ one old negro man and one old woman, who
“ live in that house, the garden is the only place in
“ which I am suffered to walk, which I do those
“ evenings alone, when my keeper comes not to
“ visit me. Henceforth I shall convey my senti-
“ ments to you by letter.

“ I WROTE all that a heart truly inspired with
“ love can suggest to a lover’s imagination; at
“ least I thought so; still I concealed who, in
“ reality, I was. This I threw, with a piece
“ of silver tied to it as a weight only, into the
“ garden, which she immediately received, and
“ read with pleasure.

“ THIS epistle she answered, and threw it me
“ in the same manner, the next night but one.
“ In this letter she informed me, that the next
“ morning she was to return to the city to hear
“ mass, when she should be in a chapel on the
“ south-side of the church dedicated to the holy
“ Virgin, where she should be glad to see me,
“ and be more acquainted with my person, which
“ was not yet well enough known, by moon-
“ light,

“light, to engage her in all I wished her to undertake; or discover whether I possessed what she desired to find in me.

“IMPATIENT for the hour, dressed to the best advantage, I repaired to this place of rendezvous; when entering the chapel, I dropped on my knees trembling, by the side of a lady covered with a veil, whom I suspected to be her. There whilst feigning great enthusiasm of devotion, heaven forgive me this hypocrisy, directing my hands and eyes to heaven, she took an opportunity of lifting her veil, and shewing me the finest face these eyes have ever beheld; still I remained undiscovered to her remembrance.

“THAT passion which I believed before could receive no increase, was now become infinitely augmented. I scarce had power to raise myself from my knees, and follow her with my eyes as she went from her devotion. It was with the utmost difficulty I forbore pursuing and speaking to this celestial creature; to this hour I am at loss whether wonder made me dumb and immoveable, or discretion withheld me from that rashness.

“I HAD reason to believe my person was not disagreeable to her, because she beheld me with a smile of approbation when she disclosed her beauties.

“My

“ My impatience of seeing her again was become extravagant. That evening was destined to her keeper. I was therefore obliged to live till the succeeding night, an age, till I was confirmed in what I wished, feared, believed, and doubted, a million of times, during the tumultuous interval.

“ THE evening came; I was just to my appointment; a letter was thrown me; she tarried no longer; and I, deprived of seeing her I adored, hurried to the city where I might read the contents; the very dread of which made me tremble to the soul, as I concluded her not chusing to converse with me was a proof of her dislike.

“ BUT, alas! I was deceived; in this epistle she told me that my person was what she approved of: that her soul was tired with being chained to the shriveled embraces of the vice-roy. His touch is like the icy hand of death, and thrills me through with horror; therefore, if any means can be contrived to free me from this horrid slavery, I am ready to undertake it with you, and even fly the world to fly from him I hate. This she expressed in her letter.

“ I WAS now to be permitted to pass the wall, if I could find any device which could give me that felicity. Love is fertile of expedients: he assisted me. I made of black silk, in the form
“ of

“ of a very strong netting, something which
“ might reach from this tree to the garden wall,
“ to one end of which, fastening iron-hooks, I
“ tied the other to the body of the tree, and
“ thus passed over it, like a bridge, to the top of
“ the wall. I preferred this method to that of
“ a ladder, as less discoverable by any person
“ who might pass that way. When I had arriv-
“ ed thus far, I fastened another contrivance made
“ of silk, in the fashion of a ladder on the top
“ of the wall; when the lady holding the lower
“ part, which I directed her first to turn round
“ a tree, I easily descended to the garden.

“ JUDGE what I felt at this instant; when
“ pressing her in my arms, I tasted those lips
“ which I had despaired ever to touch till that
“ moment.

“ IN the bower she related to me all her anxie-
“ ty, and dreaded manner of living, secluded
“ from all conversation but that which a detested
“ old woman, and more detested man, whose tot-
“ tering steps, and impotent lasciviousness, the
“ bane of all amorous passion, can afford me.
“ Here I walk whole nights, lamenting my un-
“ happy condition. And as my escape is con-
“ ceived to be impossible, I am indulged in soli-
“ tariness, and no one will distrust that you are
“ in the garden,” she said.

“ WHAT,”

“WHAT,” says she, “surely you are not altogether unknown to me, your voice is that of one whom I doomed to misery by intending to set free. Would to heaven you were that man! Then would my first affection be the only one I have ever known.

“UNABLE to contain myself, I then discovered who I was; she fainted — but recovering soon, expressed her sentiments in ecstacy. Our souls were then inseparably conjoined.

“WE then vowed ten thousand vows of mutual fidelity, and I hastened to procure all things necessary for our departure, when I might relieve her from this hated abode. Alas! I loved her to excess.

“THUS repeating these evenings, when her keeper came nct, in her arms, not criminally, I tasted joys immortal, inflamed with hopes of future bliss. My effects were, by this time, chiefly remitted into *Spain*; our resolution was taken to fly by different roads to *La vera Cruz*, where, by my orders, a ship lay ready to sail the moment we should arrive.

“THE night but one before the intended flight, whilst I was enjoying the delicious minutes with this amiable creature, our souls, void of suspicion, conversing on our approaching transports, who should surprize us in this arbour, but the vice-roy himself. Death would have imparted
“less

“ less terror to my soul. I now saw I must be
“ deprived of what I loved more than life. She,
“ trembling, fell fainting into my arms. He drew
“ his scimitar, of which I easily disarmed him;
“ adding, that if he spoke one word, or demand-
“ ed any assistance, that instant I would plunge
“ it in his bosom.

“ TERRIFIED at this design, he was silent.
“ I then bound him with a silken rope which I had
“ in my pocket; and stopping his mouth, I pre-
“ vailed on this lovely woman to ascend the lad-
“ der, which she did; I then followed her.
“ When arriving at the city of *Mexico*, we pre-
“ pared for instant flight; but swift as we fled, aid-
“ ed by love, we were yet overtaken; I saw her
“ ravished from my arms for ever. Oh! anguish
“ beyond utterance!

“ IT seems the vice-roy had, that fatal evening,
“ determined to surprize his favourite mistress
“ with a visit: and as he always came unattend-
“ ed but with one servant, he had stolen softly
“ into the garden, to meet, unexpectedly, the
“ idol of his heart. Here he found us. Here be-
“ gan our scene of misery.

“ SOON after we fled, the servants finding he
“ tarried later in the garden than usual, and com-
“ ing to call him to his repast, found him in the
“ manner I left him.

“ IN

“ IN consequence of this design, my fate was
“ condemnation to the mines: the lady, such was
“ his passion for her, was again confined to that
“ prison, where the vice-roy, upbraiding her with
“ ingratitude, yet loving her to excess, at the
“ same time hating himself for that passion, con-
“ stantly visited her. Despair soon finished her
“ days in this confinement.

“ IN the mountains of *Mexico* I was employed
“ to dig the silver ore, to wash it, and mix the
“ quicksilver with the metal. My life would soon
“ have terminated in this employ, which was now
“ my only consolation: my hopes of freedom
“ having entirely forsaken me. But the vice-roy
“ dying soon after this lady, a friend, who loved
“ me much, and succeeded to that honour till an-
“ other was appointed from *Spain*, freed me from
“ this slavery, and brought me back to *Mexico*.

“ THIS gentleman had but one daughter, the
“ heiress of immense possessions: he had always
“ entertained a favourable opinion of my heart,
“ and imagined I would make a kind of a husband
“ which the *Spaniards* seldom prove to those they
“ wed. He had an infinite tenderness for his
“ daughter; and as I had frequently entertained
“ him with accounts of *English* wives, and their
“ manner of living, he had conceived a thought
“ of one day settling his daughter with me, and
“ fixing her in *England*. The young lady was
“ beautiful;

“ beautiful ; and though I confess the former passion was not yet erased from my soul at his offering me his daughter, induced by her fortune, I married her.

“ THE charms of her person, and sweetness of her disposition, won upon my soul, and soon made me fond of her to excess. My dear *Antonietta* ! my proposed bliss, was frustrated there also.

“ AFTER we were married, her father, who had formerly resolved we should sail for *Europe*, and settle in *England*, could not now bear the thoughts of parting with his only child. We loved each other ; she was full of duty, and I of gratitude ; we tarried, and she expired in her first child-bed.

“ HER father did not long survive this darling child ; when dying, he bequeathed me two hundred thousand pounds, more than one half of which being remitted to *England*, I am now come to enjoy, and let the rest follow, if it can.

“ THIS is my story ; which shews, that at the end of the thorny paths of affliction, stands the temple of reward ; and that, though the way be craggy, difficult, and winding, there is success affixed by providence for those who persevere with patience.”

CHAP. CXXVII.

Love in old age; and duty in children. Lady Liberal conceives a presentiment of her approaching end: her letter on that account, and another paper. She dies. The earl's distress; and that of his progeny, family, and tenants. Grief will not permit him to taste sustenance. He dies also; his last words to his children; his burial. Universal affliction reigns over the hearts of all present.

THIS history being concluded, lady *Liberal* and the earl sincerely welcomed him from so many escapes, and so happy an event. Mr. *Clench* then taking a very large diamond from his pocket, set in a ring, desired the countess to accept it as a small token of that esteem and duty which he owed to her ladyship; lady *Liberal* received it with pleasure, answering, “That it should be preserved in the family as a remembrance of gratitude in the person who presented it.”

MR. *Clench* then bought an estate in the neighbourhood: determining to spend the remainder of his days near this family, to which he thought himself so much indebted, and which he loved so well. Indeed, before he came to *Probit-castle*, he had entertained some hopes that both the young ladies

ladies were not married, and that one of them might be destined to make him happy; this, however, he was deceived in: their felicity had been long fixed in the arms of those whom we have already related, where reciprocal passion beamed from breast to breast, the purest rays of love.

THE earl and countess now grew old apace, and yet in their behaviour to each other, there was the same tenderness and affection which accompany the young hours of love in the fondest pairs. Neither this lord or lady ever saw each other enter the room without a manifest pleasure smiling in their countenances; and the earl would frequently kiss lady *Liberal's* hand, pressing it to his lips with ardour, she smiling with joy at the same time.

It was a sight, delicious as the land to starving mariners, to see this pair. His lordship at eighty-five years old, her ladyship seventy-three, walking arm in arm in the sunny-walks of the gardens, with all the affection which attends youth, gazing with delight on each other. Our first parents scarce gave such an idea of happiness before the fall. The venerable and complacent countenances of this man and woman, told the beholders they had never broken the commands of heaven, or tasted interdicted fruit, secure in paradise beyond all power of falling.

It

It was now their grand-children were learning the same lessons at *Probit-castle*, which had been taught their parents; reverence, and love attended all their behaviour.

My lord *Probit* himself, as well as his brothers and sisters, such were the unfashionable ideas of this family, grew every day more apprehensive for the declining lives of their parents. These children had never entertained an idea that they lived too long. The estate and fortune of the family were the objects that least engaged their consideration. Indeed they were, in effect, their own already; and lord *Probit* took infinitely more delight in beholding his father and mother revered and esteemed by all mankind, than the addition of the title could have communicated to him.

THE company of their children was now more frequent than ever at the castle: the grand-children increased the number and delight of the family. Desire of seeing and enjoying each other as much as possible, was the cause of their being almost continually at this delicious seat.

MR. *Sweetwood* and lady *Flinffy*, were still alive, and had been blessed in pursuing the same method which had given happiness to the earl and countess, and were the darlings of *Worcestershire*, as these were of *Devon*.

LADY *Liberal*, in as perfect health as more than seventy-three years could give, was strongly touched

touched with a presentiment of her approaching end. This, as she was under no apprehensions on her own account, she was determined to conceal from the earl and her dear progeny, who she knew would suffer greatly on that occasion.

HOWEVER she was resolved to write a letter to lady *Flimsy*, with her own hand; she had lately made use of lord *Probit's* eldest daughter for her secretary. This letter we shall give our readers.

“MADAM,

“THE great friendship in which we have
“ever lived together has made no small
“part of my happiness, at present something tells
“me that the period of that felicity is near expir-
“ing, by my being soon to be removed from this
“world. For this reason I have resolved to take
“my leave of you in this epistle with my own
“hand.

“I WISH you the continuation of that joy
“which has ever accompanied you and Mr.
“Sweetwood, not doubting, in the least, the re-
“newing our friendship in those mansions, where
“no diminution or end awaits the joys of souls
“immortal. Adieu! my dear friends, till that
“blissful hour arrives.

“I am

“most affectionately,

“your most humble Servant,

“LYDIA LIBERAL.”

It

IT was the custom of the countess and the earl to sleep after noon. The repast of dinner was concluded, and the family being there, lady *Liberal* withdrawing to her couch, kissed his lordship, and then the whole family, concluding again with the earl, expressing some emotion on this occasion. "Pray what is the cause of this kiss?" says the earl. "You shall know when I return," says her ladyship.

SHE then retired to her closet, in which was her couch, and the earl retired to his, to repose themselves a little, and give old age that refreshment which it wants.

HER servant had laid her down, and was retiring, when her ladyship said, "*Agnes*, I wish you well." She then composed herself to rest. His lordship also was soon fallen into a sweet sleep, on his couch, in his own apartment.

IT had not been more than half an hour, when the earl rung the bell in great hurry; and lord *Probit*, being near the apartment, ran to the summons. "My child," says the earl in entering, "where is your mother?" "Asleep, my lord," says the son. "Heaven protect her!" says the earl, sitting up and pouring forth his tears in great abundance.

"WHAT afflicts you in this manner, sir?" says lord *Probit*, trembling at the unusual sight. "That dear woman, *Lydia*, my wife, your mother, this moment

“moment stood before me, and waving her hand
 “said, adieu ! my life adieu ! I go to prepare the
 “abode, where you shall quickly follow ; saying
 “this she left me smiling.”

“It is a dream, my lord,” says lord *Probit*,
 “compose yourself.” “Ab ! no,” says the earl,
 “go bid some one tread softly to her couch. She
 “is dead ! my soul tells me she is dead ! let me be
 “satisfied ?”

LORD *Probit* then rung for the servant, and de-
 sired him to bid his mother’s woman step softly to
 her couch, and see whether she was yet sleeping.
 Mrs. *Agnes*, then going to the couch, found lady
Liberal was expired in the very same posture she lay
 down, without one muscle discomposed.

HER shriek proclaimed it to the house, the gene-
 ral lamentation told it to the earl ; grief reigned in
 full powers in every bosom.

ON a table in lady *Liberal*’s closet, lay the letter
 which she had written to lady *Flimsy*, not yet seal-
 ed ; and on another piece of paper these words,
 which she had written before she lay down :

“I HAVE embraced you, my dear lord and chil-
 “dren, as a last farewell and parting kiss, convinced
 “from something which tells my heart I lie down
 “to sleep to wake no more. Satisfied with living,
 “and thankful to my God who has given me the
 “greatest bliss that Heaven bestows on mortals ; I
 “implore his mercy on myself, the continuation of

“ his blessings on my dear family : and oh ! all
 “ gracious father ! soften the afflictions which my
 “ dear husband will feel on this catastrophe !”

THE news was quickly spread through the parish, when every farmer, common labourer, and their families, as if the end of all things was at hand, without knowing why, deserted their work, and wept abundantly. The young women cried, “ Their more than parent was dead.” Every master of a family came to know how the earl was after this loss. They all concluded that he could not survive it, they knew his affection for his lady would finish his days also.

NOTHING was omitted which could administer comfort to his lordship : nay, he himself affected to feel little on this account, with design to alleviate the sorrow of his family. “ Now I can positively
 “ pronounce,” says he, “ that *Lydia Probit* was a
 “ virtuous woman, her death has put it beyond the
 “ reach of fate to change that truth. How few
 “ men have known that happiness ?”

THE family also, before the earl, endeavoured at the appearance of not grieving excessively ; but their countenances spoke too plainly the truth of what they wished to disguise.

THE night was sleepless to the earl ; the succeeding day passed without being able to taste one morsel of food ; nature was failing, and he, charmed with the thoughts of following his dear *Lydia*, perceived that

that his heart began to intermit through want of sustenance. He therefore sent for all the family to his room, his own progeny and servants.

WHEN sitting in his chair, he spoke to them in this manner :

“ MY children, ye have been all witnesses that
“ Heaven, through my whole life, has distinguish-
“ ed me with its peculiar favour, in granting me
“ the greatest earthly happiness : nor is my dissolu-
“ tion less a proof of its immediate mercy. The
“ God of all has heard my prayers, which have been
“ daily offered to his throne, that one urn might,
“ at one time, inclose the dust of *Lydia*, my dear
“ wife, and me.

“ THIS world I relinquish without one pain, I
“ have nothing to implore from Heaven more than
“ its goodness has already granted : unless it be the
“ continuance of that bliss which has been so libe-
“ rally bestowed upon you.

“ I thank my God you have supported the honour
“ of your ancestors, and never deserted your coun-
“ try’s cause. Neither titles nor employments have
“ had power to tempt you from the true path of
“ patriotism, to her ruin. My daughters, ye are
“ the living examples of your mother’s virtues,
“ your children are proceeding in the same way.

“ MY servants, I now thank you for your long
“ and faithful service. *Lovegood*, I know not how
“ to express my esteem for your behaviour to me

“ and your late lady, through a long life of fidelity,
“ friendship, and duty.

“ I INTREAT you all [to let affliction sit light
“ upon your souls. I am passing the threshold of this
“ world to that of another ; be comforted, my lamp
“ of life, thank the Almighty, has burned long and
“ clear. I leave you all this legacy, your father’s
“ name cannot be mentioned to your disgrace.

“ AT this important minute Heaven vouchsafes
“ my soul to look forward into future times, and see
“ a long list of successors renowned for illustriously
“ supporting the honour of this kingdom, to be the
“ inhabitants of this abode.

“ MY son,” embracing lord *Probit*, “ come to
“ to these paternal arms which never have had cause
“ to refuse you the most affectionate embrace. The
“ same I repeat to you all ; all my children, sons and
“ daughters, those descended from you again, have
“ the same claim to this truth, and my fondness.”

AT these words, a shower of tears streamed from every eye ; the sorrow of all present was too poignantly sincere ; the master was forgotten by the servants in the idea of the father.

“ THIS” says the earl, “ is too much ; remem-
“ ber I am a frail man, and ye are christians.
“ Support yourselves with resolution. What do I
“ relinquish more than all men must ? My fear is
“ extinct in hope ; I leave you all happy, to taste
“ immortal bliss. My son, give me your hand.”

LORD

LORD *Probit* then took his father's hand, which was become cold with approaching death; when the earl continued looking in his face, "My son, lay me by my dear *Lydia* as soon as this heart for-gets to beat."——Then looking towards Heaven, he said, "All gracious God, to thee I offer unfeigned thanksgivings for the manifold mercies bestowed upon me during life; receive my soul into thy blessed mansions; and, oh! continue thy divine goodness to this progeny around me. Adieu! my children, I go to meet my *Lydia*. Adieu!"

SAYING these words, he expired in his chair, without one struggle or distorted feature. Grief now for a while held every creature mute. Their eyes turned upon each other, expressive of distress, which neither tears nor words were equal to the uttering; then on him, who was now no more, till bursting into tears, they cried, "He is gone, our more than father is dead." One universal lamentation filled the house.

THE tenants and others, who were at the castle to learn how lord *Liberal* supported the death of his countess, hearing his lordship was expired, joined their tears to the rest with most unfeigned sorrow.

THEIR grief did not resemble that loud tumultuous passion of those whose houses are ransacked by invading enemies: but that affliction, which, unattended with disturbance, acquiesces in the fate without just cause of complaint, and yet the object

of which is too dear to be relinquished without the most penetrating distress.

THE fatal news was spread by the farmers returning to their own homes, and their sorrow was doubled on this occasion. The passing bell in every parish within seventy miles, told the inhabitants that lord and lady *Liberal* were dead. No ear heard the sound without affliction reaching to the heart, and all business was suspended in discoursing on their general loss.

His lordship was now laid by the side of his countess : they looked even venerable in death. Thousands came to see them; those who had been made happy under their care, those who had been bred from infancy by their charity, and those who, charmed with their virtues, had made them the constant object of their esteem. No eye beheld them without shedding tears of sincere affliction ; our parents are no more, was the general lamentation.

THE day of interment of this noble pair was now come. Not a gentleman in the neighbourhood for many miles were found absent from this office. All had clad themselves in mourning expressly on this occasion. They considered it a duty due to that noble lord, whose lips had never pronounced a vote in opposition to his country's welfare.

THE farmers, who had all grown rich under his lordship's protection and goodness, their wives and children, were all dressed in mourning also.

ALMOST

ALMOST all that were present to attend this duty descended into the family-vault. "There——" "there——" they said, weeping, "will lie the remains of the best and noblest lord and lady in the world." "I owe all my possessions to their goodness," says one. "I owe my life, and being bred to manhood, to their charity," added another. "Who is there in this country," says a third, "who has not been made happier by some action of this lord and lady?"

It seems the earl had always requested that he might be carried to his grave by his tenants; but as one coffin inclosed him and the countess, there was some apprehension lest both might be too heavy for being borne in that manner, and that it would be necessary to have a hearse on this occasion.

THIS design being known, the poor men, who looked upon the bearing of them to the grave the greatest honour they could receive, beseeched that this last duty might not be denied them: "Here are more than sufficient for ten times that weight," they said.

It was then complied with, and the oldest man, with streaming eyes, pressed first to have this honour. His son stood next with vigour to sustain the feeble steps of his father; thus the father and son, alternately placed, bore the remains of this earl and countess to the grave, frequently changing, every one desiring to have it to say that he performed

performed some part of that last office to his illustrious benefactors.

A MORE mournful sight could scarce be offered than to see this long profession which followed this pair to their interment: no tumult all was regular; all felt for the cause of this afflicting occasion.

THE sermon was preached by Mr. *Trueman*, the divine whom we have already mentioned, whose life had answered to the duty of his profession, and the love of his parishioners had been the consequence of it. His reverence for this lord and lady was excessive, whilst he was composing the funeral-oration, his tears stained the paper a thousand times: whilst he was delivering it to the weeping audience, sighs and rising sorrow interrupted him from proceeding every minute.

AT length, when he came to close his discourse, which was on the happy effects of righteousness and charity in this life, he said, "Before you lie the remains of lord and lady *Liberal*, whose hearts and hands have been for almost an age employed in seeking occasions to do good, and in performing it.

"Is there a bosom in this place unconscious of this truth? Is there an eye which has not been witness of it? In them nobility received lustre from religion, humanity from compassion and understanding, the friends of human kind, and servants
" of

“ of their God ; these ye have lost.”—— At these words the preacher could not proceed, and the grief of all present was expressed in loud sobs, for some minutes.

HE then continued ; “ In deploring them we
“ but bewail our own misfortune ; where happiness
“ knows no bounds is now their abode. Where
“ the eternal rewards of righteousness are distributed,
“ buted, they are present. That God, whose dictates
“ they have ever obeyed, is now applauding
“ their actions upon earth ; such it is his gracious
“ will shall ever be the lot of those who tread the
“ paths of virtue and religion.”

THE sermon being finished, this noble pair of lovers were deposited in the vault of the family, attended with a sorrow which but too rarely accompanies the interment of great people. Many tarried weeping over the place of their interment the whole evening ; amongst whom was the honest steward, who remained lamenting his lord and lady, the farmers intreating him to turn home. “ No,” says he,—“ no.—I did not think I should have tasted
“ this calamity. Such a lord and lady !—If I had
“ died before them I had been happy—It will not
“ be long before the time must come.”—— At length he was prevailed on to quit that melancholy scene, and return to the castle.

THUS ended the days of *Arthur earl of Liberal*, and *Lydia* his countess.

C H A P. CXXV.

The earl's will and epitaph. Lovegood's grief terminates his days also.

SOME time after the decease of this noble pair, his lordship's will was opened, where all his tenants had something left them to buy mourning; his servants annuities to make their last days comfortable; and many friends some slight remembrance of his friendship in rings, and other presents. *Lovegood* had a legacy of a thousand pounds, mentioned as a mark of his lordship's esteem for his integrity.

IN the will was mentioned also that his monument should be plain, consisting of a marble urn, and an inscription below; this was not to be erected till after the death of himself, and his countess. The words were these:

Sacred to the memory
Of
Arthur and Lydia,
Earl and Countess of *Liberal,*
Whose union all gracious Heaven distinguished
With much happiness,
And a virtuous progeny;
Content with life,
And
Thankful

Thankful to their God
 For these mercies,
 They departed this world

— *Anno Dom.* —

THE dates were left to be supplied, and are now placed on their monument in their parish-church.

LOVEGOOD's grief, accompanied with his age, was too weighty to be long supported. Lord *Probit*, now earl of *Liberal*, endeavoured, at all possible ways to divert the sorrows of this faithful servant: but all his endeavours were fruitless. His whole time was spent with Mr. *Trueman* the clergyman, recounting the circumstances of the life of the earl and countess.

“Do you believe, Mr. *Trueman*,” says he,
 “there ever was so amiable a pair, so happy as my
 “lord and lady? how beautiful she was when she
 “arrived at this castle, the admiration of all the
 “world; and then her sweet disposition? Good
 “heavens! that such people should die. I would
 “rather receive a smile of thanks from her, than
 “any sum from the hands of other persons; and
 “this she never failed of giving. So gracious was
 “she in her deportment, so tender to the afflicted,
 “so charitable to the distressed, so much the friend
 “of virtue, and the enemy of vice. — To see her
 “and my lord meet each other; what a pleasure
 “it was to me! — Love appearing with such ex-
 “cess of affection in their countenances — such pa-

“rents — such friends! — Oh! Mr. *Trueman*!

“ — why do I survive to lament their loss!”

IN this manner every day was passed: the good clergyman, endeavouring to appease the bosom of Mr. *Lovegood*, too manifestly declared his own was scarcely in a better situation. At length this faithful servant yielded to years and sorrow. And, as his last request was to be deposited as near as possible to his lord and lady, the earl ordered him to be interred in the family vault, convinced that the ashes of a man, whose life was one continued exercise of truth, integrity, and justice, whatever might have been his birth, cannot contaminate the remains of those who are nobly born.

FIVE days after his interment, his will was opened, in which he had given his whole fortune, which was considerable, to his lord and lady, if they survived him; if not, it was to be distributed amongst the family, the earl being the heir, and the greatest favourite, was most distinguished by the value of the legacy.

HIS loss was much lamented by all the *Probit* family, and all the farmers; a thing not very commonly happening between stewards and tenants.

THUS lived and died *Francis Lovegood*, of mean birth, yet not unworthy the imitation of his fellow creatures, or dishonourable to his creator.

C H A P. CXXIX.

The sensation of Mr. Sweetwood and Lady Flimsy on the death of the earl and countess; their conversation on this occasion.

A FEW days before the death of the countess, lady *Flimsy* had been oppressed with a sorrow at heart, of the cause of which she could by no means give any account. She said to Mr. *Sweetwood*, "My dear, I feel a sensation of distress in my bosom which is intolerable; and several times within these few days I have wept I knew not why. Heaven preserve lord and lady *Liberal* and our children! — I cannot exclude the former from my thoughts; I am afraid my heart sympathises with some calamity which has befallen them."

"INDEED, my life," says Mr. *Sweetwood*, "I have concealed the same kind of sensations from you, lest they might have given you pain: I have feared I know not what, and felt a dejection which is altogether unusual with me. — Heaven protect our friends from all affliction! — But we, and they, my dear *Arabella*, have lived long and happily; our years are such that life is more extraordinary than the end of it."

THE cause of this sensation was soon explained by a letter from the earl of *Liberal*, which gave an
account

account of the presentiment of the countess's dissolution in her letter to her ladyship, and the manner in which the earl expired.

FRIENDSHIP here gave forth its full tribute of sorrow. — Mr. *Sweetwood* cried, “Heaven grant, my *Arabella*, that our fate may be like that of this noble pair, whose virtues have done honour to mankind!”

“MAY it be the will of heaven!” said the viscountess, embracing each other.

“INDEED,” says lady *Flimsy*, “it is a severe affliction to survive the loss of dear and old friends. Every hour of our remaining life must feel some pain on this account. Are they not happy in going before us, Mr. *Sweetwood*?” Indeed, my life, I think they are,” he answered.

“I HOPE as that happy pair seemed to be illumined with one soul, and each was extinct at the expiration of the other, that we, my *Arabella*, may be favoured with the same blessing. We have lived in eternal unison since our nuptial day. Our souls have corresponded to each other's thoughts, wishes and pursuits. May our end be like theirs, or oh! my soul,” embracing her with feeble arms, and trembling ecstasy, “how shall I bear the loss of thee, or you of me, whose affliction is so poignant for the loss of that, which though extremely dear to each, is yet, I am convinced, vastly

“vastly unequal to that affection which we bear
“each other?”

THE children of this happy pair, and their children, hearing the news of lord and lady *Liberal's* death, hastened to *Fairland-court*, to divert, as much as possible, the sorrows which they knew would attend their parents on this account. Earl *Liberal* and the countess writing to them that they would be present to pay their duty as soon as possible.

C H A P. CXXX.

The present earl finds the good effects of his father's virtue; the enemies of virtue prove to be his only.

THE earl being now possessed of the family title, his behaviour was exactly what it had ever been, the direct copy of his father's; and his lady's, in like manner, that of her mother and mother-in-law.

THE tenants found no difference in their lord, the poor no want of charity, the virtuous no deficiency of rewards, the young no neglect of goodness and encouragement. All was conducted as before, and yet nothing could wash the remembrance of the late earl and countess from the minds of their old tenants. They blessed the present for the happiness which they received, and forgot not the departed,
for

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for what they had given. The young farmers insisted that there never was so good a man and woman as the present earl and countess; and the old ones allowed that next to the late earl and his countess, these were the best lord and lady in the world. This attachment of old servants to the memory of their father and mother, communicated vast pleasure to the minds of the present noble pair; as did the affection also which was shewn by the younger people to them also.

THE death of the earl made a vacancy for knight of the shire, and the present lord *Probit*, being of age, his father designed him to represent his country.

AT the same time Sir *William Whipsitch*, and Sir *Humphrey Venal*, being both strongly in the m——l interest, and flattered by excise-men, customhouse-officers, and presbyterian parsons, imagined they had interest enough to carry an election for the county: and therefore joined their interest with a gentleman just of age, who had a large estate, to oppose lord *Probit* in his election.

THIS design irritated the souls of every freeholder in the county, excepting those whose dependance was immediately upon the m———y.

“ Do these corrupted placemen and fanatics
 “ imagine that the death of the earl *Liberal*, suc-
 “ ceeded by so worthy a lord, can ever be forgotten,
 “ or his interest diminished? No, they shall find
 “ that

“ that his memory, and our love to the present lord,
“ shall never be influenced by any lucrative con-
“ siderations ; and that we can distinguish between
“ those who have laboured to destroy, and those who
“ have laboured to save their country ;” was the
general voice.

ACCORDINGLY the day before the election, the earl, attended by every gentleman of estate in the county, came to the city of *Exeter*, whither every man of forty shillings a year had travelled. Many, fifty miles on foot, to vote for lord *Probit*: except the following, Sir *William Whipsitch*, Sir *Timothy Venal*, their candidate, and their dependants, the customhouse-officers, excise-men, presbyterians, quakers, independants, anabaptists, and their teachers, receivers of the land-tax, and a few others of the same stamp. These finding how infinitely superior the friends of the earl were to theirs; and knowing that though getting an election by scoundrels may be countenanced by success, that losing it in such company is no small ignominy, relinquished the design, and gave this noble lord no trouble on the day of poll.

THUS ended the attempt of this corrupted posse, to defeat the interest of probity and honour ; and thus may all be defeated who oppose their country's welfare.

C H A P. CXXXI.

The good effects of a virtuous life descend to posterity, exemplified in boys, as well as the bad ones to those of a different life.

AT this time the youngest son of the earl of *Liberal*, and of Sir *William Whipstitch*, were at *Tiverton* school. And as boys will be imitating men, the same opposition began in the young hearts of their sons, that appeared in the actions of their fathers: with this difference only, that as the minds of children are much *honest*er than those of grown people, and the love of virtue holds stronger influence on their thoughts and actions, there was not a boy of the whole school who would appear in company with young *Whipstitch*. Reverence for the characters of the late and present earl, drew the whole company to the side of young *Probit*. The son of the land-tax collector excepted, who living in the town, was commanded by his father to behave in that manner.

THE other, however, with this solitary companion, and a great deal of that alert self-sufficiency, which so unhappily distinguished his father, had said some things reflecting on the honour of the *Probit* family: a known lye, a pure invention
of

of his own. This slander had irritated the whole school in such a manner, that they all vowed vengeance on him; but young *Probit* interposing, said to his friends, "I insist upon your not resenting this usage of *Whipstitch*, as I am honoured with your friendship, he will consider this behaviour as an insult of numbers, upon two, an action which you and I scorn."

"LET me, therefore, demand the reason of his saying, what he has so disrespectfully uttered against my family. And if he refuses to give me satisfaction, or deny it, you shall see I will treat him as he deserves."

SCHOOL hours being finished, and the boys in the court before the house, *Probit* bade his followers tarry behind, and went alone to young *Whipstitch*, to ask him what he meant by throwing reflexions on his family. "Sir," says he, "you know how easily I could make reprisals for the lyes which you have uttered: and by telling truth throw an ignominy upon your family, which nothing can remove. But I hold in contempt such unmannerly attempts. However, though I do not chuse to return slander for slander, I insist on your asking me pardon, or giving me satisfaction by fighting me."

"WHAT with all the school on your side?" replied *Whipstitch*. "This I imagined would be urged as an objection by you," answered *Probit*,

Probit, "but I will tell you apart where you and
"I will meet and decide this alone."

"How do I know you will come alone?" says
Whipstitch.

"You shall have my honour for it," replied
Probit.

THIS was not thought convenient to be trusted to by the other, "Then you shall take a slap
"in the face," he continued: and charging his company not to come near him on any account, he struck him a blow in the face. Courage was wanting to the baronet's son, and no return being made, he said, "I perceive you are like all other
"boys who are lyars, a coward also. Hence-
"forth speak not ill of my family, if you value
"your ears and nose."

HAVING said this, he returned to his company, when they asked him why he had not licked him heartily. *Probit* replied, "The next disgrace
"to being a coward is beating a coward."

THUS the love of truth and virtue, the esteem for generous actions, and wisdom, descend from father to son, and make the happiness and reputation not only of those who first raise the character, but of their descendants for many generations. Such is the ordination of heaven, that the children of virtue shall reap the reward of their parent's righteousness, and the sons of the iniquitous be visited for the sins of their fathers.

C H A P.

C H A P. CXXXII.

A sense of gratitude in the hearts of people of plainer understandings towards superior virtue.

THE monument for the late earl and countess of *Liberal* being made in *London*; according to the will, as already mentioned, and erected in the parish church, great numbers of people came to visit it, and all expressed their dislike of it.

THE farmers beheld it with a double grief: one, that it reminded them of so illustrious and virtuous a pair who were now no more; and the other, that so mean a monument was placed to commemorate their excellences.

“I could not have imagined,” says an old tenant, “my lord would have shewn so little regard to his parents: the best of men and women. “Is this that is written on this stone, sufficient to tell the world what they possessed? Such a lord and lady with so little said in their praise: “well, my heart shall never forget their goodness “—it aches to see how soon—I must not speak; “they are in heaven; and no praise can be sufficient for their deserts, or increase their happiness.”

ALL

ALL the parish and county were of the same opinion, and a certain coolness appeared in their faces, which the earl could not explain. He therefore employed Mr. *Trueman* to discover the cause, which being easily found, his lordship was pleased with the sense of these honest men, and intrusted the will of his father into the clergyman's hand, to be read by all those who chose it; assuring them, at the same time, that he should, without that express command of his father, have erected a monument becoming the lives and actions of such parents; that notwithstanding this injunction, he had ordered a statue of his father to be made by Mr. *Collins* in *London*, which was to be placed in the temple of fortitude by the side of lady *Liberal's*, and basso relievos of the most remarkable passages of their lives to be carved on marble, and to line the inside of the building.

THIS satisfied the minds of the tenants and others. Hither they frequently repaired, and traced the virtuous actions of the earl and countess in the sculpture.

IN the upper range of pieces, which surrounded the temple, were carved the most distinguished events of the countess's life, before she was wedded to the earl, in which his also were intermixed, as far as related to the voyage.

OVER these parts the grateful tenants, and all the parishioners ran their eyes with infinite delight.

“ How

“How great was the distress of this charming lady! What injustice she suffered! What virtue graced this noble person!” were the exclamations. Then “how just was heaven in thus rewarding such superior goodness!” they cried, whilst the tear-washed eye surveyed the severe trials which this deserving lady sustained in her youth.

THE second range contained the generous actions of the earl and his lady after marriage; here the gazers traced their own stories in the figured marble with delight.

“SEE my lord in this, giving the labour of age, the reward of full vigour,” says one.

“HERE,” says another, “is Mr. *Lovegood*, “by my lord’s orders, lending me money, to increase my flock, which enables me now to live at ease in my older days: For ever blessed be his name for that goodness.” In this piece, says a farmer’s wife, “see with what sweetness my lady is rewarding me when young, for having behaved according to her liking; I shall never forget the day.”

AND in this, says another, “Look, she is delivering me, and several other children, to the care of Mrs. *Wakely*, for our education. See with what beauty she looks; to her I owe all the happiness of my life.”

THE

THE actions of Mr. *Levegood* when a common servant, and as steward, were conspicuously shewn in several pieces.

THE distress of lady *Liberal*, when her lord was sick; and his grateful acknowledgments to heaven for the mercy of recovering; filled other marble pannels.

IN one piece the whole county throngs to offer him, and their country, their service.

In another, you saw their displeased countenances when the earl read the letter which refused him the power of arming his friends, in defence of his country. In fact, the whole lives of this truly virtuous and noble pair, were placed to view, where, instead of ransacked cities, slaughtered thousands, temples prophaned, weeping widows and orphans, the wretched victims of ambition, nothing but the mild lessons of religion, virtue, and humanity, were exhibited to view; actions, such as heaven looks on and approves, rendering service to humanity.

BE these the glory of mankind, whilst conquering ravagers meet less esteem; may the doers of good works receive the reward which is due to them alone; let piety be greatness, virtue renown; and mercy happiness; and all that are nobly born be esteemed as they approach these actions, which alone can communicate true honour to human nature.

CHAP.

CH A P. CXXXIII.

The last chapter.

WE have now completed the history of the earl and countess of *Liberal*; in which virtue, severely tried, meets reward and happiness. We have stepped a little beyond the period of their lives, to shew that felicity is not the reward only of those who are virtuous; but that their childrens' children participate the blessing: that piety, patriotism, charity in parents, beget the same dispositions in, and the same esteem for their descendants that characterised their predecessors, the same universal love and honour.

WE have remarked also, that the opposite dispositions as naturally generate similar inclinations of heart, and that unhappiness is the pernicious consequence.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, we are sensible it may be said, that in the conduct of this noble pair, there is nothing which may not be practised by any other man and wife; at least in some degree; nothing which so distinctly characterises nobility from others.

THIS we readily confess, and with design we have written in this manner; that the precepts of their lives may lead to practice, not to vision.

Forgetting humanity, we have not drawn perfect speculative beings, so sublimated above the species, that the eye of reason aches to behold them at such distance; creatures of a writer's fancy, composed all of æthereal excellence, such as never did, or can, exist in nature; a group of figures so gay and glaring without the shade of human weakness to give the parts relief, and verisimilitude, that the knowing eye turns from beholding them, dissatisfied with the unnatural picture.

THIS we have avoided, not for the above reason alone; but, such portraits being once delineated as real existences, and being conceived as copies of true nature, the same consequences may succeed which we have known happen to minds tinged with religion, where the teachers have made the obtaining of heaven on condition of such purity of life as scarcely ever mortal reached: and the access so difficult to that blessed mansion, that many, despairing of attaining to that exalted happiness, have become desponding by melancholy; and others, thinking it impossible, have dropped all thoughts of endeavouring to obtain it at all.

In like manner, the readers of this more than human pictures of humanity, fancying there are corresponding characters in nature; and, perceiving it impossible to reach the perfections of such exalted beings, grow displeased with themselves and their inferiority; when, dissatisfied, and renouncing
ing

ing all pursuit of these qualifications which are attainable to the degree of making themselves amiable; or becoming hypocrites, in affecting those very excellences which they perceive they cannot attain; are made worse creatures by such lessons, than they would have been if left to undisguised and uninstructed nature.

THOUGH what has been just said should prove an apology for our drawing these characters in this way, how shall we be excused in the eyes of our fashionable ladies of quality? — We are not a little afraid, lest our performance, being entirely destitute of all that is useful for courts, intrigues, and play, may be refused admittance amongst what is now called the best company.

“ DAMN this fellow,” says my lord *Bubblebett*, “ I imagined, when he had made *Probit* an earl, he “ would have given us some useful lessons upon “ horse-racing, that might have been of service to “ a nobleman; but here is nothing but your old “ moral stuff, and three old women, kept mistresses, supported on charity. Does the fool “ imagine he can write keeping out of doors, or “ that lords are to be held by the rules of tradesmen? ”

ANOTHER expected a new calculation of the chances on whist; “ Or,” says he, “ notes upon “ *Hoyle*, who is vastly erroneous in many places, “ particularly in calculating the slam. These

“ would have made a useful work to the polite
“ world : but this foolish nobleman which he has
“ drawn, is eternally at the tail of his wife, billing
“ and cooing like two turtles; an example to be
“ followed by no man who would appear respect-
“ able in the great world.”

THAT is not the whole objection neither. “ I
“ concluded we should at least have seen the arts
“ and intrigues of succeeding near a m——r
“ fairly displayed, and some useful lessons to satisf-
“ fy weak minds, that conscience is all a false pre-
“ judice, when it opposes a man’s advancing in
“ interest or preferment.

“ THIS indeed would be very useful, as it
“ would serve to erase the wrong notions which
“ boys are continually imbibing at school from
“ *Greek* and *Roman* writers, that virtue is a real
“ and amiable thing. — It would defeat such ex-
“ travagant and destructive ideas, spare the pains
“ which frequently succeed such education, bring
“ youth sooner to the practice of the world, and
“ save some years, which, as men, we are oblig-
“ ed to lose in eradicating the absurd concep-
“ tions which had taken possession in the school-
“ days of puerility. — But this author has gone
“ upon the mistaken plan of the antients, in prais-
“ ing virtue ; and conceives that in this enlighten-
“ ed age, when patriotism, religion, and integri-
“ ty, are all known to be a farce, that his maxims
“ will be followed.

“ THE

“THE life of this man is not worth perusing;
“I’ll be damn’d if he was ever a member at
“*White’s*.”

THESE objections we must leave to be surmounted as well as they can. The ladies also we are apprehensive will shew no less displeasure in reading the actions of lady *Liberal*.

METHINKS I hear lady ***** crying out,
“How am I deceived! I imagined to have found
“*Lydia* in high life quite another woman. I expected to have seen her lead the fashions in all
“kinds of dress, giving names to caps, handkerchiefs, and hats, opening the ball on a birth-night
“with prince *****; at least, protectress of the
“opera, and supporting the behaviour of *Mingotti*
“against the resentment of the town; encouraging
“the young bloods, bucks, and scarlets at a riot in
“*Drury-lane*; the most distinguishing and newest
“mark of a lady of quality and true blood. But,
“alas! only but think, she is quite another-
“thing, a perfect lady *Bountiful*: giving gowns
“to country wenches, and delighted with a clumsy
“courtly, and I thank your ladyship for your goodness. I will engage the poor woman would not
“have played cards on a *sunday* for the world,
“through fear of the sin of sabbath-breaking.”

THE dutchess of ***** smiling at this rural life, begining with, “What a way of passing time.
“I am not surpris’d at her not having a rout, when
“she

“ she does not appear susceptible of knowing
“ how to dispose of her company. Once a week a
“ concert, and men of learning to talk phi-los-o-
“ phy ; hah, hah, hah ; and nursing little *Arthur*.
“ These indeed are instructing ways of passing time,
“ in use in the ignorant days of my great-grand-
“ mother : give me the woman of spirit, who
“ knows the force of her own beauty, and the re-
“ gard which should be paid to it by the world ;
“ who without a shilling fortune marries a noble-
“ man, and then lets him know that she thinks her
“ charms too great a purchase for one man, and
“ intrigues with another she loves, after marrying
“ the first for conveniency : scenes of this kind
“ would have been entertaining, and useful ; such
“ books might be safely put into the hands of our
“ daughters : but this piety affair will reduce them
“ to all the absurd antiquated notions of our great
“ grandmothers in the reign of queen *Elizabeth*.
“ There does not appear one glimpse of that truly
“ daring spirit which so peculiarly distinguishes the
“ woman of quality in this generation. If nobility
“ is to be tied to all the strait-laced life of a country
“ parson’s wife, and obliged to follow all the rules
“ that those are confined to, who depend upon
“ the world for their livelihood, where is the advan-
“ tage of being born of noble blood ? For my part,
“ I would as soon be a farmer’s wife, and go to
“ market

“ market with eggs, butter, and cheese, as live
 “ the sober life of *Lyd-i-a-* countess of *Li-ber-al*;

“ LET him write the life of lady *****

“ and I will subscribe for twenty sets, and procure
 “ a list of hundreds more, whose names shall make
 “ a figure at the head of a work, and do the writer
 “ honour.

“ THERE you may shew the necessary arts and
 “ intrigues of gallantry and gaming, the hood-
 “ winking of a husband, and secreting a lover ; the
 “ difficulties and dilemmas, which, though some-
 “ times dangerous in the conduct, afford delight
 “ in the escape ; display the whole art of woman,
 “ the soothing, frowning, fondling, scolding, sick-
 “ ening, deceiving, dying, recovering, female, in
 “ a series of histories, as practised in the revolutions
 “ of that illustrious lady.”

THIS suggestion however, we must confess, comes too late to alter what is past. And thus, with great contrition for the mistake, we ask ten thousand pardons for our error : however, if these ladies and gentlemen will but have the goodness to experience the life we have laid down as passed by the earl and countess of *Liberal* one six months only ; and then find it less pleasing than the present which they are engaged in, we promise to renounce all that has been here said, and write a palinodia to do justice to their superior judgement.

IN

IN executing this resolution, nothing shall be omitted that can be agreeable to their new manner of thinking. We will endeavour to banish charity to the *Mohawks*, religion to the *Hottentots*, chastity to mother *Douglas*, and the *Shakespeare's* head: and in short, prove that adultery never had existence, but in the name. That all women have a right to change paramours ten times in a week; that cheating at play is a legal exercise of the great faculties which are given to mortals; and every moral and religious ordinance, is nothing but a bug-bear to intimidate those who have not quickness enough to see through the disguise, and secure all the privilege to those who do; in which the behaviour of *Messalina*, the *Ephesian* matron, and lady * * * * * shall be cleared from all that false judgment which has been drawn from their conduct, and proved the only reasonable pursuit of woman.

FOR the benefit of the right-honourable and high-life male part of our readers, who are of the former opinion, we shall accurately search into the ancient method of dieting horses amongst the *Græcians* at the *Olympic* and *Isthmian* games; the true manner of plating horses, and of jockeying, at these celebrated places, together with the art of pretty and swift colts, as practised by the *Arabians*.

AND

AND lastly, we shall consider the manners of the *Roman* men of fine taste, in the times of their emperors, with respect to the many methods of false dice, and other valuable ways of getting money, by the laudable practice of right gaming; with demonstrations of the justice in proceeding in this manner towards the attainment of the sovereign good, money. And we shall conclude this part with illustrations on the life of colonel *Chartres*; and a parallel between those times and the present, proving beyond contradiction, that every gamester who shoots himself through the head, drinks poison, hangs himself, or runs his sword through his body, is really a lover of his country, and absolutely doing it great service by that action. Proposals for printing this work will be left, and subscriptions taken in, at *Arthur's*.

F I N I S.

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